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FIFTY YEARS OF ENGLISH SONG.



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FIFTY YEARS
OF
ENGLISH SONG.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETS
OF
THE REIGN OF VICTORIA.

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY
HENRY F. RANDOLPH.

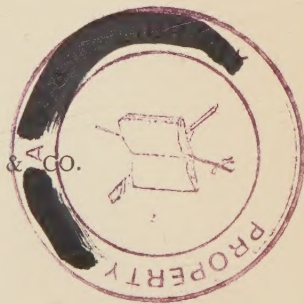
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THE EARLIER POETS. THE BLACKWOOD COTERIE, AND
EARLIER SCOTTISH POETS. THE POETS OF
YOUNG IRELAND.

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NEW YORK:
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO.



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UNTO

J. H. F-R.

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED.

P R E F A C E .

IN that charming dedicatory letter to Badeley the barrister, prefixed to the 'Verses on Various Occasions,' Cardinal Newman draws a very forcible comparison between the authoritativeness of those tribunals which judge of the worth of the jurist's work, and the vague and unsatisfactory standards by which the claims of the poet to attention are decided. Yet difficult as is at all times the effort to decide upon such claims, that difficulty is necessarily increased when it is attempted to do so in the case of contemporary poetry. However much we may be inclined to grumble at the judgments of posterity, such judgments are accepted as final, for it is generally recognized that there is a common consciousness which preserves the worthy in literature and permits the worthless to be lost. To borrow a legal metaphor suggested by the comparison of Cardinal Newman, contemporary society is simply a court of *Nisi Prius*, the verdicts of which are apt to be reversed on appeal, and are at the best rendered imperfect by a sense of instability until confirmed by the judgment of time, which, unscientific though it may

be, has, by common consent, come to be regarded as the tribunal of last resort in such matters. The editor of an anthology of contemporary poetry is therefore forced to rely in a large measure upon his own judgment, and he would be both rash and egotistical who would claim any unusual infallibility for that judgment. All he can plead is that he has striven to conscientiously discharge his duties from the standpoint which he has adopted.

The principle which has prevailed in the present anthology is to make such selections as would give a general knowledge of the tendency and scope of English Poetry during the last fifty years. An explanatory word about the different divisions of the several volumes is also pertinent. *The Earlier Poets* is intended to include such poets as had an established reputation anterior to the commencement of the reign, and died or ceased writing during the first fifteen years of the reign ; but only those poets have been included who during the reign produced work worthy of their reputation, with the exception of Southey and Wordsworth, who have been accorded a place in that division by virtue of their poet laureateships. In this division, as in all the others, the choice of selections has not been limited to those poems which were published subsequent to the accession of the queen, but the selections have been made according to the editor's opinion of their merit without reference to their date of publication. *The Poets of the First Half of the Reign*, includes such poets as had made a reputation before the expiration of the first half of the reign, i. e. before the year 1862 ; and the reverse of the rule has been followed in the division *The Poets of the Latter Half of*

the Reign.¹ *The Poets of Young Ireland* include, with the possible exception of Lady Dufferin, only such as were open and active sympathizers with that movement. The other divisions explain themselves.

Dramatic scenes have been excluded, though not songs from dramas. Where however such songs would convey but an imperfect opinion of the dramatist's powers, he has been omitted entirely. The same rule has been adopted in reference to Hymn writers, although the hymns of any particular writer represented have been admitted. Facetious and satiric verse, except in rare instances, and translations in all cases, have been excluded. The notes are simply what they pretend to be, — biographical, bibliographical, and explanatory, and in no sense critical, although the scanty material accessible has in some cases made the biographies brief, and the bibliography of certain authors very imperfect.

As far as has been practicable, the selections have been made from the standard English edition of each poet's works ; where this has been impracticable an authorized American reprint has been used, and in both cases the punctuation given in the volume adopted as an authority has been strictly followed, and in the selections from Landor, the orthography as well as punctuation of the eight-volume edition of his works, published in 1876, has been adhered to without any variation.

The anthology does not pretend to include all the poets of the last fifty years. To have done that would

¹ In this division strict chronology has been occasionally violated — notably in the case of Mr. Matthew Arnold — where the general characteristics of an author's poetry seemed properly to relegate him to that division.

have required several additional volumes, or else have confined the selections to such a limited space as would have furnished but an imperfect knowledge of the work of the poets themselves. The first course was impracticable, the second seemed inexpedient. The editor can only plead in excuse for the omission of many poets, that it has seemed best to him, for various considerations, to allot the space which they would have required to additional selections from the poets represented.

In conclusion I would render grateful acknowledgment to the many persons who have rendered me substantial service by suggestions and the loan of books ; and especially to Mr. E. C. Stedman for access to his library peculiarly rich in the works of ' Victorian Poets,' and to Mr. R. W. Gilder for the loan of several volumes of recent English verse.

HENRY F-RANDOLPH.

GRAY-NOOK, LAKE GEORGE,
September, 1887.

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BIOGRAPHICAL

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THE authorities for these notes, in addition to special biographies and the biographical notes scattered through various anthologies and volumes of selections, are, *Victorian Poets*, by Edmund Clarence Stedman, eleventh edition, 1886; *The Literary History of England in the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century*, by Mrs. Oliphant, new edition, 1886; *Celebrities of the Century*, edited by Lloyd Sanders, 1887; *Men of the Reign*, 1885, and *Men of the Time*, twelfth edition, 1887, both edited by Thomas Humphrey Ward.

AYTOUN, WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE, D. C. L. (1813-1865). Born at Edinburgh, educated for the law, and called to the Scottish bar in 1840. In 1848 he was appointed Regius professor of English literature in the University of Edinburgh, and the following year married the youngest daughter of Professor John Wilson. He was promoted to the Shrievalty of Orkney and Shetland in 1852. From 1845 to the time of his death, Aytoun was one of the leading contributors to *Blackwood*. He published *Poland and other Poems*, 1831; *The Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, 1848; *Bothwell*, 1856; *Firmilian: a Spasmodic Tragedy*, 1858. In conjunction with his friend Sir Theodore Martin he published *Bon Gaultier's Book of Ballads*, and an edition of translations of several minor poems of Goethe. He was also the author of various tales.

BAILLIE, JOANNA (1762-1851). Born at Bothwell Manse in Lanark, but at the age of twenty-two removed to the neighborhood of London, where she spent the remainder of her life. Published *Plays on the Passions*, Vol. I., 1798; Vol. II., 1802; Vol. III., 1812; *Miscellaneous Dramas*, 1804; *The Family Legend*, 1810; *The Martyr*, 1826; *Fugitive Verse*, 1840. A three-volume edition of collected miscellaneous plays was published in 1836.

BEDDOES, THOMAS LOVELL (1803-1849). Born at Clifton, and son of a well-known physician, Thomas Beddoes, and nephew of Maria Edgeworth. He was educated at the Charterhouse and Oxford and studied medicine in Germany and Switzerland, with which governments he came into serious conflict several times on account of his democratic principles. He died in the hospital at Basle from a wound accidentally inflicted upon himself in the dissecting room at Frankfort, aggravated by a subsequent fall from his horse. He published *The Improvisatore*, 1821; *The Bride's Tragedy*, 1822. *Death's Jest Book*, and *Poems*, edited by his friend Mr. Kelsall, were published after his death, the former in 1850, the latter in 1851.

CROLY, The REV. GEORGE, LL.D. (1785-1860). Born in Dublin, and educated at Trinity College in that city. Intended for the church, he temporarily abandoned that career to devote himself entirely to literary pursuits. He was successively dramatic critic to *The New Times*, editor of *The Universal Review*, and the writer of the leading articles of *The Britannia*. At the time of his death he was rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. He published *Paris in 1815*; *The Angel of the World*; *Catiline: a Tragedy*; and *Sebastian: a Spanish Tale*. A collected edition of his fugitive pieces was published in 1830. He was also the author of *Salathiel*, a story of the Wandering Jew, and several historical and theological works.

DAVIS, THOMAS OSBORNE (1815-1845). Born at Mallow, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and called to the Irish Bar in 1840, but never practised; one of the founders of *The Nation*, a prominent member of the 'Young Ireland' party, and one of the seceders with that party from 'The Repeal Asso-

ciation.' At the time of his death his *Life of Wolfe Tone* was in the press, and his various poems and literary and historical essays, collected after his death, form two volumes of Duffy's *Library of Ireland*.

DUFFERIN, LADY HELENA SELINA SHERIDAN, subsequently Lady Gifford (1807-1867). Granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan and sister of Mrs. Norton. She was married when eighteen years old to the Hon. Price Blackwood, afterwards Lord Dufferin, who died in 1841. In 1862 she was married to Lord Gifford, who died two months after the marriage. No collected edition of her poems has been published.

DUFFY, SIR CHARLES GAVAN (1816-). Born in County Monaghan, Ireland, and a barrister by profession, but occupied most of his life with politics and journalism. In 1842 he started *The Nation*, in conjunction with Thomas Osborne Davis and John Dillon. With O'Connell and five others he was tried for sedition in 1844, for aiding in the 'Repeal' meetings, was convicted and sentenced, but the conviction was set aside on appeal to the House of Lords. In 1847 he joined the Irish Confederation, a branch of the Young Ireland Party, which had seceded from O'Connell. In 1852 he was returned to Parliament from New Ross, but resigned his seat in 1856 and migrated to Australia. In 1857 he became Minister of Public Works in Victoria, and held several other offices, and finally became Prime Minister in 1871, which office he held for a year. He was knighted in 1873, and was elected Speaker of the Legislative Assembly in 1877. No collected edition of his poems has been published.

ELLIOTT, EBENEZER (1781-1849). Known as the 'Corn-Law Rhymer,' and born at Masborough, Yorkshire, was the son of a commercial clerk in the iron foundries at that place. He worked in a foundry until 1804. His first efforts in business were at Rotherham, and were disastrous, but starting as an iron founder at Sheffield in 1821, he carried on the business with such success that he was able to retire on a moderate competency in 1841 to an estate at Great Houghton near Barnsley, where he lived till his death. He published his first volume of poems in 1823, in which was included *The Vernal Walk*, written in his seventeenth year;

Corn Law Rhymes, bound up with the *Ranter*, 1827; *The Village Patriarch*, 1829. He was also a contributor to Bulwer's *New Monthly Magazine*. A revised edition of his collected poems in two volumes, edited by his son, Edwin Elliott, was published in 1876.

GRAY, DAVID (1838-1861). Born at Duntiblae, a small village on the Luggie, some eight miles from Glasgow. The son of a weaver, he began to write verses when a boy, and through the influence of Sidney Dobell, with whom he had carried on some correspondence, visited London in 1860, where he was introduced to Lord Houghton. Some months later, signs of consumption having showed themselves, he persistently refused to avail himself of the medical treatment tendered by his London friends, and returned home, where he shortly afterwards died. Through the influence of Lord Houghton, arrangements had been completed for the publication of his descriptive poem *The Luggie*; but Gray did not live to see it printed. It was published in 1862, under the title of *The Luggie and Other Poems*, and includes *In the Shadows*, a series of sonnets written during his closing days.

HOOD, THOMAS (1799-1845). Born in The Poultry, and son of a London publisher. In his fifteenth year he was apprenticed to his uncle, Mr. Sands, as an engraver; but ill health compelled him to shortly seek a change of occupation and climate, and he spent six years in Dundee, where in 1814 he made his first literary adventure in *The Dundee Advertiser*. Returning to London in 1820, Hood began to practise as an engraver. In 1821 he became sub-editor of *The London Magazine*, and in 1824 he married the sister of John Hamilton Reynolds. He was subsequently the editor for a year of *The Gem*. From 1830 to 1832 he occupied himself with theatrical work, and about the close of 1834 became involved in the failure of a firm, which occasioned him serious loss. He then spent six years on the Continent, returning to England in 1840, when a medical examination demonstrated that he was suffering from a complication of disorders. In 1841 he succeeded Theodore Hook in the editorship of *The New Monthly Magazine*, which position he relinquished in 1844 to start a periodical of his own, with the title of *Hood's Magazine*.

A monument erected to his memory in Kensal Green Cemetery was unveiled on July 18, 1854. Hood's chief poetical works were scattered during his lifetime through various magazines. *Eugene Aram* was first published in *The Gem*; *The Song of the Shirt*, in the Christmas number of *Punch* for 1843; *The Haunted House*, in the first number of *Hood's Magazine*, and *The Bridge of Sighs*, shortly afterwards in the same magazine. His poems were after his death published in two volumes, — *Poems*, 1846; and *Poems of Wit and Humor*, 1847. A complete edition of his works appeared in 1862.

HUNT, JAMES HENRY LEIGH (1784-1859). Born at Southgate in Middlesex, he was the son of a Philadelphia barrister who was a refugee from America at the time of the Revolutionary war, and a schoolfellow with Coleridge and Lamb at Christ's Hospital. He was for a short time in the office of his brother who was an attorney, and afterwards received an appointment in the War Office, which he quitted in 1808 to become the editor of *The Examiner*. An attack on the Prince Regent in that paper in May, 1813, in an article entitled *The First Gentleman in Europe*, led to Hunt's prosecution for libel, and he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Surrey Gaol. It was during the term of his imprisonment, 1813-1815, that he composed *The Story of Rimini*. After his release he removed to Hampstead, where he resided for a few years, during which time he was editor of *The Indicator*. In 1822 he joined Shelley and Byron at Genoa, to take part in the publication of *The Liberal*, a magazine intended to advocate views more advanced than it was expedient to publish in England. The death of Shelley proved fatal to these plans, and after four quarterly numbers the magazine collapsed. In 1825 he returned to England, and three years later published *Lord Byron and his Contemporaries*, which occasioned much bitter feeling among Byron's friends, and for the publication of which Hunt himself afterwards expressed regret. By an annuity of £120 settled on him in 1842, by Mrs. Shelley, and a government pension of £200 in 1847, Hunt was perhaps for the first time since his prosecution in 1813 entirely free from pecuniary difficulties. He published, beside many well-known volumes of criticisms, essays, and other

prose works, *Juvenilia*, 1802; *The Feast of the Poets*, 1814; *The Descent of Liberty*, *A Mask*, 1815; *The Story of Rimini*, 1816; *Foliage*, 1818; *Poetical Works*, 1832; *Captain Sword and Captain Pen*, 1835; *A Legend of Florence* (Drama), 1840; *The Palfrey*, 1842; *Stories in Verse*, 1855.

LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE (1775-1864). Born at Warwick, and eldest son of Dr. Landor and Elizabeth Savage, a second wife, at whose death Landor inherited an estate of some £80,000. At the age of ten he was sent to Rugby, where he spent five years, distinguishing himself for the excellence of his Latin verses and his unruliness of conduct, which ultimately made his removal from the school necessary, to avoid the penalty of expulsion. In 1793 he entered Trinity College, Oxford, where he carried his republican principles so far as to become known as the 'mad Jacobin,' and at the end of a year and a half was rusticated for firing a gun through the windows of a room inhabited by a Fellow obnoxious for his Toryism. The next three years he spent in Wales, living upon an allowance of £150 a year made him by his father. In 1805 his father died, and three years later he engaged in a short-lived attempt to aid the Spaniards in their struggle against Napoleon, raising and equipping a regiment at his own expense, and though never engaged in actual service received a Colonel's commission in the Spanish army. In the same year he completed his negotiations for the purchase of Llanthony Priory in Monmouthshire, on the Welsh border. The investment proved financially ruinous to Landor. In order to make the purchase he was compelled to anticipate £20,000 of the estate entailed upon him at his mother's death, in addition to the sums realized from the sale of the property which he had inherited from his father, and he sunk over £70,000 on the estate during the five years which he occupied it. The residence at Llanthony served also to inspire him with that bitter hatred of the Welsh, 'as which,' he once said, 'the earth contains no race of human beings so totally vile and worthless.' The position of his mother as his first creditor saved him from utter ruin. She was a woman of excellent business talent, and in 1814 the estate was taken by arrangement out of his hands and vested in trustees, by whose management it was soon made to yield Landor a hand-

some competency. In 1811 he had married Julia Thuillier, with an impulsive haste in striking contrast with his many wise maxims about the grave importance of marriage. He had met her for the first time in a ball-room at Bath, and is said to have exclaimed, 'By heaven! that's the nicest girl in the room, and I'll marry her;' and marry her he did after a very brief courtship. The sequel justified the old proverb concerning hasty marriage and leisurely repentance, for the life of the pair was anything but happy.

At the culmination of his financial troubles in 1814, Landor resolved to retreat to the Continent. While resting in the Isle of Jersey, a quarrel ensued which led to a temporary separation between him and his wife, and he proceeded to France without her. A reconciliation was shortly afterwards effected, and Mrs. Landor in the following year joined her husband at Tours, and proceeded thence with him to Como, and they spent the next twenty years together in Italy, successively at Como, Pisa, Florence, and Fiesole. In 1817 his eldest son, Arnold Savage, was born at Como, and within a few years a girl and two more boys. In 1835 a second separation occurred between him and his wife; and Landor left her and the children at Fiesole, and after two years' sojournings between London and Wales finally settled at Bath, which remained his residence for the next twenty years. In 1856-58 he became involved in a bitter personal quarrel with a lady, the wife of a clergyman residing at Bath, and a libellous lampoon directed against her and published in *Dry Sticks* gave rise to a lawsuit which resulted in a verdict against the author, with damages assessed at £1,000. To avoid the consequences of the verdict, Landor left England, and resided for a short time with his family at Fiesole. Having again quarrelled with his wife, he separated from her for the third time and settled in Florence, where he died.

Landor's firmest literary friendship in his early life was with Southey; in latter life with John Forster, who was his biographer. He is the original of Boythorn in Dickens's *Bleak House*.

He published *Poems, English and Latin*, 1795; *Gebir*, 1798; *Poems from the Arabic and Persian*, 1800; *Poetry by the Author of Gebir*, 1802; a second and revised edition of *Gebir* and a Latin translation of the same, *Geberius: Poema, Scripsit Savagius*

Landor, 1803; *Simonidea*, 1806; *Count Julian* (Drama), 1812; *Idyllia nova quinque Heroum atque Heroidum, etc.*, 1815; *Idyllia Heroica decem etc., partim jam primo partim iterum atq. tertio edit Savagius Landor*, 1820; *Gebir, Count Julian and other Poems*, 1831; *Andrea of Hungary, and Giovanni of Naples* (Dramas), 1839; *The Siege of Ancona* (Drama); *The Hellenics*, an enlarged and completed edition of the series which had been previously published in the first collected edition of his prose and poetical works, 1847; *Poemata et Inscriptiones*, 1847; *Dry Sticks, fagoted by Walter Savage Landor*, 1858; *The Hellenics*, a new and enlarged edition, 1859; *Heroic Idyls, with additional Poems*, 1863. The dates of publication of his more notable prose works are as follows: *Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen*, Vols. I. and II., 1824; Vol. III., 1828; Vols. IV. and V., 1829; *Imaginary Conversation between King Carlo-Alberto and the Duchess Belgioiso*, 1848; *Imaginary Conversations of Greeks and Romans*, 1853; *Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare, etc.*, 1834; *Pericles and Aspasia*, 1836. A collected edition of Landor's works in prose and poetry was made with the help of Mr. John Forster and Archdeacon Hare, and published in 1846. A collected and complete edition prepared by Forster, with a second edition of the *Life* by Forster prefixed, was published in 1876, under the title of *The Works and Life of Walter Savage Landor*.

MCGEE, THOMAS D'ARCY (1825-1867). Born in Carlingford, Ireland, he emigrated to America in 1842, where he became editor of *The Boston Pilot*. Returning to Ireland in 1845, he accepted a position on *The Dublin Freeman*, which he left in 1844, to join the staff of *The Nation*, and subsequently became the sub-editor of that journal. Proclaimed a rebel for complicity in the Tipperary riots of 1848, he fled to America, where he published during nine years *The New York Nation*, afterwards *The American Celt*. In 1857 he removed to Montreal, and shortly afterwards was elected to the Canadian Parliament. In 1862 he was chosen President of the Executive Council, and afterwards Minister of Agriculture. He was strongly opposed to the Fenians, and during a visit to Ireland denounced them, and in 1867 repeated his attacks. He was assassinated in Montreal by a man named Whalen, who it was charged in the trial acted as

a Fenian agent and that the motive for the act was revenge for McGee's anti-Fenian utterances. A volume of his poems was published in New York by Sadlier and Co.

MANGAN, JAMES CLARENCE (1803-1849). The son of a Dublin grocer, he was placed at the age of fifteen as a copyist in a scrivener's office where he remained for seven years, and then became a solicitor's clerk for three years. The uncongenial employment and many annoyances connected with his position, aggravated by his naturally morbid frame of mind, nearly drove him to suicide. It was at this period of his life that he contracted the habit of drink which subsequently proved his ruin. He vanished from Dublin for a short time in 1828, presumably on account of an unfortunate love affair, and on his return a situation was procured for him in Trinity College Library in that city. He was one of the principal contributors to *The Irish Penny Journal* from 1840-42, when he commenced writing for *The Nation*, and contributed also to *The United Irishman*, started by John Mitchel in 1847. His death, which occurred in one of the public hospitals of Dublin, was due to his confirmed habits of intemperance and opium-eating. He was a most versatile and accomplished linguist, reading and speaking many languages with fluency.

He published *Anthologia Germanica*, translations from the German, 1845. An edition of his poems, with a biography by his friend John Mitchel, was published in America after his death.

MOIR, DAVID MACBETH (1798-1851). Born in Musselburgh, and received his diploma of surgeon from the University of Edinburgh in 1816. His first contribution to *Blackwood's Magazine* was published in 1819, and he was a contributor for a long series of years. He was conspicuous for his heroic and unremitting care to the sufferers at the time of the cholera visitation in 1832, and that same year was presented with the freedom of his native city and elected a member of the Town Council. His death occurred suddenly at Dumfries. Besides contributions to medical literature and other prose works, he published *Legend of Genevieve, with other Tales and Poems*, 1824; *Domestic Verses*, 1843. After his death a collected edition of his best poems, edited by Thomas Aird, was published at Edinburgh.

SIMMONS, BARTHOLOMEW, (-1850). Born in Kilworth, County Cork, Ireland. Removed to London where he obtained a situation in the Excise Office, which he held till his death. He was a frequent contributor to the various magazines, and especially to *Blackwood*. He published *Legends, Lyrics, and other Poems*, 1843.

SOUTHEY, ROBERT (1774-1843). Born at Bristol, and son of a linen-draper in that city. He entered Westminster school in 1788, from which he was privately expelled four years later for an article against flogging contained in a number of *The Flagellant*, a weekly paper conducted by himself and other of the senior boys, and wherein Southey 'undertook to prove from the ancients and the Fathers that flogging was an invention of the devil.' In 1792 he entered Balliol College, Oxford, where, on account of his ardent republicanism, he was known as 'Citizen Southey,' and where, like Landor, who entered Trinity College of the same University a year later, but whose acquaintance Southey did not make until several years afterwards, he made himself conspicuous by appearing in hall and elsewhere with unpowdered hair, which was at that time regarded as a rather offensive exhibition of revolutionary sentiments.

Southey's residence at Oxford seems to have been not very profitable to him. 'All I learnt was a little swimming . . . and a little boating,' he once declared; and after a residence of about two years he abruptly quitted the University without taking his degree. The question of what profession he should pursue then presented itself to him. His school and college expenses had been borne by his maternal uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, chaplain to the British Factory at Lisbon, and Southey's ostensible design in entering Oxford had been to prepare himself for Holy Orders. But he had conscientious scruples concerning his fitness for the church, and his revolutionary sentiments seemed to close every other career to him. About this time he was introduced to Coleridge by Robert Lovell, a young Quaker versifier of Bristol, who had married a Miss Fricker. The three friends formed a scheme, christened *Pantisocracy*, of migrating with other kindred spirits to America and founding an ideal community on the banks of the Susquehanna. Lack of funds, however,

compelled the relinquishment of this plan, and in 1795 he was privately married to Edith Fricker, a sister of Mrs. Robert Lovell, whose other sister, Sara, Coleridge married in the same year. *Pantisocracy* and his engagement to Edith Fricker had already alienated his aunt Miss Tyler, who had heretofore supplied him with money, and Southey was at this time absolutely penniless, Cottle, the kindly bookseller of Bristol, loaning him money for the wedding-ring and license. He therefore accepted the offer of his uncle Herbert Hill to accompany him to Lisbon, parting from his wife at the church door. In six months he returned to England. The next nine years he experienced all the difficulties of an uncertain livelihood, supporting himself by his pen, and receiving some addition to his scanty income by the generosity of friends. Feeling the need of a fixed profession in life, he studied law for a short time, but finding life in London and the study of Blackstone intolerable, — ‘I commit wilful murder on my own intellect,’ he once wrote, ‘by drudging at law,’ — he abandoned that project. In 1800 he and his wife spent a year at Lisbon, where he gathered the material for a projected history of Portugal, which, in spite of the indefatigable research expended on it, was never completed. In 1801 he accepted the position of private secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, at a salary of £350, but held the position only six months, and in 1804, after the death of his first child and in order that his wife might be near her sister Sara Coleridge, he settled at Greta Hall near Keswick in the very centre of the Lake Country. Here he spent the remainder of his life in steady work. In 1807 his friend Wynn obtained for him a pension from the Civil List, and in 1813 he was appointed Poet Laureate. In 1834 the great sorrow of his life overtook him. ‘I have been parted from my wife,’ he told Grosvenor Bedford on Oct. 2, 1834, ‘by something worse than death; forty years she has been the light of my life, and I have left her this day in a lunatic asylum.’ That same year Sir Robert Peel offered him a baronetcy, which he declined, and shortly afterwards procured him an addition of £300 annually to his existing pension. In 1837 his wife died, and in 1839 he married Caroline Bowles, a poetess of no inconsiderable reputation in those days. From the death of his first wife signs of mental disease showed

themselves, which gradually terminated into softening of the brain.

Southey's prose and poetical works are voluminous, of which his son in a number of *The Quarterly Review* gave a list of 125. The names and dates of his principal poetical works are as follows: *Poems containing the Retrospect*, by Robert Lovell and Robert Southey, 1795; *Joan of Arc*, 1796; *Poems*, 1797; *Thalaba, The Destroyer*, 1801; *Madoc*, 1805; *Metrical Tales and other Poems*, 1805; *The Curse of Kehama*, 1810; *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*, 1814; *Carmen Triumphale*, 1815; *Minor Poems*, 1815; *The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo*, 1816; *The Lay of the Laureate*, 1816; *A Vision of Judgment*, 1821; *A Tale of Paraguay*, 1825; *All for Love*, bound up with *The Pilgrim to Compostella*, 1829. An edition of his collected poetical works, prepared under his own superintendence, was published in ten volumes in 1839.

STERLING, JOHN (1806-1844). Born at Kames Castle in Bute. After living for some years in Glamorganshire and for a time near Paris, the family settled in London in 1815. He went to Glasgow University in 1823, and to Trinity College, Cambridge, in the following year, where he had for his tutor, Julius Hare, the future archdeacon. In 1827 he became for a short time the editor of *The Athenæum* in London; and in 1830 he married Miss Susannah Barton. Shortly afterwards he spent a year at St. Vincent, managing the family property there, and thence proceeded to Germany, where he met his former tutor, who persuaded him to enter the Church, and in 1834 he was ordained curate to Julius Hare at Hurstmonceux. A few months later he resigned his curacy, and it was at this time he became acquainted with Carlyle. The rest of his life was devoted to literature and the vain pursuit of health. Archdeacon Hare collected and edited Sterling's essays and tales, and it was the memoir prefixed to this edition of his works which provoked Carlyle's *Life of John Sterling*. He published *Poems*, 1839; *The Election*, 1843; *Strafford* (Drama), 1843.

WILDE, LADY. Her maiden name was Elgee, and she is the widow of Sir William Robert Willis Wilde, a distinguished physician and archæologist of Dublin, who died in 1869. She

was a frequent contributor to *The Nation*; and her poems at the time of the National Movement ranked second in popularity only to those of Thomas Davis. She has published, in addition to translations from the French and German, *Ugo Bassi: a Tale of the Italian Revolution*, 1857; *Poems*, 1864.

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM (1770-1850). Born at Cockermouth in Cumberland, and second son of John Wordsworth, a lawyer and law agent to Sir James Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale, who forcibly borrowed £5,000 from his agent, and then refused to repay it. Wordsworth's father died in 1783, leaving his family in straitened circumstances due to the rascality of his principal; and it was through the liberality of his two uncles, Richard Wordsworth and Christopher Crackanthorp, that Wordsworth was enabled to prolong his education beyond his schooldays. In 1787 he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, and took his degree in 1791. After quitting Cambridge, he spent a short time in London, and then visited Paris twice, once in 1790, and again in 1791, on which latter occasion he stayed rather more than a year. Like many of his poetical contemporaries he was seized with the revolutionary fever, and exposed himself to some personal danger by his sympathy with the Girondists. In 1792 he returned to England, and spent three years in desultory wanderings, giving great displeasure to many of his friends by his refusal to choose a profession. In 1795 the means of independent livelihood was furnished him in a legacy of £900 left him by Raisley Calvert, son of the steward of the Duke of Norfolk, and one of Wordsworth's earliest admirers, and whom Wordsworth had nursed in his last sickness. On this sum and £200 more, Wordsworth settled in 1795 with his sister Dorothy at Racedown in Dorset, having definitely chosen poetry for his vocation. *An Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches*, published in 1792, had attracted the admiring attention of Coleridge, who visited Wordsworth at Racedown, and in 1797 Wordsworth and his sister removed to Alfoxden, in order to be near their new friend. In the autumn of that year Coleridge and Wordsworth projected a walking tour, made memorable because to it the *Lyrical Ballads* owed their origin, as the copyright was to help defray the expenses of the trip. The

book was published by Cottle of Bristol in 1798, and the same year the two friends went to Germany, and Wordsworth and his sister spent the winter at Goslar. On their return to England in 1799, they settled at Townend, Grasmere, and in 1802 Wordsworth married Mary Hutchinson. In 1801 the heir of Lord Lonsdale had repaid to the Wordsworths the full sum owing them with interest, amounting in all to some £8,500. Wordsworth's subsequent life at Grasmere was uneventful so far as external events were concerned. The same 'plain living and high thinking' which had characterized the residence at Racedown and Alfoxden, was observed at Townend. In 1808 he removed to Allan Bank, from thence in 1813 to the Parsonage at Grasmere, and a few months afterwards to Rydal Mount, his last and favorite abode. In 1813 he was made distributor of stamps for Westmoreland; in 1839 he received the degree of D. C. L. from the University of Oxford, and three years later an annuity of £300 was granted him from the Civil List. In 1843 he succeeded Southey as Poet Laureate. The principal poetical works published by Wordsworth are as follows: *Descriptive Sketches*, 1792; *Lyrical Ballads*, 1 vol., 1798; *Lyrical Ballads*, 2 vols., 1800; *Poems*, 2 vols., 1807; *The Excursion*, 1814; *The White Doe of Rylstone*, 1815; *Peter Bell*, 1819; *The Waggoner*, 1819; *Sonnets on the River Duddon*, 1819; *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent*, 1822; *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, 1823; *Yarrow Revisited and Other Poems*, 1835; *Poems chiefly of Early and Later Years*, 1842. *The Prelude* was not published until a short time after the poet's death.

THE EARLIER POETS.

THE EARLIER POETS.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

FROM 'THE CURSE OF KEHAMA.'¹

MOUNT CALASAY.

BOOK XIX.

I.

THE Rajah, scattering curses as he rose,
Soared to the Swerga, and resumed his throne.
Not for his own redoubled agony,
Which now through heart and brain
With renovated pain,
Rushed to its seat, Ladurlad breathes that groan, —
That groan is for his child; he groaned to see
That she was stricken now with leprosy,
Which, as the enemy vindictive fled,
O'er all her frame with quick contagion spread.
She, wondering at events so passing strange,
And filled with hope and fear,
And joy to see the Tyrant disappear,
And glad expectance of her Glendoveer,
Perceived not in herself the hideous change.
His burning pain, she thought, had forced the groan
Her father breathed; his agonies alone
Were present to her mind; she clasped his knees,
Wept for his Curse, and did not feel her own.

2.

Nor when she saw her plague, did her good heart,
 True to itself, even for a moment fail.
 Ha, Rajah ! with disdainful smile she cries,
 Mighty and wise and wicked as thou art,
 Still thy blind vengeance acts a friendly part.
 Shall I not thank thee for this scurf and scale
 Of dire deformity, whose loathsomeness,
 Surer than panoply of strongest mail,
 Arms me against all foes ? Oh, better so,
 Better such foul disgrace,
 Than that this innocent face
 Should tempt thy wooing ! That I need not dread ;
 Nor ever impious foe
 Will offer outrage now, nor further woe
 Will beauty draw on my unhappy head ;
 Safe through the unholy world may Kailyal go.

3.

Her face in virtuous pride
 Was lifted to the skies,
 As him and his poor vengeance she defied ;
 But earthward, when she ceased, she turned her eyes,
 As if she sought to hide
 The tear which in her own despite would rise.
 Did then the thought of her own Glendoveer
 Call forth that natural tear ?
 Was it a woman's fear,
 A thought of earthly love, which troubled her ?
 Like yon thin cloud amid the moonlight sky
 That flits before the wind
 And leaves no trace behind,
 The womanly pang passed over Kailyal's mind.
 This is a loathsome sight to human eye,
 Half-shrinking at herself, the maiden thought ;
 Will it be so to him ? Oh, surely not !

The immortal Powers, who see
Through the poor wrappings of mortality,
Behold the soul, the beautiful soul, within,
Exempt from age and wasting maladies,
And undeformed, while pure and free from sin.
This is a loathsome sight to human eyes,
But not to eyes divine,
Ereenia, Son of Heaven ! oh, not to thine !

4.

The wrongful thought of fear, the womanly pain
Had passed away, her heart was calm again.
She raised her head, expecting now to see
The Glendoveer appear ;
Where hath he fled, quoth she,
That he should tarry now ? Oh, had she known
Whither the adventurous Son of Heaven was flown,
Strong as her spirit was, it had not borne
The appalling thought, nor dared to hope for his return.

5.

For he in search of Seeva's throne was gone,
To tell his tale of wrong ;
In search of Seeva's own abode
The Glendoveer began his heavenly road.
Oh, wild emprise ! above the farthest skies
He hoped to rise !
Him who is throned beyond the reach of thought,
The Alone, the Inaccessible, he sought.
Oh, wild emprise ! for when in days of yore,
For proud pre-eminence of power,
Brama and Veeshnoo, wild with rage, contended,
And Seeva in his might,
Their dread contention ended ;
Before their sight
In form a fiery column did he tower,

Whose head above the highest height extended,
 Whose base below the deepest depth descended.
 Downward, its depth to sound
 Veeshnoo a thousand years explored
 The fathomless profound,
 And yet no base he found :
 Upward, to reach its head,
 Ten myriad years the aspiring Brama soared,
 And still, as up he fled,
 Above him still the Immeasurable spread.
 The rivals owned their Lord,
 And trembled and adored.
 How shall the Glendoveer attain
 What Brama and what Veeshnoo sought in vain ?

6.

Ne'er did such thought of lofty daring enter
 Celestial Spirit's mind. O wild adventure
 That throne to find, for he must leave behind
 This World, that in the centre,
 Within its salt-sea girdle, lies confined ;
 Yea, the Seven Earths that, each with its own ocean,
 Ring clasping ring, compose the mighty round.
 What power of motion,
 In less than endless years shall bear him there,
 Along the limitless extent,
 To the utmost bound of the remotest spheres ?
 What strength of wing
 Suffice to pierce the Golden Firmament
 That closes all within ?
 Yet he hath passed the measureless extent
 And pierced the Golden Firmament ;
 For Faith hath given him power, and Space and Time
 Vanish before that energy sublime.
 Nor doth eternal Night
 And outer Darkness check his resolute flight ;

By strong desire through all he makes his way,
Till Seeva's Seat appears, — behold Mount Calasay !

7.

Behold the Silver Mountain ! round about
Seven ladders stand, so high, the aching eye,
Seeking their tops in vain amid the sky,
Might deem they led from earth to highest Heaven.
Ages would pass away,
And worlds with age decay,
Ere one whose patient feet from ring to ring
Must win their upward way,
Could reach the summit of Mount Calasay.
But that strong power that nerved his wing,
That all-surmounting will,
Intensity of faith and holiest love,
Sustained Ereenia still,
And he hath gained the plain, the sanctuary above.

8.

Lo, there the Silver Bell,
That, self-sustained, hangs buoyant in the air !
Lo ! the broad Table there, too bright
For mortal sight,
From whose four sides the bordering gems unite
Their harmonizing rays,
In one mid fount of many-colored light.
The stream of splendor, flashing as it flows,
Plays round, and feeds the stem of yon celestial Rose !
Where is the Sage whose wisdom can declare
The hidden things of that mysterious flower,
That flower which serves all mysteries to bear ?
The sacred Triangle is there,
Holding the Emblem which no tongue may tell ;
Is this the Heaven of Heavens, where Seeva's self doth
dwell ?

9.

Here first the Glendoveer
 Felt his wing flag, and paused upon his flight.
 Was it that fear came over him, when here
 He saw the imagined throne appear?
 Not so, for his immortal sight
 Endured the Table's light;
 Distinctly he beheld all things around,
 And doubt and wonder rose within his mind
 That this was all he found.
 Howbeit he lifted up his voice and spake.
 There is oppression in the World below;
 Earth groans beneath the yoke; yea, in her woe,
 She asks if the Avenger's eye is blind;
 Awake, O Lord, awake!
 Too long thy vengeance sleepeth. Holiest One!
 Put thou thy terrors on for mercy's sake,
 And strike the blow, in justice to mankind!

10.

So as he prayed, intenser faith he felt,
 His spirit seemed to melt
 With ardent yearnings of increasing love,
 Upward he turned his eyes,
 As if there should be something yet above;
 Let me not, Seeva! seek in vain! he cries;
 Thou art not here, — for how should these contain thee?
 Thou art not here, — for how should I sustain thee?
 But thou, where'er thou art,
 Canst hear the voice of prayer,
 Canst read the righteous heart.
 Thy dwelling who can tell,
 Or who, O Lord, hath seen thy secret throne?
 But Thou art not alone,
 Not unapproachable!
 O all-containing Mind,

Thou who art everywhere,
Whom all who seek shall find,
Hear me, O Seeva ! hear the suppliant's prayer !

II.

So saying, up he sprung,
And struck the Bell, which self-suspended hung
Before the mystic Rose.
From side to side the silver tongue
Melodious swung, and far and wide
Soul-thrilling tones of heavenly music rung.
Abashed, confounded,
It left the Glendoveer ; — yea all astounded
In overpowering fear and deep dismay ;
For when that Bell had sounded,
The Rose, with all the mysteries it surrounded,
The Bell, the Table, and Mount Calasay,
The holy Hill itself with all thereon,
Even as a morning dream before the day,
Dissolves away, they faded and were gone.

12.

Where shall he rest his wings, where turn for flight,
For all around is Light,
Primal, essential, all-pervading Light !
Heart cannot think, nor tongue declare,
Nor eyes of Angel bear
That Glory unimaginably bright ;
The Sun himself had seemed
A speck of darkness there,
Amid that Light of Light !

13.

Down fell the Glendoveer,
Down through all regions, to our mundane sphere
He fell ; but in his ear

A Voice, which from within him came, was heard,
 The indubitable word
 Of Him to whom all secret things are known:
 Go, ye who suffer, go to Yamen's throne.
 He hath the remedy for every woe;
 He setteth right whate'er is wrong below.

YAMEN.

FROM BOOK XXIII.

Two forms inseparable in unity
 Hath Yamen; even as with hope or fear
 The Soul regardeth him doth he appear;
 For hope and fear
 At that dread hour, from ominous conscience spring,
 And err not in their bodings. Therefore some,
 They who polluted with offences come,
 Behold him as the King
 Of Terrors, black of aspect, red of eye,
 Reflecting back upon the sinful mind
 Heightened with vengeance, and with wrath divine,
 Its own inborn deformity.
 But to the righteous Spirit how benign
 His awful countenance,
 Where, tempering justice with parental love,
 Goodness and heavenly grace
 And sweetest mercy shine! Yet is he still
 Himself the same, one form, one face, one will;
 And these his twofold aspects are but one;
 And change is none
 In him, for change in Yamen could not be,
 The Immutable is he.

FROM 'THALABA THE DESTROYER.'²*THE MAGIC PROPERTIES OF GEMS.*

FROM BOOK III.

EVERY gem,
So sages say, hath virtue ; but the science,
Of difficult attainment ; some grow pale,
Conscious of poison, or with sudden change
Of darkness, warn the wearer ; some preserve
From spells, or blunt the hostile weapon's edge ;
Some open rocks and mountains, and lay bare
Their buried treasures ; others make the sight
Strong to perceive the presence of those Beings
Through whose pure essence as through empty air
The unaided eye would pass.

BAGDAD AND BABYLON.

FROM BOOK V.

THOU too art fallen, Bagdad ! City of Peace,
Thou too hast had thy day ;
And loathsome Ignorance and brute Servitude,
Pollute thy dwellings now,
Erst for the Mighty and the Wise renowned.
O yet illustrious for remembered fame, —
Thy founder the Victorious, — and the pomp
Of Haroun, for whose name, by blood defiled,
Yahia's, and the blameless Barmecides',
Genius hath wrought salvation, — and the years
When Science with the good Al-Maimon dwelt :
So one day may the Crescent from thy Mosques
Be plucked by Wisdom, when the enlightened arm
Of Europe conquers to redeem the East !

Then Pomp and Pleasure dwelt within her walls;
The Merchants of the East and of the West
Met in her arched Bazars;
All day the active poor
Showered a cool comfort o'er her thronging streets;
Labor was busy in her looms;
Through all her open gates
Long troops of laden Camels lined the roads,
And Tigris bore upon his tameless stream
Armenian harvests to her multitudes.

But not in sumptuous Caravansery
The adventurer idles there,
Nor satiates wonder with her pomp and wealth
A long day's distance from the walls
Stands ruined Babylon;
The time of action is at hand;
The hope that for so many a year
Hath been his daily thought, his nightly dream,
Stings to more restlessness.
He loathes all lingering that delays the hour
When, full of glory, from his quest returned,
He on the pillar of the Tent beloved
Shall hang Hodeirah's sword.

The many-colored domes
Yet wore one dusky hue;
The Cranes upon the Mosque
Kept their night-clatter still;
When through the gate the early Traveller past.
And when at evening o'er the swampy plain
The Bittern's boom came far,
Distinct in darkness seen
Above the low horizon's lingering light,
Rose the near ruins of old Babylon.

Once from her lofty walls the Charioteer
Looked down on swarming myriads; once she flung

Her arches o'er Euphrates' conquered tide,
 And through her brazen portals when she poured
 Her armies forth, the distant nations looked
 As men who watch the thunder-cloud in fear,
 Lest it should burst above them. She was fallen,
 The Queen of cities, Babylon, was fallen !
 Low lay her bulwarks ; the black Scorpion basked
 In the palace courts ; within the sanctuary
 The She-Wolf hid her whelps.
 Is yonder huge and shapeless heap, what once
 Hath been the ærial Gardens, height on height
 Rising like Media's mountains crowned with wood,
 Work of imperial dotage ? Where the fame
 Of Belus ? Where the Golden Image now,
 Which, at the sound of dulcimer and lute,
 Cornet and sacbut, harp and psaltery,
 The Assyrian slaves adored ?
 A labyrinth of ruins, Babylon
 Spreads o'er the blasted plain :
 The wandering Arab never sets his tent
 Within her walls ; the Shepherd eyes afar
 Her evil towers, and devious drives his flock.
 Alone unchanged, a free and bridgeless tide,
 Euphrates rolls along,
 Eternal Nature's work.

THE MAGIC THREAD.

FROM BOOK VIII.

HE found a Woman in the cave,
 A solitary Woman,
 Who by the fire was spinning,
 And singing as she spun.
 The pine boughs were cheerfully blazing,
 And her face was bright with the flame ;

Her face was as a Damsel's face,
And yet her hair was gray.
She bade him welcome with a smile,
And still continued spinning,
And singing as she spun.
The thread the woman drew
Was finer than the silkworm's,
Was finer than the gossamer ;
The song she sung was low and sweet,
But Thalaba knew not the words.

He laid his bow before the hearth,
For the string was frozen stiff ;
He took the quiver from his neck,
For the arrow-plumes were iced.
Then as the cheerful fire
Revived his languid limbs,
The adventurer asked for food.
The Woman answered him,
And still her speech was song :
The She Bear she dwells near to me,
And she hath cubs, one, two, and three ;
She hunts the deer, and brings him here,
And then with her I make good cheer ;
And now to the chase the She Bear is gone,
And she with her prey will be here anon.

She ceased her spinning while she spake ;
And when she had answered him,
Again her fingers twirled the thread,
And again the Woman began,
In low, sweet tones to sing
The unintelligible song.
The thread she spun, it gleamed like gold
In the light of the odorous fire,
Yet was it so wondrously thin,

That, save when it shone in the light,
You might look for it closely in vain.

 The youth sat watching it,
And she observed his wonder,
 And then again she spake,
And still her speech was song ;
Now twine it round thy hands, I say,
Now twine it round thy hands, I pray ;
My thread is small, my thread is fine,
 But he must be
 A stronger than thee,
Who can break this thread of mine !

And up she raised her bright blue eyes,
And sweetly she smiled on him,
 And he conceived no ill ;
And round and round his right hand,
 And round and round his left,
 He wound the thread so fine.
And then again the Woman spake,
 And still her speech was song,
Now thy strength, O Stranger, strain !
Now then break the slender chain.
 Thalaba strove, but the thread
 By magic hands was spun,
And in his cheek the flush of shame
 Arose, commixt with fear.
She beheld and laughed at him,
 And then again she sung,
My thread is small, my thread is fine,
 But he must be
 A stronger than thee,
Who can break this thread of mine !
And up she raised her bright blue eyes,
 And fiercely she smiled on him :
I thank thee, I thank thee, Hodeirah's son !

I thank thee for doing what can't be undone,
 For binding thyself in the chain I have spun !
 Then from his head she wrenched
 A lock of his raven hair,
 And cast it in the fire,
 And cried aloud as it burnt,
 Sister ! Sister ! hear my voice !
 Sister ! Sister ! come and rejoice !
 The thread is spun,
 The prize is won,
 The work is done,
 For I have made captive Hodeirah's Son.

FROM 'MADOC IN WALES.'⁸

THE GORSEDD.

BOOK XI.

THE place of meeting was a high hill-top,
 Nor bowered with trees nor broken by the plough,
 Remote from human dwellings and the stir
 Of human life, and open to the breath
 And to the eye of Heaven. In days of old,
 There had the circling stones been planted ; there,
 From earliest ages, the primeval lore,
 Through Bard to Bard with reverence handed down.
 They whom to wonder, or the love of song,
 Or reverence of their fathers' ancient rites
 Drew thither, stood without the ring of stones.
 Cyveilioc entered to the initiate Bards,
 Himself, albeit his hands were stained with war,
 Initiate ; for the Order, in the lapse
 Of years and in their nation's long decline
 From the first rigor of their purity
 Somewhat had fallen. The Masters of the Song
 Were clad in azure robes, for in that hue

Deduced from Heaven, which o'er a sinful world
Spread its eternal canopy serene,
Meet emblem did the ancient Sages see
Of unity and peace and spotless truth.

Within the stones of Federation there,
On the green turf, and under the blue sky,
A noble band, the Bards of Britain stood,
Their heads in reverence bare, and bare of foot.
A deathless brotherhood ! Cyveilioc there,
Lord of the Hirlas ; Llywarc there was seen,
And old Cynddelow, to whose lofty song,
So many a time amid his father's court
Resigning up his soul, had Madoc given
The flow of feeling loose. But Madoc's heart
Was full ; old feelings and remembrances,
And thoughts from which was no escape, arose :
He was not there to whose sweet lay, so oft,
With all a brother's fond delight, he loved
To listen, — Hoel was not there ! — the hand
That once so well, amid the triple chords,
Moved in the rapid maze of harmony,
It had no motion now ; the lips were dumb
Which knew all tones of passion ; and that heart,
That warm, ebullient heart, was cold and still,
Upon its bed of clay. He looked around,
And there was no familiar countenance,
None but Cynddelow's face, which he had learnt
In childhood, and old age had set its mark,
Making unsightly alteration there.
Another generation had sprung up,
And made him feel how fast the days of man
Flow by, how soon their number is told out.
He knew not then that Llywarc's lay should give
His future fame ; his spirit, on the past
Brooding, beheld with no forefeeling joy

The rising sons of song, who there essayed
 Their eaglet flight. But there among the youth
 In the green vesture of their earliest rank,
 Or with the aspirants clad in motley garb,
 Young Benvras stood ; and, one whose favored race
 Heaven with the hereditary power had blest,
 The old Gowalchmai's not degenerate child ;
 And there another Einion ; gifted youths,
 And heirs of immortality on earth,
 Whose after-strains, through many a distant age
 Cambria shall boast, and love the songs that tell
 The fame of Owen's house.

There, in the eye

Of light and in the face of day, the rites
 Began. Upon the Stone of Covenant
 First, the sheathed sword was laid ; the Master then
 Upraised his voice, and cried, Let them who seek
 The high degree and sacred privilege
 Of Bardic science, and of Cimbric lore,
 Here to the Bards of Britain make their claim !
 Thus having said, the Master bade the youths
 Approach the place of peace, and merit there
 The Bard's most honorable name ; with that,
 Heirs and transmitters of the ancient light,
 The youths advanced ; they heard the Cimbric lore,
 From earliest days preserved ; they struck their harps,
 And each in due succession raised the song.

Last of the aspirants, as of greener years,
 Young Caradoc advanced ; his lip as yet
 Scarce darkened with its down, his flaxen locks
 Wreathed in contracting ringlets waving low ;
 Bright were his large blue eyes, and kindled now
 With that same passion that inflamed his cheek ;
 Yet in his cheek there was the sickliness
 Which thought and feeling leave, wearing away

The hue of youth. Inclining on his harp,
He, while his comrades in probation song
Approved their claim, stood hearkening, as it seemed.
And yet like unintelligible sounds
He heard the symphony and voice attuned;
Even in such feelings as, all undefined,
Come with the flow of waters to the soul,
Or with the motions of the moonlight sky.
But when his bidding came, he at the call
Arising from that dreamy mood, advanced,
Threw back his mantle, and began the lay.

Where are the sons of Gavran? where his tribe,
The faithful? following their belovèd Chief,
They the Green Islands of the Ocean sought;
Nor human tongue hath told, nor human ear,
Since from the silver shores they went their way,
Hath heard their fortunes. In his crystal Ark,
Whither sailed Merlin with his band of Bards,
Old Merlin, master of the mystic lore?
Belike his crystal Ark, instinct with life,
Obedient to the mighty Master, reached
The Land of the Departed; there, belike,
They in the clime of immortality,
Themselves immortal, drink the gales of bliss,
Which o'er Flathinnis breathe eternal spring,
Blending whatever odors make the gale
Of evening sweet, whatever melody
Charms the wood-traveller. In their high-roofed halls
There, with the Chiefs of other days, feel they
The mingled joy pervade them? — Or beneath
The mid-sea waters, did that crystal Ark
Down to the secret depths of Ocean plunge
Its fated crew? Dwell they in coral bowers
With Mermaid loves, teaching their paramours
The songs that stir the sea, or make the winds

Hush, and the waves be still? In fields of joy
 Have they their home, where central fires maintain
 Perpetual summer, and an emerald light
 Pervades the green translucent element?

Twice have the sons of Britain left her shores,
 As the fledged eaglets quit their native nest;
 Twice over ocean have her fearless sons
 Forever sailed away. Again they launch
 Their vessels to the deep. — Who mounts the bark?
 The son of Owen, the belovèd Prince,
 Who never for injustice reared his arm.
 Respect his enterprise, ye Ocean Waves!
 Ye Winds of Heaven, waft Madoc on his way!
 The Waves of Ocean, and the Winds of Heaven,
 Became his ministers, and Madoc found
 The World he sought.

Who seeks the better land?

Who mounts the vessel for a world of peace?
 He who hath felt the throb of pride, to hear
 Our old illustrious annals; who was taught
 To lisp the fame of Arthur, to revere
 Great Caratach's unconquered soul, and call
 That gallant chief his countryman, who led
 The wrath of Britain from her chalky shores
 To drive the Roman robber. He who loves
 His country, and who feels his country's shame;
 Whose bones amid a land of servitude
 Could never rest in peace; who, if he saw
 His children slaves, would feel a pang in heaven, —
 He mounts the bark, to seek for liberty.

Who seeks the better land? The wretched one
 Whose joys are blasted all, whose heart is sick,
 Who hath no hope, to whom all change is gain,
 To whom remembered pleasures strike a pang

That only guilt should know, — he mounts the bark,
The Bard will mount the bark of banishment ;
The harp of Cambria shall in other lands
Remind the Cambrian of his fathers' fame ; —
The Bard will seek the land of liberty,
The World of peace — O Prince, receive the Bard !

He ceased the song. His cheek, now fever-flushed,
Was turned to Madoc, and his asking eye
Lingered on him in hope ; nor lingered long
The look expectant ; forward sprung the Prince,
And gave to Caradoc the right-hand pledge,
And for the comrade of his enterprise,
With joyful welcome, hailed the joyful Bard.

Nor needed now the Searcher of the Sea
Announce his enterprise, by Caradoc
In song announced so well ; from man to man
The busy murmur spread, while from the Stone
Of Covenant the sword was taken up,
And from the Circle of the Ceremony
The Bards went forth, their meeting now fulfilled.
The multitude, unheeding all beside,
Of Madoc and his noble enterprise
Held stirring converse on their homeward way,
And spread abroad the tidings of a Land,
Where Plenty dwelt with Liberty and Peace.

PRINCE HOEL'S LAY OF LOVE.

FROM BOOK XIV.

I HAVE harnessed thee, my Steed of shining gray,
And thou shalt bear me to the dear white walls.
I love the white walls by the verdant bank,
That glitter in the sun, where Bashfulness

Watches the silver sea-mew sail along.
I love that glittering dwelling, where we hear
The ever-sounding billows ; for there dwells
The shapely Maiden, fair as the sea-spray,
Her cheek as lovely as the apple flower,
Or summer evening's glow. I pine for her ;
In crowded halls my spirit is with her ;
Through the long sleepless night I think on her ;
And happiness is gone, and health is lost,
And fled the flush of youth, and I am pale
As the pale ocean on a sunless morn.
I pine away for her, yet pity her,
That she should spurn so true a love as mine.

FROM 'MADOC IN AZTLAN.'⁴*THE DEATH OF LINCOYA.*

FROM BOOK XXII.

AND now, reposing from his toil awhile,
Lincoya, on a crag above the straits,
Sat underneath a tree, whose twinkling leaves
Sung to the gale at noon. Ayayaca
Sat by him in the shade : the old man had loved
The youth beside him from his boyhood up,
And still would call him boy. They sat and watched.
The laden bison winding down the way,
The multitude who now with joy forsook
Their desolated dwellings ; and their talk
Was of the days of sorrow, when they groaned
Beneath the intolerable yoke, till sent
By the Great Spirit o'er the pathless deep,
Prince Madoc the Deliverer came to save.
As thus they communed, came a woman up,
Seeking Lincoya ; 't was Aculhua's slave,

The nurse of Coatel. Her wretched eye,
Her pale and livid countenance foretold
Some tale of misery, and his life-blood ebb'd
In ominous fear. But when he heard her words
Of death, he seized the lance, and raised his arm
To strike the blow of comfort.

The old man
Caught his uplifted hand — O'er-hasty boy,
Quoth he, regain her yet, if she was dear !
Seek thy belovèd in the Land of Souls,
And beg her from the Gods. The Gods will hear,
And in just recompense of love so true
Restore their charge.

The miserable youth
Turned at his words a hesitating eye.
I knew a prisoner, — so the old man pursued,
Or hoping to beguile the youth's despair
With tales that suited the despair of youth,
Or credulous himself of what he told, —
I knew a prisoner once who welcomed death
With merriment and songs and joy of heart,
Because, he said, the friends whom he loved best
Were gone before him to the Land of Souls ;
Nor would they to resume their mortal state,
Even when the Keeper of the Land allowed,
Forsake its pleasures ; therefore he rejoiced
To die and join them there. I questioned him,
How of these hidden things unknowable
So certainly he spake. The man replied,
One of our nation lost the maid he loved,
Nor would he bear his sorrow, — being one
Into whose heart fear never found a way, —
But to the Country of the Dead pursued
Her spirit. Many toils he underwent,
And many dangers gallantly surpassed,
Till to the Country of the Dead he came.

Gently the Guardian of the Land received
The living suppliant ; listened to his prayer,
And gave him back the Spirit of the Maid.
But from that happy country, from the songs
Of joyance, from the splendor-sparkling dance,
Unwillingly compelled, the Maiden's Soul
Loathed to return ; and he was warned to guard
The subtle captive well and warily,
Till, in her mortal tenement relodged,
Earthly delights might win her to remain
A sojourner on earth. Such lessoning
The Ruler of the Souls departed gave ;
And mindful of his charge the adventurer brought
His subtle captive home. There underneath
The shelter of a hut, his friends had watched
The Maiden's corpse, secured it from the sun,
And fanned away the insect swarms of heaven.
A busy hand marred all the enterprise :
Curious to see the Spirit, he unloosed
The knotted bag which held her, and she fled.
Lincoya, thou art brave ; where man has gone
Thou wouldst not fear to follow !

Silently

Lincoya listened, and with unmoved eyes ;
At length he answered, Is the journey long ?
The old man replied, A way of many moons.
I know a shorter path ! exclaimed the youth ;
And up he sprung, and from the precipice
Darted : a moment, — and Ayayaca heard
His body fall upon the rocks below.

FROM 'RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs.'⁵

ADOSINDA.

FROM BOOK III.

LED by the sound,
As thus he cried aloud, a woman came
Toward him from the ruins. For the love
Of Christ, she said, lend me a little while
Thy charitable help! — Her words, her voice,
Her look, more horror to his heart conveyed
Than all the havock round: for though she spake
With the calm utterance of despair, in tones
Deep-breathed and low, yet never sweeter voice
Poured forth its hymns in ecstasy to Heaven.
Her hands were bloody, and her garments stained
With blood, her face with blood and dust defiled.
Beauty and youth, and grace and majesty,
Had every charm of form and feature given;
But now upon her rigid countenance
Severest anguish set a fixedness
Ghastlier than death.

She led him through the streets
A little way along, where four low walls,
Heaped rudely from the ruins round, enclosed
A narrow space: and there upon the ground
Four bodies, decently composed, were laid,
Though horrid all with wounds and clotted gore:
A venerable ancient, by his side
A comely matron, for whose middle age,
(If ruthless slaughter had not intervened,)
Nature it seemed, and gentle Time, might well
Have many a calm declining year in store;
The third an armèd warrior, on his breast
An infant, over whom his arms were crossed.
There, — with firm eye and steady countenance,

Unfaltering, she addressed him, — there they lie,
 Child, Husband, Parents, — Adosinda's all!
 I could not break the earth with these poor hands,
 Nor other tomb provide, — but let that pass!
 Auria itself is now but one wide tomb
 For all its habitants : — What better grave?
 What worthier monument? — Oh cover not
 Their blood, thou Earth! and ye, ye blessèd Souls
 Of Heroes and of murdered Innocents,
 Oh never let your everlasting cries
 Cease round the Eternal Throne, till the Most High
 For all these unexampled wrongs hath given
 Full, overflowing vengeance!

While she spake

She raised her lofty hands to Heaven, as if
 Calling for justice on the Judgment-seat;
 Then laid them on her eyes, and leaning on
 Bent o'er the open sepulchre.

But soon

With quiet mien collectedly, like one
 Who from intense devotion, and the act
 Of ardent prayer, arising, girds himself
 For this world's daily business, she arose,
 And said to Roderick, Help me now to raise
 The covering of the tomb.

With half-burnt planks,

Which she had gathered for this funeral use
 They roofed the vault, then laying stones above
 They closed it down; last, rendering all secure,
 Stones upon stones they piled, till all appeared
 A huge and shapeless heap. Enough, she cried;
 And taking Roderick's hands in both her own,
 And wringing them with fervent thankfulness,
 May God show mercy to thee, she exclaimed,
 When most thou needest mercy! Who thou art
 I know not; not of Auria, — for of all

Her sons and daughters, save the one who stands
 Before thee, not a soul is left alive.
 But thou hast rendered to me, in my hour
 Of need, the only help which man could give.
 What else of consolation may be found
 For one so utterly bereft, from Heaven
 And from myself must come. For deem not thou
 That I shall sink beneath calamity :
 This visitation, like a lightning-stroke,
 Hath scathed the fruit and blossom of my youth ;
 One hour hath orphaned me, and widowed me,
 And made me childless. In this sepulchre
 Lie buried all my earthward hopes and fears,
 All human loves and natural charities ;—
 All womanly tenderness, all gentle thoughts,
 All female weakness too, I bury here,
 Yea, all my former nature. There remain
 Revenge and death :—the bitterness of death
 Is past, and Heaven already hath vouchsafed
 A foretaste of revenge.

Look here ! she cried,
 And drawing back, held forth her bloody hands, —
 'T is Moorish !— In the day of massacre,
 A captain of Alcahman's murderous host
 Reserved me from the slaughter. Not because
 My rank and station tempted him with thoughts
 Of ransom, for amid the general waste
 Of ruin all was lost ;— Nor yet, be sure,
 That pity moved him, — they who from this race
 Accursed for pity look, such pity find
 As ravenous wolves show the defenceless flock.
 My husband at my feet had fallen ; my babe, —
 Spare me that thought, O God !— and then — even then
 Amid the maddening throes of agony
 Which rent my soul, —when if this solid Earth
 Had opened, and let out the central fire

Before whose all-involving flames wide Heaven
Shall shrivel like a scroll and be consumed,
The universal wreck had been to me
Relief and comfort; — even then this Moor
Turned on me his libidinous eyes, and bade
His men reserve me safely for an hour
Of dalliance, — me! — me in my agonies!
But when I found for what this miscreant child
Of Hell had snatched me from the butchery,
The very horror of that monstrous thought
Saved me from madness; I was calm at once, —
Yet comforted and reconciled to life:
Hatred became to me the life of life,
Its purpose and its power.

The gluttoned Moors
At length broke up. This hell-dog turned aside
Toward his home; we travelled fast and far,
Till by a forest edge at eve he pitched
His tents. I washed and ate at his command,
Forcing revolted nature; I composed
My garments and bound up my scattered hair;
And when he took my hand, and to his couch
Would fain have drawn me, gently I retired
From that abominable touch, and said,
Forbear to-night I pray thee, for this day
A widow, as thou seest me, am I made;
Therefore, according to our law, must watch
And pray to-night. The loathsome villain paused
Ere he assented, then laid down to rest;
While at the door of the pavilion, I
Knelt on the ground, and bowed my face to earth;
But when the neighboring tents had ceased their stir,
The fires were out, and all were fast asleep,
Then I arose. The blessed Moon from Heaven
Lent me her holy light. I did not pray
For strength, for strength was given me as I drew

The scymitar, and, standing o'er his couch,
Raised it in both my hands with steady aim
And smote his neck. Upward as from a spring
When newly opened by the husbandman,
The villain's life-blood spouted. Twice I struck,
So making vengeance sure ; then, praising God,
Retired amid the wood, and measured back
My patient way to Auria, to perform
This duty which thou seest.

THE PUNISHMENT OF WITIZA.

FROM BOOK VI.

OH when I last beheld yon princely pile,
Exclaimed Siverian, with what other thoughts
Full, and elate of spirit, did I pass
Its joyous gates ! The weedery which through
The interstices of those neglected courts
Unchecked had flourished long, and seeded there,
Was trampled then and bruised beneath the feet
Of thronging crowds. Here drawn in fair array,
The faithful vassals of my master's house,
Their javelins sparkling to the morning sun,
Spread their triumphant banners ; high-plumed helms
Rose o'er the martial ranks, and prancing steeds
Made answer to the trumpet's stirring voice ;
While yonder towers shook the dull silence off
Which long to their deserted walls had clung,
And with redoubling echoes swelled the shout
That hailed victorious Roderick. Louder rose
The acclamation, when the dust was seen
Rising beneath his chariot-wheels far off ;
But nearer as the youthful hero came,
All sounds of all the multitude were hushed,
And from the thousands and ten thousands here,

Whom Cordoba and Hespalis sent forth, —
Yea whom all Bætica, all Spain poured out
To greet his triumph, — not a whisper rose
To Heaven, such awe and reverence mastered them,
Such expectation held them motionless.
Conqueror and King he came; but with no joy
Of conquest, and no pride of sovereignty
That day displayed; for at his father's grave
Did Roderick come to offer up his vow
Of vengeance well performed. Three coal-black steeds
Drew on his ivory chariot: by his side,
Still wrapt in mourning for the long-deceased,
Rusilla sat; a deeper paleness blanched
Her faded countenance, but in her eye
The light of her majestic nature shone.
Bound, and expecting at their hands the death
So well deserved, Witiza followed them;
Aghast and trembling, first he gazed around,
Wildly from side to side; then from the face
Of universal execration shrunk,
Hanging his wretched head abased; and poor
Of spirit, with unmanly tears deplored
His fortune, not his crimes. With bolder front,
Confiding in his priestly character,
Came Orpas next; and then the spurious race
Whom in unhappy hour Favila's wife
Brought forth for Spain. O mercy ill bestowed,
When Roderick, in compassion for their youth,
And for Pelayo's sake, forbore to crush
The brood of vipers!

Err perchance he might,
Replied the Goth, suppressing, as he spake
All outward signs of pain, though every word
Went like a dagger to his bleeding heart; —
But sure, I ween, that error is not placed
Among his sins. Old man, thou mayst regret

The mercy ill deserved, and worse returned,
But not for this wouldst thou reproach the King!

Reproach him? cried Siverian; — I reproach
My child, — my noble boy, — whom every tongue
Blessed at that hour, — whose love filled every heart
With joy, and every eye with joyful tears!
My brave, my beautiful, my generous boy!
Brave, beautiful, and generous as he was,
Never so brave, so beautiful, so great
As then, — not even on that glorious day,
When on the field of victory, elevate
Amid the thousands who acclaimed him King,
Firm on the shield above their heads upraised,
Erect he stood, and waved his bloody sword —
Why dost thou shake thy head as if in doubt?
I do not dream, nor fable! Ten short years
Have scarcely past away, since all within
The Pyrenean hills, and the three seas
Which girdled Spain, echoed in one response
The acclamation from that field of fight —
Or doth aught ail thee, that thy body quakes
And shudders thus?

'T is but a chill, replied
The King, in passing from the open air
Under the shadow of this thick-set grove.

Oh! if this scene awoke in thee such thoughts
As swell my bosom here, the old man pursued,
Sunshine, or shade, and all things from without,
Would be alike indifferent. Gracious God,
Only but ten short years, — and all so changed!
Ten little years since in yon court he checked
His fiery steeds. The steeds obeyed his hand,
The whirling wheels stood still, and when he leaped
Upon the pavement, the whole people heard,

In their deep silence, open-eared, the sound.
With slower movement from the ivory seat
Rusilla rose, her arm, as down she stepped,
Extended to her son's supporting hand;
Not for default of firm or agile strength,
But that the feeling of that solemn hour
Subdued her then, and tears bedimmed her sight.
Howbeit when to her husband's grave she came,
On the sepulchral stone she bowed her head
Awhile; then rose collectedly, and fixed
Upon the scene her calm and steady eye.
Roderick, — oh when did valor wear a form
So beautiful, so noble, so august?
Or vengeance, when did it put on before
A character so awful, so divine?
Roderick stood up, and reaching to the tomb
His hands, my hero cried, Theodofred!
Father! I stand before thee once again,
According to thy prayer, when kneeling down
Between thy knees I took my last farewell;
And vowed by all thy sufferings, all thy wrongs,
And by my mother's days and nights of woe,
Her silent anguish, and the grief which then
Even from thee she did not seek to hide,
That if our cruel parting should avail
To save me from the Tyrant's jealous guilt,
Surely should my avenging sword fulfil
Whate'er he omened. Oh that time, I cried,
Would give the strength of manhood to this arm,
Already would it find a manly heart
To guide it to its purpose! And I swore
Never again to see my father's face,
Nor ask my mother's blessing, till I brought,
Dead or in chains, the Tyrant to thy feet.
Boy as I was, before all Saints in Heaven,
And highest God, whose justice slumbereth not,

I made the vow. According to thy prayer,
In all things, O my father, is that vow
Performed, alas, too well! for thou didst pray,
While looking up I felt the burning tears
Which from thy sightless sockets streamed, drop down, —
That to thy grave, and not thy living feet,
The oppressor might be led. Behold him there, —
Father! Theodofred! no longer now
In darkness, from thy heavenly seat look down,
And see before thy grave thine enemy
In bonds, awaiting judgment at my hand!

Thus while the hero spake, Witiza stood
Listening in agony, with open mouth,
And head, half-raised, toward his sentence turned;
His eye-lids stiffened and pursed up, — his eyes
Rigid, and wild, and wide; and when the King
Had ceased, amid the silence which ensued,
The dastard's chains were heard, link against link
Clinking. At length upon his knees he fell,
And lifting up his trembling hands, outstretched
In supplication, — Mercy! he exclaimed, —
Chains, dungeons, darkness, — anything but death! —
I did not touch his life.

Roderick replied,
His hour, whenever it had come, had found
A soul prepared: he lived in peace with Heaven,
And life prolonged for him, was bliss delayed.
But life, in pain and darkness and despair,
For thee, all leprous as thou art with crimes,
Is mercy — Take him hence, and let him see
The light of day no more!

THE CHILDHOOD OF JOAN OF ARC.⁶*FROM 'JOAN OF ARC,' BOOK I.*

AMID these wilds
Often to summer pasture have I driven
The flock ; and well I know these woodland wilds,
And every bosomed vale, and valley stream
Is dear to memory. I have laid me down
Beside yon valley stream, that up the ascent
Scarce sends the sound of waters now, and watched
The beck roll glittering to the noontide sun,
And listened to its ceaseless murmuring,
Till all was hushed and tranquil in my soul,
Filled with a strange and undefined delight
That passed across the mind like summer clouds
Over the vale at eve ; their fleeting hues
The traveller cannot trace with memory's eye,
Yet he remembers well how fair they were,
How beautiful.

In solitude and peace
Here I grew up, amid the loveliest scenes
Of unpolluted nature. Sweet it was,
As the white mists of morning rolled away,
To see the upland's wooded heights appear
Dark in the early dawn, and mark the slope
With gorse-flowers glowing, as the sun illumed
Their golden glory with his deepening light ;
Pleasant at noon beside the vocal brook
To lay me down, and watch the floating clouds,
And shape to fancy's wild similitudes
Their ever-varying forms ; and oh how sweet !
To drive my flock at evening to the fold,
And hasten to our little hut, and hear
The voice of kindness bid me welcome home.

*FUNERAL SONG FOR THE PRINCESS
CHARLOTTE OF WALES.*

IN its summer pride arrayed,
Low our Tree of Hope is laid !
Low it lies : —in evil hour,
Visiting the bridal bower,
Death hath levelled root and flower.
Windsor, in thy sacred shade,
(This the end of pomp and power !)
Have the rites of death been paid :
Windsor, in thy sacred shade
Is the Flower of Brunswick laid !

Ye whose relics rest around,
Tenants of this funeral ground !
Know ye, Spirits, who is come,
By immitigable doom
Summoned to the untimely tomb ?
Late with youth and splendor crowned,
Late in beauty's vernal bloom,
Late with love and joyaunce blest ;
Never more lamented guest
Was in Windsor laid to rest.

Henry, thou of saintly worth,
Thou, to whom thy Windsor gave
Nativity, and name, and grave ;
Thou art in this hallowed earth
Cradled for the immortal birth !
Heavily upon his head
Ancestral crimes were visited :
He, in spirit like a child,
Meek of heart and undefiled,
Patiently his crown resigned,
And fixed on heaven his heavenly mind,

Blessing, while he kissed the rod,
His Redeemer and his God.
Now may he in realms of bliss
Greet a soul as pure as his.

Passive as that humble spirit
Lies his bold dethroner too ;
A dreadful debt did he inherit
To his injured lineage due ;
Ill-starred prince, whose martial merit
His own England long might rue !
Mournful was that Edward's fame,
Won in fields contested well,
While he sought his rightful claim :
Witness Aire's unhappy water,
Where the ruthless Clifford fell ;
And when Wharfe ran red with slaughter,
On the day of Towton's field,
Gathering, in its guilty flood,
The carnage and the ill-spilt blood
That forty thousand lives could yield.
Cressy was to this but sport,
Poitiers but a pageant vain ;
And the victory of Spain
Seemed a strife for pastime meant,
And the work of Agincourt
Only like a tournament ;
Half the blood which there was spent,
Had sufficed again to gain
Anjou and ill-yielded Maine,
Normandy and Aquitaine,
And Our Lady's Ancient towers,
Maugre all the Valois' powers,
Had a second time been ours. —
A gentle daughter of thy line,
Edward, lays her dust with thine.

Thou, Elizabeth, art here ;
Thou to whom all griefs were known ;
Who wert placed upon the bier
In happier hour than on the throne.
Fatal daughter, fatal mother,
Raised to that ill-omened station,
Father, uncle, sons, and brother,
Mourned in blood her elevation !
Woodville, in the realms of bliss,
To thine offspring thou mayst say,
Early death is happiness ;
And favored in their lot are they
Who are not left to learn below
That length of life is length of woe.
Lightly let this ground be prest ;
A broken heart is here at rest.

But thou, Seymour, with a greeting
Such as sisters use at meeting,
Joy, and sympathy, and love,
Wilt hail her in the seats above.
Like in loveliness were ye ;
By a like lamented doom,
Hurried to an early tomb.
While together, spirits blest,
Here your earthly relics rest ;
Fellow angels shall ye be
In the angelic company.

Henry, too, hath here his part ;
At the gentle Seymour's side,
With his best beloved bride,
Cold and quiet, here are laid
The ashes of that fiery heart.
Not with his tyrannic spirit,
Shall our Charlotte's soul inherit ;

No, by Fisher's hoary head, —
By More, the learnèd and the good, —
By Katharine's wrongs and Boleyn's blood,
By the life so basely shed
Of the pride of Norfolk's line,
By the axe so often red,
By the fire with martyrs fed,
Hateful Henry, not with thee
May her happy spirit be!

And here lies one whose tragic name
A reverential thought may claim;
That murdered Monarch, whom the grave,
Revealing its long secret, gave
Again to sight, that we might spy
His comely face and waking eye!
There, thrice fifty years, it lay,
Exempt from natural decay,
Unclosed and bright, as if to say,
A plague, of bloodier, baser birth,
Than that beneath whose rage he bled,
Was loose upon our guilty earth; —
Such awful warning from the dead
Was given by that portentous eye;
Then it closed eternally.

Ye whose relics rest around,
Tenants of this funeral ground;
Even in your immortal spheres,
What fresh yearnings will ye feel,
When this earthly guest appears!
Us she leaves in grief and tears;
But to you will she reveal
Tidings of old England's weal;
Of a righteous war pursued,
Long, through evil and through good,

With unshaken fortitude ;
Of peace, in battle twice achieved ;
Of her fiercest foe subdued,
And Europe from the yoke relieved,
Upon that Brabantine plain !
Such the proud, the virtuous story,
Such the great, the endless glory
Of her father's splendid reign !
He who wore the sable mail
Might, at this heroic tale,
Wish himself on earth again.

One who reverently, for thee,
Raised the strain of bridal verse,
Flower of Brunswick ! mournfully
Lays a garland on thy hearse.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening ;
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun ;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found ;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;

And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'T is some poor fellow's skull, said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden,
For there 's many hereabout;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men, said he,
Were slain in that great victory.

Now tell us what 't was all about,
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,
Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said, quoth he,
That 't was a famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,

And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene.
Why 't was a very wicked thing!
Said little Wilhelmine.
Nay, nay, my little girl, quoth he,
It was a famous victory.

And everybody praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win.
But what good came of it at last?
Quoth little Peterkin.
Why, that I cannot tell, said he;
But 't was a famous victory.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

The Child is Father of the Man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore ; —
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief :
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong :
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay ;
 Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday ; —
 Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
 Shepherd-boy !

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.
 Oh evil day ! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are culling
 On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm : —
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !
 — But there 's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone :
 The Pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat :

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar :
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy ;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pygmy size !
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,

With light upon him from his father's eyes !
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art ;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral ;
 And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song :
 Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part ;
Filling from time to time his humorous stage
With all the Persons, down to palsied age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage ;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy Soul's immensity ;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind, —
 Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !
 On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave :
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by ;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke

The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction; not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast: —

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise;

But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings;
 Blank misgivings of a Creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,
 High instincts before which our mortal Nature
 Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised;

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain light of all our day,

Are yet a master light of all our seeing;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,

To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,

Nor Man nor Boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound !

We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May !

What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower ;

We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind ;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be ;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering ;

In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves !

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;

I only have relinquished one delight

To live beneath your more habitual sway.

I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,

Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
 The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
 Is lovely yet;
 The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

LAODAMÍA.⁷

‘WITH sacrifice before the rising morn
 Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
 And from the infernal Gods, 'mid shades forlorn
 Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required:
 Celestial pity I again implore; —
 Restore him to my sight — great Jove, restore!’

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
 With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;
 While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
 Her countenance brightens — and her eye expands;
 Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
 And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived? — O joy!
 What doth she look on? — whom doth she behold?
 Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
 His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
 It is — if sense deceive her not — 't is He!
 And a god leads him, wingèd Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake — and touched her with his wand
That calms all fear ; ‘ Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,
Laodamía ! that at Jove’s command
Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air :
He comes to tarry with thee three hours’ space ;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face ! ’

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to clasp ;
Again that consummation she essayed ;
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The Phantom parts — but parts to re-unite,
And re-assume his place before her sight.

‘ Protesiláus, lo ! thy guide is gone !
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice :
This is our palace, — yonder is thy throne ;
Speak, and the floor thou tread’st on will rejoice.
Not to appall me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon, and blest a sad abode. ’

‘ Great Jove, Laodamía ! doth not leave
His gifts imperfect : — Spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive ;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain ;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

‘ Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
Should die ; but me the threat could not withhold :
A generous cause a victim did demand ;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain ;
A self-devoted chief — by Hector slain. ’

‘ Supreme of heroes — bravest, noblest, best !
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,

Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore ;
Thou found'st — and I forgive thee — here thou art —
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

‘ But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave ;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed
Thou should'st elude the malice of the grave :
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

‘ No Spectre greets me, — no vain Shadow this ;
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side !
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy bride ! ’
Jove frowned in heaven : the conscious Parcæ threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

‘ This visage tells thee that my doom is past :
Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys
Those raptures duly — Erebus disdains ;
Calm pleasures there abide — majestic pains.

‘ Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Rebellious passion : for the Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul ;
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate ; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn — ’

‘ Ah, wherefore ? — Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom ?

Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

'The Gods to us are merciful — and they
Yet further may relent ; for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast.

'But if thou goest, I follow' — 'Peace !' he said, —
She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered ;
The ghastly color from his lips had fled ;
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;
No fears to beat away — no strife to heal —
The past unsighed for, and the future sure ;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued ;

Of all that is most beauteous — imaged there
In happier beauty : more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams ;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue — 'Ill,' said he,
'The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day and night ;

‘ And while my youthful peers before my eyes
 (Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
 By martial sports, — or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in counsel were detained;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

‘ The wished-for wind was given : I then revolved
 The oracle, upon the silent sea ;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
 That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand, —
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

‘ Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
 When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife !
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
 And on the joys we shared in mortal life, —
The paths which we had trod — these fountains, flowers ;
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

‘ But should suspense permit the foe to cry,
 “ Behold they tremble ! — haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die ? ”
 In soul I swept the indignity away :
Old frailties then recurred : — but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

‘ And Thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
 In reason, in self-government too slow ;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
 Our blest re-union in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathized ;
Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

‘ Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend —
 Seeking a higher object. Love was given,

Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end ;
For this the passion to excess was driven —
That self might be annulled : her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.' —

Aloud she shrieked ! for Hermes re-appears !
Round the dear Shade she would have clung — 't is vain :
The hours are past — too brief had they been years ;
And him no mortal effort can detain :
Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corpse She lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
She perished ; and, as for a wilful crime,
By the just Gods whom no weak pity moved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

— Yet tears to human suffering are due ;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes. — Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died ;
And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight ;
A constant interchange of growth and blight !

LUCY GRAY; OR, SOLITUDE.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray :
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor
— The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

‘To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow.’

‘That, Father ! will I gladly do :
’T is scarcely afternoon —
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon.’

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-band ;
He plied his work ; — and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb:
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept — and, turning homeward, cried,
‘ In heaven we all shall meet; ’
— When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill’s edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none !

— Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;

That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

'SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT'

SHE was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes are stars of Twilight fair ;
Like Twilights, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,

A Traveller between life and death ;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
 A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright
 With something of angelic light.

SONNETS.

LONDON, 1802.

MILTON ! thou should'st be living at this hour :
 England hath need of thee : she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
 Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart :
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea ,
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
 It moves us not. — Great God ! I 'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;

So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
 Mindless of its just honors; with this key
 Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
 With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief;
 The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
 His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp
 It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
 To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
 The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
 Soul-animating strains — alas, too few!

FROM 'THE PRELUDE.'⁸

STUDENT LIFE.

BOOK III.

I HAD a world about me — 't was my own;
 I made it, for it only lived to me,
 And to the God who sees into the heart.
 Such sympathies, though rarely, were betrayed
 By outward gestures and by visible looks:
 Some called it madness — so indeed it was,
 If child-like fruitfulness in passing joy,
 If steady moods of thoughtfulness matured
 To inspiration, sort with such a name;
 If prophecy be madness; if things viewed
 By poets in old time, and higher up

By the first men, earth's first inhabitants,
May in these tutored days no more be seen
With undisturbed sight. But leaving this,
It was no madness, for the bodily eye
Amid my strongest workings evermore
Was searching out the lines of difference
As they lie hid in all external forms,
Near or remote, minute or vast ; an eye
Which, from a tree, a stone, a withered leaf,
To the broad ocean and the azure heavens
Spangled with kindred multitudes of stars,
Could find no surface where its power might sleep ;
Which spake perpetual logic to my soul,
And by an unrelenting agency
Did bind my feelings even as in a chain.

SUNRISE.

FROM BOOK IV.

ERE we retired,
The cock had crowed, and now the eastern sky
Was kindling, not unseen, from humble copse
And open field, through which the pathway wound,
And homeward led my steps. Magnificent
The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as ere I had beheld — in front,
The sea lay laughing at a distance ; near,
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light ;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn —
Dews, vapors, and the melody of birds,
And laborers going forth to till the fields.

FIRST NIGHT IN PARIS.

FROM BOOK X.

CHEERED with this hope, to Paris I returned,
And ranged, with ardor heretofore unfelt,
The spacious city, and in progress passed
The prison where the unhappy Monarch lay,
Associate with his children and his wife
In bondage ; and the palace, lately stormed
With roar of cannon by a furious host.
I crossed the square (an empty area then !)
Of the Carrousel, where so late had lain
The dead, upon the dying heaped, and gazed
On this and other spots, as doth a man
Upon a volume whose contents he knows
Are memorable, but from him locked up,
Being written in a tongue he cannot read,
So that he questions the mute leaves with pain
And half upbraids their silence. But that night
I felt most deeply in what world I was,
What ground I trod on, and what air I breathed.
High was my room and lonely, near the roof
Of a large mansion or hotel, a lodge
That would have pleased me in more quiet times ;
Nor was it wholly without pleasure then.
With unextinguished taper I kept watch
Reading at intervals ; the fear gone by
Pressed on me almost like a fear to come.
I thought of those September massacres,
Divided from me by one little month,
Saw them and touched : the rest was conjured up
From tragic fictions or true history,
Remembrances and dim admonishments.
The horse is taught his manage, and no star
Of wildest course but treads back his own steps ;

For the spent hurricane the air provides
As fierce a successor ; the tide retreats
But to return out of its hiding-place
In the great deep ; all things have second birth ;
The earthquake is not satisfied at once ;
And in this way I wrought upon myself,
Until I seemed to hear a voice that cried,
To the whole city, sleep no more. The trance
Fled with the voice to which it had given birth ;
But vainly comments of a calmer mind
Promised soft peace and sweet forgetfulness.
The place, all hushed and silent as it was,
Appeared unfit for the repose of night,
Defenceless as a wood where tigers roam.

THE ASCENT UP SNOWDON.

FROM BOOK XIV.

IN one of those excursions (may they ne'er
Fade from remembrance!) through the Northern tracts
Of Cambria ranging with a youthful friend,
I left Bethgelert's huts at couching-time,
And westward took my way, to see the sun
Rise, from the top of Snowdon. To the door
Of a rude cottage at the mountain's base
We came, and roused the shepherd who attends
The adventurous stranger's steps, a trusty guide ;
Then, cheered by short refreshment, sallied forth.

It was a close, warm, breezeless summer night,
Wan, dull, and glaring, with a dripping fog
Low-hung and thick that covered all the sky ;
But, undiscouraged, we began to climb
The mountain-side. The mist soon girt us round,
And, after ordinary travellers' talk
With our conductor, pensively we sank

Each into commerce with his private thoughts :
Thus did we breast the ascent, and by myself
Was nothing either seen or heard that checked
Those musings or diverted, save that once
The shepherd's lurcher, who, among the crags,
Had to his joy unearthed a hedgehog, teased
His coiled-up prey with barkings turbulent.
This small adventure, for even such it seemed
In that wild place and at the dead of night,
Being over and forgotten, on we wound
In silence as before. With forehead bent
Earthward, as if in opposition set
Against an enemy, I panted up
With eager pace, and no less eager thoughts.
Thus might we wear a midnight hour away,
Ascending at loose distance each from each,
And I, as chanced, the foremost of the band ;
When at my feet the ground appeared to brighten,
And with a step or two seemed brighter still ;
Nor was time given to ask or learn the cause,
For instantly a light upon the turf
Fell like a flash, and lo ! as I looked up,
The Moon hung naked in a firmament
Of azure without cloud, and at my feet
Rested a silent sea of hoary mist.
A hundred hills their dusky backs upheaved
All over this still ocean ; and beyond,
Far, far beyond, the solid vapors stretched,
In headlands, tongues, and promontory shapes,
Into the main Atlantic, that appeared
To dwindle, and give up his majesty,
Usurped upon far as the sight could reach.
Not so the ethereal vault ; encroachment none
Was there, nor loss ; only the inferior stars
Had disappeared, or shed a fainter light
In the clear presence of the full-orbed Moon,

Who, from her sovereign elevation, gazed
Upon the billowy ocean, as it lay
All meek and silent, save that through a rift —
Not distant from the shore whereon we stood,
A fixed, abysmal, gloomy, breathing-place —
Mounted the roar of waters, torrents, streams
Innumerable, roaring with one voice !
Heard over earth and sea, and, in that hour,
For so it seemed, felt by the starry heavens.

FROM 'THE EXCURSION.'⁹*THE WANDERER.*

FROM BOOK I.

AMONG the hills of Athol he was born ;
Where, on a small hereditary farm,
An unproductive slip of rugged ground,
His Parents, with their numerous offspring, dwelt ;
A virtuous household, though exceeding poor !
Pure livers were they all, austere and grave,
And fearing God ; the very children taught
Stern self-respect, a reverence for God's word,
And an habitual piety, maintained
With strictness scarcely known on English ground.

From his sixth year, the Boy of whom I speak,
In summer, tended cattle on the hills ;
But, through the inclement and the perilous days
Of long-continuing winter, he repaired,
Equipped with satchel, to a school, that stood
Sole building on a mountain's dreary edge,
Remote from view of city spire, or sound
Of minster clock ! From that bleak tenement
He, many an evening, to his distant home
In solitude returning, saw the hills

Grow larger in the darkness; all alone
Beheld the stars come out above his head,
And travelled through the wood, with no one near
To whom he might confess the things he saw.

So the foundations of his mind were laid.
In such communion, not from terror free,
While yet a child, and long before his time,
Had he perceived the presence and the power
Of greatness; and deep feelings had impressed
So vividly great objects that they lay
Upon his mind like substances, whose presence
Perplexed the bodily sense. He had received
A precious gift; for, as he grew in years,
With these impressions would he still compare
All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes, and forms;
And, being still unsatisfied with aught
Of dimmer character, he thence attained
An active power to fasten images
Upon his brain; and on their pictured lines
Intensely brooded, even till they acquired
The liveliness of dreams. Nor did he fail,
While yet a child, with a child's eagerness
Incessantly to turn his ear and eye
On all things which the moving seasons brought
To feed such appetite — nor this alone
Appeased his yearning: — in the after-day
Of boyhood, many an hour in caves forlorn,
And 'mid the hollow depths of naked crags
He sate, and even in their fixed lineaments,
Or from the power of a peculiar eye,
Or by creative feeling overborne,
Or by predominance of thought oppressed,
Even in their fixed and steady lineaments
He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,
Expression ever varying!

Thus informed,
He had small need of books ; for many a tale
Traditionary, round the mountains hung,
And many a legend, peopling the dark woods,
Nourished Imagination in her growth,
And gave the Mind that apprehensive power
By which she is made quick to recognize
The moral properties and scope of things.
But eagerly he read, and read again,
Whate'er the minister's old shelf supplied ;
The life and death of martyrs, who sustained,
With will inflexible, those fearful pangs
Triumphantly displayed in records left
Of persecution, and the Covenant — times
Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour !
And there, by lucky hap, had been preserved
A straggling volume, torn and incomplete,
That left half-told the preternatural tale,
Romance of giants, chronicle of fiends,
Profuse in garniture of wooden cuts
Strange and uncouth ; dire faces, figures dire,
Sharp-kneed, sharp-elbowed, and lean-ankled too,
With long and ghostly shanks — forms which once seen
Could never be forgotten !

In his heart,
Where Fear sate thus, a cherished visitant,
Was wanting yet the pure delight of love
By sound diffused, or by the breathing air,
Or by the silent looks of happy things,
Or flowing from the universal face
Of earth and sky. But he had felt the power
Of Nature, and already was prepared,
By his intense conceptions, to receive
Deeply the lesson deep of love which he,
Whom Nature, by whatever means, has taught
To feel intensely, cannot but receive.

Such was the Boy — but for the growing Youth
What soul was his, when, from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light ! He looked —
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, in gladness lay
Beneath him : — Far and wide the clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces could he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy ; his spirit drank
The spectacle : sensation, soul, and form,
All melted into him ; they swallowed up
His animal being ; in them did he live,
And by them did he live ; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not ; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request ;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him ; it was blessedness and love !

A Herdsman on the lonely mountain tops,
Such intercourse was his, and in this sort
Was his existence oftentimes *possessed*.
O then how beautiful, how bright, appeared
The written promise ! Early had he learned
To reverence the volume that displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die ;
But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith.
All things, responsive to the writing, there
Breathed immortality, revolving life,
And greatness still revolving ; infinite :
There littleness was not ; the least of things
Seemed infinite ; and there his spirit shaped
Her prospects, nor did he believe, — he *saw*.

What wonder if his being thus became
Sublime and comprehensive ! Low desires,
Low thoughts had there no place ; yet was his heart
Lowly ; for he was meek in gratitude,
Oft as he called those ecstasies to mind,
And whence they flowed ; and from them he acquired
Wisdom, which works thro' patience ; thence he learned
In oft-recurring hours of sober thought
To look on Nature with a humble heart,
Self-questioned where it did not understand,
And with a superstitious eye of love.

So passed the time ; yet to the nearest town
He duly went with what small overplus
His earnings might supply, and brought away
The book that most had tempted his desires
While at the stall he read. Among the hills
He gazed upon that mighty orb of song,
The divine Milton. Lore of different kind,
The annual savings of a toilsome life,
His School-master supplied ; books that explain
The purer elements of truth involved
In lines and numbers, and, by charm severe,
(Especially perceived where nature droops
And feeling is suppressed) preserve the mind
Busy in solitude and poverty.
These occupations oftentimes deceived
The listless hours, while in the hollow vale,
Hollow and green, he lay on the green turf
In pensive idleness. What could he do,
Thus daily thirsting, in that lonesome life,
With blind endeavors ? Yet, still uppermost,
Nature was at his heart as if he felt,
Though yet he knew not how, a wasting power
In all things that from her sweet influence
Might tend to wean him. Therefore with her hues,

Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,
He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.
While yet he lingered in the rudiments
Of science, and among her simplest laws,
His triangles — they were the stars of heaven,
The silent stars ! Oft did he take delight
To measure the altitude of some tall crag
That is the eagle's birth-place, or some peak
Familiar with forgotten years, that shows
Inscribed upon its visionary sides,
The history of many a winter storm,
Or obscure records of the path of fire.

And thus before his eighteenth year was told,
Accumulated feelings pressed his heart
With still increasing weight ; he was o'erpowered
By Nature ; by the turbulence subdued
Of his own mind ; by mystery and hope,
And the first virgin passion of a soul
Communing with the glorious universe.
Full often wished he that the winds might rage
When they were silent : far more fondly now
Than in his earlier season did he love
Tempestuous nights — the conflict and the sounds
That live in darkness. From his intellect
And from the stillness of abstracted thought
He asked repose ; and, failing oft to win
The peace required, he scanned the laws of light
Amid the roar of torrents, where they send
From hollow clefts up to the clearer air
A cloud of mist, that smitten by the sun
Varies its rainbow hues. But vainly thus,
And vainly by all other means, he strove
To mitigate the fever of his heart.

In dreams, in study, and in ardent thought,
Thus was he reared ; much wanting to assist

The growth of intellect, yet gaining more,
And every moral feeling of his soul
Strengthened and braced, by breathing in content
The keen, the wholesome, air of poverty,
And drinking from the well of homely life.
— But, from past liberty, and tried restraints,
He now was summoned to select the course
Of humble industry that promised best
To yield him no unworthy maintenance.
Urged by his Mother, he essayed to teach
A village-school — but wandering thoughts were then
A misery to him; and the Youth resigned
A task he was unable to perform.

That stern yet kindly Spirit, who constrains
The Savoyard to quit his naked rocks,
The free-born Swiss to leave his narrow vales,
(Spirit attached to regions mountainous
Like their own steadfast clouds) did now impel
His restless mind to look abroad with hope.
— An irksome drudgery seems it to plod on,
Through hot and dusty ways, or pelting storm,
A vagrant Merchant under a heavy load
Bent as he moves, and needing frequent rest;
Yet do such travellers find their own delight;
And their hard service, deemed debasing now,
Gained merited respect in simpler times;
When squire, and priest, and they who round them dwelt
In rustic sequestration — all dependent
Upon the PEDLAR'S toil — supplied their wants,
Or pleased their fancies, with the wares he brought.
Not ignorant was the Youth that still no few
Of his adventurous countrymen were led
By perseverance in this track of life
To competence and ease: — to him it offered
Attractions manifold; — and this he chose.

— His Parents on the enterprise bestowed
Their farewell benediction, but with hearts
Foreboding evil. From his native hills
He wandered far; much did he see of men,
Their manners, their enjoyments, and pursuits,
Their passions and their feelings; chiefly those
Essential and eternal in the heart,
That, 'mid the simpler forms of rural life,
Exist more simple in their elements,
And speak a plainer language. In the woods,
A lone Enthusiast, and among the fields,
Itinerant in this labor, he had passed
The better portion of his time; and there
Spontaneously had his affections thriven
Amid the bounties of the year, the peace
And liberty of nature; there he kept
In solitude and solitary thought
His mind in a just equipoise of love.
Serene it was, unclouded by the cares
Of ordinary life; unvexed, unwarped
By partial bondage. In his steady course,
No piteous revolutions had he felt,
No wild varieties of joy and grief.
Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,
His heart lay open; and, by nature tuned
And constant disposition of his thoughts
To sympathy with man, he was alive
To all that was enjoyed where'er he went,
And all that was endured; for, in himself
Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,
He had no painful pressure from without
That made him turn aside from wretchedness
With coward fears. He could *afford* to suffer
With those whom he saw suffer. Hence it came
That in our best experience he was rich,
And in the wisdom of our daily life.

For hence, minutely, in his various rounds,
He had observed the progress and decay
Of many minds, of minds and bodies too ;
The history of many families ;
How they had prospered ; how they were o'erthrown
By passion or mischance, or such misrule
Among the unthinking masters of the earth
As makes the nations groan.

This active course

He followed till provision for his wants
Had been obtained ; — the Wanderer then resolved
To pass the remnant of his days, untasked
With needless services, from hardship free.
His calling laid aside, he lived at ease :
But still he loved to pace the public roads
And the wild paths ; and, by the summer's warmth
Invited, often would he leave his home
And journey far, revisiting the scenes
That to his memory were most endeared.
— Vigorous in health, of hopeful spirits, undamped
By worldly-mindedness or anxious care ;
Observant, studious, thoughtful, and refreshed
By knowledge gathered up from day to day ;
Thus had he lived a long and innocent life.

THE VISION OF THE SOLITARY.

FROM BOOK II.

HOMEWARD the shepherds moved
Through the dull mist, I following — when a step,
A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapor, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul !
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,

Was of a mighty city — boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth,
Far sinking into splendor — without end !
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted ; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed ; there, towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars — illumination of all gems !
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified ; on them, and on the coves
And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapors had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky.
Oh, 't was an unimaginable sight !
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf,
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous, enwrapped.
Right in the midst, where interspace appeared
Of open court, an object like a throne
Under a shining canopy of state
Stood fixed ; and fixed resemblances were seen
To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified ;
Such as by Hebrew Prophets were beheld
In vision — forms uncouth of mightiest power
For admiration and mysterious awe.
This little Vale, a dwelling-place of Man,

Lay low beneath my feet; 't was visible —
I saw not, but I felt that it was there.
That which I *saw* was the revealed abode
Of Spirits in beatitude: my heart
Swelled in my breast, — I have been dead, I cried,
And now I live! Oh! wherefore *do* I live?
And with that pang I prayed to be no more!

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

FROM BOOK III.

Lo! the dread Bastile,
With all the chambers in its horrid towers,
Fell to the ground: — by violence overthrown
Of indignation; and with shouts that drowned
The crash it made in falling! From the wreck
A golden palace rose, or seemed to rise,
The appointed seat of equitable law
And mild paternal sway. The potent shock
I felt: the transformation I perceived,
As marvellously seized as in that moment
When, from the blind mist issuing, I beheld
Glory — beyond all glory ever seen,
Confusion infinite of heaven and earth,
Dazzling the soul. Meanwhile, prophetic harps
In every grove were ringing, War shall cease;
Did ye not hear that conquest is abjured?
Bring garlands, bring forth choicest flowers, to deck
The tree of Liberty. — My heart rebounded;
My melancholy voice the chorus joined;
— Be joyful all ye nations; in all lands,
Ye that are capable of joy be glad!
Henceforth, whate'er is wanting to yourselves
In others ye shall promptly find; — and all,
Enriched by mutual and reflected wealth,
Shall with one heart honor their common kind.

Thus was I reconverted to the world ;
Society became my glittering bride,
And airy hopes my children. — From the depths
Of natural passion, seemingly escaped,
My soul diffused herself in wide embrace
Of institutions, and the forms of things ;
As they exist, in mutable array,
Upon life's surface. What, though in my veins
There flowed no Gallic blood, nor had I breathed
The air of France, not less than Gallic zeal
Kindled and burnt among the sapless twigs
Of my exhausted heart. If busy men
In sober conclave met, to weave a web
Of amity, whose living threads should stretch
Beyond the seas, and to the farthest pole,
There did I sit, assisting. If, with noise
And acclamation, crowds in open air
Expressed the tumult of their minds, my voice
There mingled, heard or not. The powers of song
I left not uninvoked ; and, in still groves,
Where mild enthusiasts tuned a pensive lay
Of thanks and expectation, in accord
With their belief, I sang Saturnian rule
Returned, — a progeny of golden years
Permitted to descend, and bless mankind.
— With promises the Hebrew Scriptures teem :
I felt their invitation ; and resumed
A long-suspended office in the House
Of public worship, where, the glowing phrase
Of ancient inspiration serving me,
I promised also, — with undaunted trust
Foretold, and added prayer to prophecy ;
The admiration winning of the crowd ;
The help desiring of the pure devout.

Scorn and contempt forbid me to proceed !
But History, time's slavish scribe, will tell

How rapidly the zealots of the cause
Disbanded — or in hostile ranks appeared ;
Some, tired of honest service ; these, outdone,
Disgusted therefore, or appalled, by aims
Of fiercer zealots — so confusion reigned,
And the more faithful were compelled to exclaim,
As Brutus did to Virtue, Liberty,
I worshipped thee, and find thee but a Shade !

THE SEA SHELL.

FROM BOOK IV.

I HAVE seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell ;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely ; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy ; for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith ; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things ;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power ;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation. Here you stand,
Adore, and worship, when you know it not ;
Pious beyond the intention of your thought ;
Devout above the meaning of your will.
— Yes, you have felt, and may not cease to feel.
The estate of man would be indeed forlorn
If false conclusions of the reasoning power
Made the eye blind, and closed the passages

Through which the ear converses with the heart.
Has not the soul, the being of your life,
Received a shock of awful consciousness,
In some calm season, when these lofty rocks
At night's approach bring down the unclouded sky,
To rest upon their circumambient walls ;
A temple framing of dimensions vast,
And yet not too enormous for the sound
Of human anthems, — choral song, or burst
Sublime of instrumental harmony,
To glorify the Eternal ! What if these
Did never break the stillness that prevails
Here, — if the solemn nightingale be mute,
And the soft woodlark here did never chant
Her vespers, — Nature fails not to provide
Impulse and utterance. The whispering air
Sends inspiration from the shadowy heights,
And blind recesses of the caverned rocks ;
The little rills, and waters numberless,
Inaudible by daylight, blend their notes
With the loud streams : and often, at the hour
When issue forth the first pale stars, is heard,
Within the circuit of this fabric huge,
One voice — the solitary raven, flying
Athwart the concave of the dark blue dome,
Unseen, perchance above all power of sight —
An iron knell ! with echoes from afar
Faint — and still fainter — as the cry, with which
The wanderer accompanies her flight
Through the calm region, fades upon the ear,
Diminishing by distance till it seemed
To expire ; yet from the abyss is caught again,
And yet again recovered !

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

FROM 'GEBIR.'¹⁰*THE LOVES OF GEBIR AND TAMAR.*

FROM BOOK I.

GEBIR, at Egypt's youthful queen's approach,
Laid by his orbed shield ; his vizor-helm,
His buckler and his corset he laid by,
And bade that none attend him ; at his side
Two faithful dogs that urge the silent course,
Shaggy, deep-chested, croucht ; the crocodile,
Crying, oft made them raise their flaccid ears
And push their heads within their master's hand.
There was a brightening paleness in his face,
Such as Diana rising o'er the rocks
Shower'd on the lonely Latmian ; on his brow
Sorrow there was, yet nought was there severe.
But when the royal damsel first he saw,
Faint, hanging on her handmaid, and her knees
Tottering, as from the motion of the car,
His eyes lookt earnest on her, and those eyes
Show'd, if they had not, that they might have, lov'd,
For there was pity in them at that hour.
With gentle speech, and more with gentle looks,
He sooth'd her ; but lest Pity go beyond
And crost Ambition lose her lofty aim,
Bending, he kist her garment, and retired.
He went, nor slumber'd in the sultry noon,
When viands, couches, generous wines, persuade,
And slumber most refreshes ; nor at night,

When heavy dews are laden with disease ;
And blindness waits not there for lingering age.
Ere morning dawn'd behind him, he arrived
At those rich meadows where young Tamar fed
The royal flocks entrusted to his care.

'Now,' said he to himself, 'will I repose
At least this burthen on a brother's breast.'
His brother stood before him : he, amazed,
Rear'd suddenly his head, and thus began.

'Is it thou, brother? Tamar, is it thou?
Why, standing on the valley's utmost verge,
Lookest thou on that dull and dreary shore
Where beyond sight Nile blackens all the sand?
And why that sadness? When I past our sheep
The dew-drops were not shaken off the bar,
Therefore if one be wanting, 't is untold.'

'Yes, one is wanting, nor is that untold,'
Said Tamar ; 'and this dull and dreary shore
Is neither dull nor dreary at all hours.'
Whereon the tear stole silent down his cheek,
Silent, but not by Gebir unobserv'd :
Wondering he gazed awhile, and pitying spake.
'Let me approach thee ; does the morning light
Scatter this wan suffusion o'er thy brow,
This faint blue lustre under both thine eyes?'

'O brother, is this pity or reproach?'
Cried Tamar, 'cruel if it be reproach,
If pity, O how vain!' 'Whate'er it be
That grieves thee, I will pity, thou but speak,
And I can tell thee, Tamar, pang for pang.'

'Gebir! then more than brothers are we now!
Everything (take my hand) will I confess.
I neither feed the flock nor watch the fold;
How can I, lost in love? But, Gebir, why
That anger which has risen to your cheek?
Can other men? could you? what, no reply!

And still more anger, and still worse conceal'd!
Are these your promises? your pity this?'

'Tamar, I well may pity what I feel —
Mark me aright — I feel for thee — proceed —
Relate me all.' 'Then will I all relate,'
Said the young shepherd, gladden'd from his heart.
'T was evening, though not sunset, and the tide
Level with these green meadows, seem'd yet higher:
'T was pleasant, and I loosen'd from my neck
The pipe you gave me, and began to play.
O that I ne'er had learnt the tuneful art!
It always brings us enemies or love.
Well, I was playing, when above the waves
Some swimmer's head methought I saw ascend;
I, sitting still, survey'd it, with my pipe
Awkwardly held before my lips half-closed,
Gebir! it was a Nymph! a Nymph divine!
I cannot wait describing how she came,
How I was sitting, how she first assum'd
The sailor; of what happen'd there remains
Enough to say, and too much to forget.
The sweet deceiver stept upon this bank
Before I was aware; for with surprise
Moments fly rapid as with love itself.
Stooping to tune afresh the hoarsen'd reed,
I heard a rustling, and where that arose
My glance first lighted on her nimble feet.
Her feet resembled those long shells explored
By him who to befriend his steed's dim sight
Would blow the pungent powder in the eye.
Her eyes too! O immortal gods! her eyes
Resembled — what could they resemble? what
Ever resemble those? Even her attire
Was not of wonted woof nor vulgar art:
Her mantle show'd the yellow samphire-pod,
Her girdle the dove-color'd wave serene.

“Shepherd,” said she, “and will you wrestle now,
And with the sailor’s hardier race engage?”
I was rejoiced to hear it, and contrived
How to keep up contention: could I fail
By pressing not too strongly, yet to press?
“Whether a shepherd, as indeed you seem,
Or whether of the hardier race you boast,
I am not daunted; no; I will engage.”
“But first,” said she, “what wager will you lay?”
“A sheep,” I answered: “add whate’er you will.”
“I cannot,” she replied, “make that return:
Our hidèd vessels in their pitchy round
Seldom, unless from rapine, hold a sheep.
But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun’s palace-porch, where when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.
And I have others given me by the nymphs,
Of sweeter sound than any pipe you have;
But we, by Neptune! for no pipe contend;
This time a sheep I win, a pipe the next.”
Now came she forward eager to engage,
But first her dress, her bosom then survey’d,
And heav’d it, doubting if she could deceive.
Her bosom seem’d, inclos’d in haze like heaven,
To baffle touch, and rose forth undefined:
Above her knee she drew the robe succinct,
Above her breast, and just below her arms.
This will preserve my breath when tightly bound,
If struggle and equal strength should so constrain.
Thus, pulling hard to fasten it, she spake,
And, rushing at me, closed: I thrill’d throughout

And seem'd to lessen and shrink up with cold.
Again with violent impulse gusht my blood,
And hearing nought external, thus absorb'd,
I heard it, rushing through each turbid vein,
Shake my unsteady swimming sight in air.
Yet with unyielding though uncertain arms
I clung around her neck; the vest beneath
Rustled against our slippery limbs entwined:
Often mine springing with eluded force
Started aside and trembled till replaced:
And when I most succeeded, as I thought,
My bosom and my throat felt so comprest
That life was almost quivering on my lips,
Yet nothing was there painful: these are signs
Of secret arts and not of human might;
What arts I cannot tell; I only know
My eyes grew dizzy and my strength decay'd;
I was indeed o'ercome — with what regret,
And more, with what confusion, when I reacht
The fold, and yielding up the sheep, she cried,
"This pays a shepherd to a conquering maid."
She smiled, and more of pleasure than disdain
Was in her dimpled chin and liberal lip,
And eyes that languisht lengthening, just like love.
She went away; I on the wicker gate
Leant, and could follow with my eyes alone.
The sheep she carried easy as a cloak;
But when I heard its bleating, as I did,
And saw, she hastening on, its hinder feet
Struggle, and from her snowy shoulder slip,
One shoulder its poor efforts had unveil'd,
Then all my passions mingling fell in tears;
Restless then ran I to the highest ground
To watch her; she was gone; gone down the tide;
And the long moon-beam on the hard wet sand
Lay like a jasper column half uprear'd.'

‘ But, Tamar ! tell me, will she not return ? ’

‘ She will return, yet not before the moon
Again is at the full ; she promist this,
Tho’ when she promist I could not reply.’

‘ By all the Gods I pity thee ! go on,
Fear not my anger, look not on my shame,
For when a lover only hears of love
He finds his folly out, and is ashamed.
Away with watchful nights and lonely days,
Contempt of earth and aspect up to heaven,
With contemplation, with humility,
A tatter’d cloak that pride wears when deform’d,
Away with all that hides me from myself,
Parts me from others, whispers I am wise :
From our own wisdom less is to be reapt
Than from the barest folly of our friend.
Tamar ! thy pastures, large and rich, afford
Flowers to thy bees and herbage to thy sheep,
But, battened on too much, the poorest croft
Of thy poor neighbor yields what thine denies.’

THE CONCLUSION OF THE PEACE.

FROM BOOK IV.

MEANTIME, with pomp august and solemn, borne
On four white camels tinkling plates of gold,
Heralds before and Ethiop slaves behind,
Each with the sign of office in his hand,
Each on his brow the sacred stamp of years,
The four ambassadors of peace proceed.
Rich carpets bear they, corn and generous wine,
The Syrian olive’s cheerful gift they bear,
With stubborn goats that eye the mountain-top
Askance, and riot with reluctant horn,
And steeds and stately camels in their train.

The king, who sat before his tent, descried
The dust rise redden'd from the setting sun :
Thro' all the plains below the Gadite men
Were resting from their labour : some surveyed
The spacious site ere yet obstructed ; walls
Already, soon will roofs have interposed ;
Some ate their frugal viands on the steps
Contented ; some, remembering home, prefer
The cot's bare rafters o'er the gilded dome,
And sing (for often sighs too end in song)
In smiling meads how sweet the brook's repose
To the rough ocean and red restless sands !
Where are the woodland voices that increast
Along the unseen path on festal days,
When lay the dry and outcast arbutus
On the fane-step, and the first privet-flowers
Threw their white light upon the vernal shrine ?
Some heedless trip along with hasty step
Whistling, and fix too soon on their abodes ;
Haply and one among them with his spear
Measures the lintel, if so great its height
As will receive him with his helm unlower'd.

But silence went throughout, e'en thoughts were husht,
When to full view of navy and of camp
Now first expanded the bare-headed train.
Majestic, unpresuming, unappall'd,
Onward they marcht, and neither to the right
Nor to the left, tho' there the city stood,
Turn'd they their sober eyes ; and now they reacht
Within a few steep paces of ascent
The lone pavilion of the Iberian king :
He saw them, he awaited them, he rose,
He hail'd them, ' Peace be with you : ' they replied
' King of the western world, be with you peace.'

THE MEETING OF DALICA AND MYRTHYR.

FROM BOOK V.

ONCE a fair city, courted then by kings,
Mistress of nations, throng'd by palaces,
Raising her head o'er destiny, her face
Glowing with pleasure and with palms refresht,
Now pointed at by Wisdom or by Wealth,
Bereft of beauty, bare of ornament,
Stood in the wilderness of woe, Masar,
Ere far advancing, all appear'd a plain,
Treacherous and fearful mountains, far advanced.
Her glory so gone down, at human step
The fierce hyena frightened from the walls
Bristled his rising back, his teeth unsheathed,
Drew the long growl and with slow foot retired.
Yet were remaining some of ancient race,
And ancient arts were now their sole delight.
With Time's first sickle they had markt the hour
When at their incantation would the Moon
Start back, and shuddering shed blue blasted light.
The rifted rays they gather'd, and immersed
In potent portion of that wondrous wave,
Which, hearing rescued Israel, stood erect,
And led her armies thro' his crystal gates.

Hither (none shared her way, her counsel none)
Hied the Masarian Dalica: 't was night,
And the still breeze fell languid on the waste.
She, tired with journey long and ardent thoughts,
Stopt; and before the city she descried
A female form emerge above the sands:
Intent she fixt her eyes, and on herself
Relying, with fresh vigour bent her way;
Nor disappear'd the woman; but exclaim'd,
(One hand retaining tight her folded vest)

‘Stranger! who loathest life, their lies Masar.
Begone, nor tarry longer, or ere morn
The cormorant in his solitary haunt
Of insulated rock or sounding cove
Stands on thy bleached bones and screams for prey.
My lips can scatter them o’er every sea
Under the rising and the setting sun,
So shrivell’d in one breath as all the sands
We tread on, could not in a hundred years.
Wretched who die nor raise their sepulchre!
Therefore begone.’ But Dalica unawed,
(Tho’ in her wither’d but still firm right-hand,
Held up with imprecations hoarse and deep,
Glimmer’d her brazen sickle, and enclosed
Within its figured curve the fading moon)
Spake thus aloud. ‘By yon bright orb of Heaven,
In that most sacred moment when her beam
(Guided first thither by the forked shaft),
Strikes thro’ the crevice of Arishtah’s tower.’ —

‘Sayst thou?’ astonisht cried the sorceress,
‘Woman of outer darkness, fiend of death,
From what inhuman cave, what dire abyss,
Hast thou invisible that spell o’erheard?
What potent hand hath toucht thy quicken’d corse,
What song dissolv’d thy cerements? who unclosed
Those faded eyes and fill’d them from the stars?
But if with inextinguish’d light of life
Thou breathest, soul and body unamerst,
Then whence that invocation? who hath dared
Those hallow’d words, divulging, to profane?’

Dalica cried, ‘To heaven not earth address
Prayers for protection cannot be profane.’

Here the pale sorceress turn’d her face aside
Wildly, and mutter’d to herself amazed,
‘I dread her who, alone at such an hour,
Can speak so strangely, who can thus combine

The words of reason with our gifted rites,
 Yet will I speak once more. If thou hast seen
 The city of Charoba, hast thou markt
 The steps of Dalica?'

'What then?'

'The tongue
 Of Dalica has then our rites divulged.'

'Whose rites?'

'Her mother's.'

'Never.'

'One would think,
 Presumptuous, thou wert Dalica.'

'I am;

Woman! and who art thou?'

With close embrace,

Clung the Masarian round her neck, and cried,
 'Art thou then not my sister? ah! I fear
 The golden lamps and jewels of a court
 Deprive thine eyes of strength and purity:
 O Dalica! mine watch the waning moon,
 For ever patient in our mother's art,
 And rest on Heaven suspended, where the founts
 Of Wisdom rise, where sound the wings of Power;
 Studies intense of strong and stern delight!
 And thou too, Dalica, so many years
 Wean'd from the bosom of thy native land,
 Returnest back and seekest true repose.
 O what more pleasant than the short-breath'd sigh
 When, laying down your burthen at the gate
 And dizzy with long wandering, you embrace
 The cool and quiet of a homespun bed.'

'Alas!' said Dalica, 'tho' all commend
 This choice, and many meet with no controul,
 Yet none pursue it! Age by care opprest
 Feels for the couch and drops into the grave.
 The tranquil scene lies further still from Youth:

Frenzied Ambition and desponding Love
Consume Youth's fairest flowers ; compared with Youth
Age has a something like repose.
Myrthyr, I seek not here a boundary
Like the horizon, which, as you advance,
Keeping its form and colour, yet recedes :
But mind my errand, and my suit perform.'

THE PREPARATION OF THE POISONED ROBE.

FROM BOOK V.

'NAY, hear me first,' cried Dalica, 't is hard
To perish to attend a foreign king.'
'Perish ! and may not then mine eye alone
Draw out the venom-drop and yet remain
Enough ? the portion can not be perceiv'd.'
Away she hasten'd with it to her home,
And, sprinkling thrice fresh sulphur o'er the hearth,
Took up a spindle with malignant smile,
And pointed to a woof, nor spake a word ;
'T was a dark purple, and its dye was dread.

Plunged in a lonely house, to her unknown,
Now Dalica first trembled : o'er the roof
Wander'd her haggard eyes — 't was some relief —
The massy stones, tho' hewn most roughly, show'd
The hand of man had once at least been there :
But from this object sinking back amazed,
Her bosom lost all consciousness, and shook
As if suspended in unbounded space.
Her thus entranced the sister's voice recall'd,
'Behold it here ! dyed once again, 't is done.'
Dalica stept, and felt beneath her feet
The slippery floor, with moulder'd dust bestrewn :
But Myrthyr seiz'd with bare bold-sinew'd arm
The gray cerastes, writhing from her grasp,

And twisted off his horn, nor fear'd to squeeze
 The viscous poison from his glowing gums.
 Nor wanted there the root of stunted shrub
 Which he lays ragged, hanging o'er the sands,
 And whence the weapons of his wrath are death;
 Nor the blue-urchin that with clammy fin
 Holds down the tossing vessel for the tides.

Together these her scient hand combined,
 And more she added, dared I mention more.
 Which done, with words most potent, thrice she dipt
 The reeking garb; thrice waved it through the air:
 She ceast; and suddenly the creeping wool
 Shrunk up with crisped dryness in her hands:
 'Take this,' she cried, 'and Gebir is no more.'

THE MARRIAGE OF TAMAR AND THE NYMPH.

FROM BOOK VI.

Now to Aurora borne by dappled steeds
 The sacred gate of orient pearl and gold,
 Smitten with Lucifer's light silver wand,
 Expanded slow to strains of harmony;
 The waves beneath in purpling rows, like doves
 Glancing with wanton coyness tow'rd their queen,
 Heav'd softly; thus the damsel's bosom heaves
 When from her sleeping lover's downy cheek,
 To which so warily her own she brings
 Each moment nearer, she perceives the warmth
 Of coming kisses fann'd by playful Dreams.
 Ocean and earth and heaven was jubilee,
 For 't was the morning pointed out by Fate
 When an immortal maid and mortal man
 Should share each other's nature knit in bliss.

.
 'T was then that leaning o'er the boy belov'd,

In Ocean's grot where Ocean was unheard,
'Tamar!' the nymph said gently, 'come, awake!
Enough to love, enough to sleep, is given,
Haste we away.' This Tamar deem'd deceit,
Spoken so fondly, and he kist her lips,
Nor blusht he then, for he was then unseen.
But she arising bade the youth arise.
'What cause to fly?' said Tamar; she replied
'Ask none for flight, and feign none for delay.'

'O am I then deceived! or am I cast
From dreams of pleasure to eternal sleep,
And, when I cease to shudder, cease to be!'
She held the downcast bridegroom to her breast,
Lookt in his face and charm'd away his fears.
She said not 'wherefore have I then embraced
You a poor shepherd, or at most a man,
Myself a Nymph, that now I should deceive?'
She said not . . . Tamar did, and was ashamed.
Him overcome her serious voice bespake.
'Grief favours all who bring the gift of tears :
Mild at first sight he meets his votaries
And casts no shadow as he comes along ;
But, after his embrace, the marble chills
The pausing foot, the closing door sounds loud,
The fiend in triumph strikes the roof, then falls
The eye uplifted from his lurid shade.
Tamar, depress thyself, and miseries
Darken and widen : yes, proud-hearted man !
The sea-bird rises as the billows rise ;
Nor otherwise when mountain floods descend
Smiles the unsullied lotus glossy-hair'd ;
Thou, claiming all things, leanest on thy claim
Till overwhelmed through in compliancy.
Tamar, some silent tempest gathers round !'

'Round whom?' retorted Tamar, 'thou describe
The danger, I will dare it.'

‘ Who will dare

What is unseen ?’

‘ The man that is unblest.’

‘ But wherefore thou ? It threatens not thyself,
Nor me, but Gebir and the Gadite host.’

‘ The more I know, the more a wretch am I,
Groan’d deep the troubled youth, ‘ still thou proceed.’

‘ Oh seek not destin’d evils to divine,
Found out at last too soon ! cease here the search,
’Tis vain, ’tis impious, ’tis no gift of mine :
I will impart far better, will impart
What makes, when Winter comes, the Sun to rest
So soon on Ocean’s bed his paler brow,
And Night to tarry so at Spring’s return.
And I will tell sometimes the fate of men
Who loost from drooping neck the restless arm
Adventurous, ere long nights had satisfied
The sweet and honest avarice of love !
How whirlpools have absorb’d them, storms o’erwhelm’d,
And how amid their struggles and their prayers
The big wave blacken’d o’er the mouth supine :
Then, when my Tamar trembles at the tale,
Kissing his lips half-open with surprise,
Glance from the gloomy story, and with glee
Light on the fairer fables of the Gods.

‘ Thus we may sport at leisure when we go
Where, loved by Neptune and the Naiad, lov’d
By pensive Dryad pale, and Oread
The sprightly nymph whom constant Zephyr woos,
Rhine rolls his beryl-colour’d wave ; than Rhine
What river from the mountains ever came
More stately ? most the simple crown adorns
Of rushes and of willows intertwined
With here and there a flower : his lofty brow
Shaded with vines and mistleto and oak
He rears, and mystic bards his fame resound.

Or gliding opposite, th' Illyrian gulf
Will harbour us from ill.' While thus she spake,
She toucht his eyelashes with libant lip
And breath'd ambrosial odours, o'er his cheek
Celestial warmth suffusing: grief disperst,
And strength and pleasure beam'd upon his brow.
Then pointed she before him: first arose
To his astonisht and delighted view
The sacred isle that shrines the queen of love.
It stood so near him, so acute each sense,
That not the symphony of lutes alone
Or coo serene or billing strife of doves,
But murmurs, whispers, nay the very sighs
Which he himself had utter'd once, he heard.
Next, but long after and far off, appear
The cloudlike cliffs and thousand towers of Crete,
And further to the right, the Cyclades;
Phoebus had rais'd and fixt them, to surround
His native Delos and aërial fane.
He saw the land of Pelops, host of Gods,
Saw the steep ridge where Corinth after stood
Beckoning the serious with the smiling Arts
Into her sunbright bay; unborn the maid
That to assure the bent-up hand unskill'd
Lookt oft, but oftener fearing who might wake.
He heard the voice of rivers; he descried
Pindan Peneüs and the slender nymphs
That tread his banks but fear the thundering tide;
These, and Amphrysos and Apidanos
And poplar-crown'd Sperchios, and, reclined
On restless rocks, Enipeus, where the winds
Scatter'd above the weeds his hoary hair.
Then, with Pirenè and with Panopè,
Evenos, troubled from paternal tears,
And last was Acheloös, king of isles.
Zacynthos here, above rose Ithaca,

Like a blue bubble floating in the bay.
Far onward to the left a glimmering light
Glanced out oblique, nor vanisht; he inquired
Whence that arose; his consort thus replied,
 ‘Behold the vast Eridanus! ere long
We may again behold him and rejoice.
Of noble rivers none with mightier force
Rolls his unwearied torrent to the main.’
And now Sicanian Aetna rose to view:
Darkness with light more horrid she confounds,
Baffles the breath and dims the sight of day.
Tamar grew giddy with astonishment
And, looking up, held fast the bridal vest;
He heard the roar above him, heard the roar
Beneath, and felt it too, as he beheld,
Hurl, from Earth’s base, rocks, mountains, to the skies

 Meanwhile the Nymph had fixt her eyes beyond,
As seeing somewhat, not intent on aught:
He, more amazed than ever, then exclaim’d
‘Is there another flaming isle? or this
Illusion, thus past over unobserved?’

 ‘Look yonder,’ cried the Nymph, without reply,
‘Look yonder!’ Tamar lookt, and saw afar
Where the waves whitened on the desert shore.
When from amid grey ocean first he caught
The highths of Calpe, sadden’d he exclaim’d,
‘Rock of Iberia! fixt by Jove, and hung
With all his thunder-bearing clouds, I hail
Thy ridges rough and cheerless! What tho’ Spring
Nor kiss thy brow nor cool it with a flower,
Yet will I hail thee, hail thy flinty couch
Where Valour and where Virtue have reposed.’

 The Nymph said, sweetly smiling, ‘Fickle Man
Would not be happy could he not regret;
And I confess how, looking back, a thought
Has toucht and tuned or rather thrill’d my heart,

Too soft for sorrow and too strong for joy ;
Fond foolish maid ! 't was with mine own accord
It sooth'd me, shook me, melted, drown'd in tears.
But weep not thou ; what cause has thou to weep ?
Would'st thou thy country ? would'st those caves abhorr'd,
Dungeons and portals that exclude the day ?
Gebir, though generous, just, humane, inhaled
Rank venom from these mansions. Rest, O king,
In Egypt thou ! Nor, Tamar ! pant for sway.
With horrid chorus, Pain, Diseases, Death,
Stamp on the slippery pavement of the proud,
And ring their sounding emptiness through earth.
Possess the ocean, me, thyself, and peace.'"

*THE MARRIAGE OF GEBIR AND CHAROBA, AND
DEATH OF GEBIR.*

FROM BOOK VII.

THE long-awaited day at last arrived
When linkt together by the seven-armed Nile,
Egypt with proud Iberia should unite.
Here the Tartessian, there the Gadite tents
Rang with impatient pleasure : here engaged
Woody Nebrissa's quiver-bearing crew,
Contending warm with amicable skill,
While they of Durius raced along the beach
And scatter'd mud and jeers on all behind.
The strength of Baetis too removed the helm
And stript the sorslet off, and stauncht the foot
Against the mossy maple, while they tore
Their quivering lances from the hissing wound.
Others push forth the prows of their compeers,
And the wave, parted by the pouncing beak,
Swells up the sides and closes far astern :
The silent oars now dip their level wings,

And weary with strong stroke the whitening waves.
Others, afraid of tardiness, return :
Now entering the still harbour, every surge
Runs with a louder murmur up their keel,
And the slack cordge rattles round the mast.
Sleepless with pleasure and expiring fears
Had Gebir risen ere the break of dawn
And o'er the plains appointed for the feast
Hurried with ardent step : the swains admired
What so transversely could have swept the dew :
For never long one path had Gebir trod,
Nor long — unheeding man — one pace preserved.
Not thus Charoba : she despair'd the day :
The day was present ; true ; yet she despair'd.
In the too tender and once tortured heart
Doubts gather strength from habit, like disease ;
Fears, like the needle verging to the pole,
Tremble and tremble into certainty.
How often, when her maids with merry voice
Call'd her and told the sleepless queen 't was morn,
How often would she feign some fresh delay,
And tell them (though they saw) that she arose.
Next to her chamber, closed by cedar doors,
A bath of purest marble, purest wave,
On its fair surface bore its pavement high :
Arabian gold enchased the crystal roof,
With fluttering boys adorn'd and girls unrobed :
These, when you touch the quiet water, start
From their aërial sunny arch, and pant
Entangled mid each other's flowery wreaths,
And each pursuing is in turn pursued.

Here came at last, as ever wont at morn,
Charoba : long she linger'd at the brink ;
Often she sigh'd, and, naked as she was,
Sate down, and leaning on the couch's edge
On the soft inward pillow of her arm

Rested her burning cheek : she moved her eyes :
She blush'd ; and blushing plunged into the wave.

Now brazen chariots thunder through each street
And neighing steeds paw proudly from delay,
While o'er the palace breathes the dulcimer,
Lute, and aspiring harp, and lisping reed ;
Loud rush the trumpets bursting through the throng
And urge the high-shoulder'd vulgar ; now are heard
Curses and quarrels and constricted blows,
Threats and defiance and suburban war.
Hark ! the reiterated clangour sounds !
Now murmurs like the sea or like the storm
Or like the flames on forests, move and mount
From rank to rank, and loud and louder roll,
Till all the people is one vast applause.
Yes, 't is herself, Charoba — now the strife
To see again a form so often seen !
Feel they some partial pang, some secret void,
Some doubt of feasting those fond eyes again ?
Panting imbibe they that refreshing sight
To reproduce in hour of bitterness ?
She goes, the king awaits her from the camp :
Him she descried, and trembled ere he reach'd
Her car, but shudder'd paler at his voice.
So the pale silver at the festive board
Grows paler fill'd afresh and dew'd with wine ;
So seems the tenderest herbage of the spring
To whiten, bending from a balmy gale.
The beauteous queen alighting he received,
And sigh'd to loose her from his arms ; she hung
A little longer on them through her fears.
Her maidens follow'd her ; and one that watcht,
One that had call'd her in the moon, observ'd
How virgin passion with unfurl'd flame
Burns into whiteness, while the blushing cheek
Imagination heats and shame imbues.

Between both nations drawn in ranks they pass :
The priests, with linen ephods, linen robes,
Attend their steps, some follow, some precede,
Where clothed with purple intertwined with gold
Two lofty thrones commanded land and main.
Behind and near them numerous were the tents
As freckled clouds o'erfloat our vernal skies,
Numerous as wander in warm moonlight nights
Along Meänder's or Cayster's marsh
Swans pliant-neckt and village storks revered.
Throughout each nation moved the hum confused,
Like that from myriad wings o'er Scythian cups
Of frothy milk, concreted soon with blood.
Throughout the fields the savoury smoke ascends,
And boughs and branches shade the hides unbrought.
Some roll the flowery turf into a seat,
And others press the helmet. Now resounds
The signal ! queen and monarch mount the thrones.
The brazen clarion hoarsens : many leagues
Above them, many to the south, the heron
Rising with horrid croak and throat outstretcht
Ploughs up the silvering surface of her plain.
Tottering with age's zeal and mischief's haste
Now was discover'd Dalica ; she reacht
The throne, she lean'd against the pedestal,
And now ascending stood before the king.
Prayers for his health and safety she preferr'd,
And o'er his head and o'er his feet she threw
Myrrh, nard, and cassia, from three golden urns ;
His robe of native woof she next removed,
And round his shoulders drew the garb accurst,
And bow'd her head, departing : soon the queen
Saw the blood mantle in his manly cheek,
And fear'd, and faltering sought her lost replies,
And blest the silence that she wisht were broke.
Alas, unconscious maiden ! night shall close,

And love and sovranity and life dissolve,
And Egypt be one desert drencht in blood.

When thunder overhangs the fountain-head,
Losing its wonted freshness every stream
Grows turbid, grows with sickly warmth suffused :
Thus were the brave Iberians when they saw
The king of nations from his throne descend.
Scarcely, with pace uneven, knees unnerv'd,
Reacht he the waters : in his troubled ear
They sounded murmuring drearily ; they rose
Wild, in strange colours, to his parching eyes ;
They seem'd to rush around him, seem'd to lift
From the receding earth his helpless feet.
He fell : Charoba shriekt aloud ; she ran ;
Frantic with fears and fondness, mazed with woe,
Nothing but Gebir dying she beheld.

The turban that betray'd its golden charge
Within, the veil that down her shoulder hung,
All fallen at her feet ! The furthest wave
Creeping with silent progress up the sand,
Glided through all, and rais'd their hollow folds.
In vain they bore him to the sea, in vain
Rubb'd they his temples with the briny warmth ;
He struggled from them, strong with agony,
He rose half-up, he fell again, he cried
' *Charoba ! O Charoba !* ' She embraced
His neck, and raising on her knee one arm,
Sighed when it moved not, when it fell she shriekt,
And clasping loud both hands above her head,
She call'd on Gebir, call'd on earth, on heaven.

' Who will believe me ? What shall I protest ?
How innocent, thus wretched ? God of Gods,
Strike me — who most offend thee most defy —
Charoba most offends thee : strike me, hurl
From this accursed land, this faithless throne.
O Dalica ! see here the royal feast !

See here the gorgeous robe ! you little thought
How have the demons dyed that robe with death.
Where are ye, dear fond parents ! when ye heard
My feet in childhood pat the palace-floor,
Ye started forth and kist away surprise :
Will ye now meet me ? how, and where, and when ?
And must I fill your bosom with my tears,
And, what I never have done, with your own ?
Why have the Gods thus punisht me ? what harm
Have ever I done them ? have I profaned
Their temples, askt too little, or too much ?
Proud if they granted, griev'd if they withheld ?
O mother stand between your child and them !
Appease them, soothe them, soften their revenge,
Melt them to pity with maternal tears.
Alas, but if you cannot ! they themselves
Will then want pity rather than your child.
O Gebir ! best of monarchs, best of men,
What realm hath ever thy firm even hand
Or lost by feebleness or held by force ?
Behold thy cares and perils how repaid !
Behold the festive day, the nuptial hour !'

Thus raved Charoba ; horror, grief, amaze,
Pervaded all the host ; all eyes were fixt ;
All stricken motionless and mute : the feast
Was like the feast of Cepheus, when the sword
Of Phineus, white with wonder, shook restrain'd,
And the hilt rattled in his marble hand.
She heard not, saw not, every sense was gone ;
One passion banisht all ; dominion, praise,
The world itself, was nothing. Senseless man !
What would thy fancy figure now from worlds ?
There is no world to those that grieve and love. .
She hung upon his bosom, prest his lips,
Breath'd, and would feign it his that she resorb'd.
She chafed the feathery softness of his veins,
That swell'd out black, like tendrils round their vase

After libation : lo ! he moves ! he groans !
He seems to struggle from the grasp of death !
Charoba shriekt and fell away, her hand
Still clasping his, a sudden blush o'erspread
Her pallid humid cheek, and disappeared.
'T was not the blush of shame ; what shame has woe ?
'T was not the genuine ray of hope ; it flasht
With shuddering glimmer through unscatter'd clouds.
It flasht from passions rapidly opposed.

Never so eager, when the world was waves,
Stood the less daughter of the ark, and tried
(Innocent this temptation !) to recall
With folded vest and casting arm the dove ;
Never so fearful, when amid the vines
Rattled the hail, and when the light of heaven
Closed, since the wreck of Nature, first eclipt,
As she was eager for his life's return,
As she was fearful how his groans might end.
They ended : cold and languid calm succeeds ;
His eyes have lost their lustre, but his voice
Is not unheard, though short : he spake these words.

'And weepest thou, Charoba ! shedding tears
More precious than the jewels that surround
The neck of kings entomb'd ! then weep, fair queen,
At once thy pity and my pangs assuage.
Ah ! what is grandeur ? glory ? they are past !
When nothing else, not life itself, remains,
Still the fond mourner may be call'd our own.
Should I complain of Fortune ? how she errs,
Scattering her bounty upon barren ground,
Slow to allay the lingering thirst of toil ?
Fortune, 't is true, may err, may hesitate,
Death follows close, nor hesitates, nor errs.
I feel the stroke ! I die !' He would extend
His dying arm : it fell upon his breast ;
Cold sweat and shivering ran o'er every limb,
His eyes grew stiff, he struggled, and expired.

FROM 'THE HELLENICS.'¹¹*THRASYMEDES AND EUNÖE.*

WHO will away to Athens with me? who
 Loves choral songs and maidens crown'd with flowers,
 Unenvious? mount the pinnace; hoist the sail.
 I promise ye, as many as are here,
 Ye shall not, while ye tarry with me, taste
 From unrinsed barrel the diluted wine
 Of a low vineyard or a plant ill-pruned,
 But such as anciently the Ægean isles
 Pour'd in libation at their solemn feasts:
 And the same goblets shall ye grasp, embost
 With no vile figures of loose languid boors,
 But such as Gods have lived with and have led.

The sea smiles bright before us. What white sail
 Plays yonder? What pursues it? Like two hawks
 Away they fly. Let us away in time
 To overtake them. Are they menaces
 We hear? And shall the strong repulse the weak,
 Enraged at her defender? Hippias!
 Art thou the man? 'T was Hippias. He had found
 His sister borne from the Cecropian port
 By Thrasymedes. And reluctantly?
 Ask, ask the maiden; I have no reply.
 'Brother! O brother Hippias! O, if love,
 If pity, ever toucht thy breast, forbear!
 Strike not the brave, the gentle, the beloved,
 My Thrasymedes, with his cloak alone
 Protecting his own head and mine from harm.'
 'Didst thou not once before,' cried Hippias,
 Regardless of his sister, hoarse with wrath
 At Thrasymedes, 'didst not thou, dog-eyed,
 Dare, as she walkt up to the Parthenon,

On the most holy of all holy days,
In sight of all the city, dare to kiss
Her maiden cheek ? ’

‘ Ay, before all the gods,
Ay, before Pallas, before Artemis,
Ay, before Aphrodite, before Herè,
I dared ; and dare again. Arise, my spouse !
Arise ! and let my lips quaff purity
From thy fair open brow. ’

The sword was up,
And yet he kist her twice. Some God withheld
The arm of Hippias ; his proud blood seeth’d slower
And smote his breast less angrily ; he laid
His hand on the white shoulder, and spake thus :
‘ Ye must return with me. A second time
Offended, will our sire Pisístratos
Pardon the affront ? Thou shouldst have askt thyself
This question ere the sail first flappt the mast. ’
‘ Already thou hast taken life from me ;
Put up thy sword, ’ said the sad youth, his eyes
Sparkling ; but whether love or rage or grief
They sparkled with, the gods alone could see.
Piræus they re-entered, and their ship
Drove up the little waves against the quay,
Whence was thrown out a rope from one above,
And Hippias caught it. From the virgin’s waist
Her lover dropt his arm, and blusht to think
He had retained it there in sight of rude
Irreverent men : he led her forth, nor spake.
Hippias walkt silent too, until they reacht
The mansion of Pisístratos her sire.
Serenely in his sternness did the prince
Look on them both awhile : they saw not him,
For both had cast their eyes upon the ground.
‘ Are these the pirates thou hast taken, son ? ’
Said he. ‘ Worse, father ! worse than pirates they,

Who thus abuse thy patience, thus abuse
Thy pardon, thus abuse the holy rites
Twice over.'

'Well hast thou performed thy duty,'
Firmly and gravely said Pisístratos.
'Nothing then, rash young man! could turn thy heart
From Eunœ, my daughter?'

'Nothing, sir,
Shall ever turn it. I can die but once
And love but once. O Eunœ! farewell!'
'Nay, she shall see what thou canst bear for her.'
'O father! shut me in my chamber, shut me
In my poor mother's tomb, dead or alive,
But never let me see what he can bear;
I know how much that is, when borne for me.'
'Not yet: come on. And lag not thou behind,
Pirate of virgin and of princely hearts!
Before the people and before the goddess
Thou hadst evinced the madness of thy passion,
And now wouldst bear from home and plenteousness
To poverty and exile this my child.'
Then shuddered Thrasymedes, and exclaim'd,
'I see my crime; I saw it not before.
The daughter of Pisístratos was born
Neither for exile nor for poverty,
Ah! nor for me!' He would have wept, but one
Might see him, and weep worse. The prince unmoved
Strode on, and said, 'To-morrow shall the people,
All who beheld thy trespasses, behold
The justice of Pisístratos, the love
He bears his daughter, and the reverence
In which he holds the highest law of God.'
He spake; and on the morrow they were one.

THE BOYS OF VENUS.

TWAIN are the boys of Venus: one surveys
 Benignly this our globe; the other flies
 Cities and groves, nor listens to their songs
 Nor bears their converse; hardly is he known
 By name among them; cold as Eurus, pure
 As gusty rain.

What discord tore apart
 The brothers? what beside ambition could?
 The elder was aggriev'd to see the sparks
 Shoot from the younger's whetstone as he turn'd
 His arrow-barbs, nor pleas'd that he should waste
 Day after day in wreathing flowers for crowns,
 Or netting meshes to entrap the birds;
 And, while rose incense to that idle child,
 'To him were only empty honors paid.
 Bitterly to Silenus he complain'd,
 Entreating him to arbitrate his wrongs.
 But hearing no remonstrance, mild as were
 The wise God's words; they only fann'd his ire.
 'Call that Idalian,' cried he, 'then decide.'
 He did so.

'Brother! was it me you call'd?'
 Said the sweet child, whose wings were hanging down
 Heavily from both shoulders, and his face
 Suffused with shame.

'Will you not even own
 Your little brother from Idalia? come,
 Let us be friends.' Then, turning to the judge,
 'Did he not send for me?'

To this appeal
 Before Silenus could reply, before
 He could, as now he tried, unite their hands,
 'Yes,' interrupted the ferocious one,

‘I did, that you may now learn who I am.’
Silenus smiled, and beckoning, fondly said
‘Hither now! kiss each other; I may then
Say which is best: each shall have due reward,
And friend from friend.’

At this the lesser leapt
And threw his arms about his brother’s neck
Turn’d scornfully away, yet many a kiss
He gave it; one, one only, was return’d;
For even the brother could not now resist,
Whether such godlike influence must prevail
Or whether of repulsing it ashamed;
Still neither would he his intent forego
Nor moderate his claim, nor cease to boast
How Chaos he subdued with radiant fire,
How from the sky its darkness he dispel’d,
And how the struggling planets he coerced,
Telling them to what distance they might go,
And chain’d the raging Ocean down with rocks.

‘Is not all this enough for you?’ replied
The gentler, ‘envy you my narrow realm?
Denying me my right you raise my plumes,
You make me boast that on my birth there broke
Throughout the heavens above and earth below
A golden light. I do not recollect
What Chaos was, it was before my time;
Where flew the stars about I neither know
Nor care; but her who governs them I drew
Behind the Latmean cliffs, entreating me,
And promising me everything, to grant
Her first and last desire: tho’ you reside
In heaven with her, and tho’ she knows your fame,
She knows no love but what is scorn’d by you.
What are sea-shores to me? I penetrate
The inmost halls of Nereus; I command —
Up spring the dolphins, and their purple backs

I smoothe for timorous harper to bestride :
 At losing him, on the dry sands they pine.
 Desert you any one, he heeds it not,
 But let me leave him and funereal flames
 Burst from his bosom. Your last guest from earth,
 When I was angry with him, threw aside
 The spindle, broke the thread, and lay before
 The gate as any worthless herb might lie,
 And gamesome whelps leapt over that broad breast.
 About the Gods above I would not say
 A word to vex you : whether rolls the orb
 We stand upon I know not, or who trims
 The fires ethereal, or who rules the tides.
 If these I yield to you, to me concede
 Free laughter and sly kiss ; fresh flowers give me,
 And songs the lyre delights in, give the lull
 Of reeds among the willows upon banks
 Where hollow moss invites and then betrays.
 Let me be happy ; some have call'd me strong ;
 Whether I am so, let recorded facts
 Declare in every land perform'd by me
 Under the rising and the setting sun,
 Too numerous for a memory weak as mine.'

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IPHIGENEIA AND AGAMEMNON.

IPHIGENEIA, when she heard her doom
 At Aulis, and when all beside the King
 Had gone away, took his right-hand, and said,
 'O father ! I am young and very happy.
 I do not think the pious Calchas heard
 Distinctly what the Goddess spake. Old-age
 Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew
 My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood

While I was resting on her knee both arms
And hitting it to make her mind my words,
And looking in her face, and she in mine,
Might not he also hear one word amiss,
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus ?'
The father placed his cheek upon her head,
And tears dropt down it, but the king of men
Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more.

'O father ! sayst thou nothing ? Hear'st thou not
Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,
Listen'd to fondly, and awaken'd me
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
When it was inarticulate as theirs,
And the down deadened it within the nest ?'
He moved her gently from him, silent still,
And this, and this alone, brought tears from her,
Altho' she saw fate nearer : then with sighs,

'I thought to have laid down my hair before
Benignant Artemis, and not have dimm'd
Her polisht altar with my virgin blood ;
I thought to have selected the white flowers
To please the Nymphs, and to have askt of each
By name, and with no sorrowful regret,
Whether, since both my parents will'd the change,
I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt brow ;
And (after these who mind us girls the most)
Adore our own Athena, that she would
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes.
But, father ! to see you no more, and see
Your love, O father ! go ere I am gone ' —
Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,
Bending his lofty head far over her's,
And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.
He turn'd away ; not far, but silent still.
She now first shudder'd ; for in him, so nigh,
So long a silence seem'd the approach of death,

And like it. Once again she rais'd her voice.
 'O father! if the ships are now detain'd,
 And all your vows move not the Gods above,
 When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer
 The less to them: and purer can there be
 Any, or more fervent than the daughter's prayer
 For her dear father's safety and success?'
 A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.
 An aged man now enter'd, and without
 One word, stept slowly on, and took the wrist
 Of the pale maiden. She lookt up, and saw
 The fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes.
 Then turn'd she where her parent stood, and cried
 'O father! grieve no more: the ships can sail.'

UNREQUITED LOVE.

FROM 'CORESUS AND CALLIRHOË.'

WHERE grows a dittany that heals the smart
 Love's broken arrow leaves within the breast?
 He loves not who such anguish can endure,
 He who can burst asunder such a bond
 Loves not.

BEAUTY AND GENIUS.

FROM THE SAME.

LET kings throw largesses around, let earth
 And ocean be explored that vulgar eyes
 May gaze at vulgar heads rais'd somewhat higher,
 The Gods alone give genius, they alone
 Give beauty — why so seldom to unite!
 She shines her hour, and then the worshiper
 Rises and goes. Genius stands cold, apart,
 Like Saturn in the skies; his aspect seems,
 To mortal men below, oblique, malign.

MUTABILITY IN LOVE.

FROM 'PAN AND PITYS.'

AH why do men, or Gods who ought to see
More clearly, think that bonds will bind for ever !
Often have stormy seas borne safely home
A ship to perish in its port at last ;
Even they themselves, in other things unchanged,
Are mutable in love ; even he who rules
Olympus hath been lighter than his clouds.
Alas ! uncertain is the lover race,
All of it ; worst are they who sing the best.

AMBITION.

FROM 'CHRYSAOR.'

WHAT is Ambition ? what but Avarice ?
But Avarice in richer guise array'd,
Stalking erect, loud-spoken, lion-mien'd,
Her brow uncrost by care, but deeply markt,
And darting downward 'twixt her eyes hard-lasht
The wrinkle of command.

ISLANDS.

FROM 'DREINACOS.'

O GEMS of Ocean, shining here and there
Upon his vest of ever-changeeful green,
Richer are ye than wide-spread continents,
Richer in thoughtful men and glorious deeds.

CORINTH.

FROM 'TO CORINTH.'

QUEEN of the double sea, beloved of him
Who shakes the world's foundations, thou hast seen
Glory in all her beauty, all her forms ;
Seen her walk back with Theseus when he left
The bones of Sciron bleaching to the wind,
Above the ocean's roar and cormorant's flight,
So high that vastest billows from above
Show but like herbage waving in the mead ;
Seen generations throng thy Isthmian games,
And pass away ; the beautiful, the brave,
And them who sang their praises —

To give the inertest masses of our earth
Her loveliest forms, was thine ; to fix the Gods
Within thy walls, and hang their tripods round
With fruits and foliage knowing not decay.

FROM 'PERICLES AND ASPASIA,'¹²*CORINNA TO TANAGRA.*

[FROM ATHENS.]

TANAGRA ! think not I forget
Thy beautifully-storied streets ;
Be sure my memory bathes yet
In clear Thermodon, and yet greets
The blithe and liberal shepherd-boy,
Whose sunny bosom swells with joy
When we accept his matted rushes
Upheav'd with sylvan fruit ; away he bounds, and blushes
A gift I promise : one I see
Which thou with transport wilt receive,

The only proper gift for thee,
Of which no mortal shall bereave
In later times thy mouldering walls,
Until the last old turret falls;
A crown, a crown from Athens won,
A crown no god can wear, beside Latona's son.

There may be cities who refuse
To their own child the honors due,
And look ungentle on the Muse;
But ever shall those cities rue
The dry, unyielding, niggard breast,
Offering no nourishment, no rest,
To that young head which soon shall rise
Disdainfully, in might and glory, to the skies.

Sweetly where cavern'd Dirce flows
Do white-arm'd maidens chaunt my lay,
Flapping the while with laurel-rose
The honey-gathering tribes away;
And sweetly, sweetly, Attic tongues
Lisp your Corinna's early songs;
To her with feet more graceful come
The verses that have dwelt in kindred breasts at home.

O let thy children lean aslant
Against the tender mother's knee,
And gaze into her face, and want
To know what magic there can be
In words that urge some eyes to dance,
While others as in holy trance
Look up to heaven: be such my praise!
Why linger? I must haste, or lose the Delphic bays.

THE DEATH OF ARTEMIDORA.

‘ARTEMIDORA! Gods invisible,
While thou art lying faint along the couch,
Have tied the sandal to thy veined feet,
And stand beside thee, ready to convey
Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.
Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness
Away, and voices like thine own come nigh,
Soliciting, nor vainly, thy embrace.’
Artemidora sigh’d, and would have press’d
The hand now pressing hers but was too weak.
Fate’s shears were over her dark hair unseen
While thus Elpenor spake: he look’d into
Eyes that had given light and life erewhile
To those above them, those now dim with tears
And watchfulness. Again he spake of joy
Eternal. At that word, that sad word *joy*,
Faithful and fond her bosom heav’d once more,
Her head fell back; one sob, one loud deep sob
Swell’d through the darken’d chamber; ’t was not hers:
With her that old boat incorruptible,
Unwearied, undiverted in its course,
Had splash’d the water up the farther strand.

THE MAID’S LAMENT.¹⁸

FROM ‘THE CITATION AND EXAMINATION OF SHAKESPEARE.’

I LOVED him not; and yet now he is gone
I feel I am alone.
I check’d him while he spoke; yet could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought

To vex myself and him; I now would give
 My love, could he but live
 Who lately lived for me, and when he found
 'T was vain, in holy ground
 He hid his face amid the shades of death.
 I waste for him my breath
 Who wasted his for me : but mine returns,
 And this lorn bosom burns
 With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
 And waking me to weep
 Tears that had melted his soft heart : for years
 Wept he as bitter tears.
Merciful God ! such was his latest prayer,
 These may she never share !
 Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold,
 Than daisies in the mould,
 Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
 His name and life's brief date.
 Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,
 And O ! pray too for me.

*A FIESOLAN IDYL.*¹⁴

HERE, where precipitate-Spring with one light bound
 Into hot Summer's lusty arms, expires ;
 And where go forth at morn, at eve, at night,
 Soft airs that want the lute to play with 'em,
 And softer sighs that know not what they want,
 Under a wall, beneath an orange-tree,
 Whose tallest flowers could tell the lowlier ones
 Of sights in Fiesolè right up above,
 While I was gazing a few paces off
 At what they seem'd to show me with their nods,
 Their frequent whispers and their pointing shoots,
 A gentle maid came down the garden-steps

And gathered the pure treasure in her lap.
I heard the branches rustle, and stept forth
To drive the ox away, or mule, or goat,
Such I believed it must be. How could I
Let beast o'erpower them? When hath wind or rain
Borne hard upon weak plant that wanted me,
And I (however they might bluster round)
Walkt off? 'T were most ungrateful: for sweet scents
Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter thoughts,
And nurse and pillow the dull memory
That would let drop without them her best stores.
They bring me tales of youth and tones of love,
And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die
(Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart)
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproacht me; the ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.
I saw the light that made the glossy leaves
More glossy; the fair arm, the fairer cheek
Warmed by the eye intent on its pursuit;
I saw the foot, that, altho' half-erect
From its gray slipper, could not lift her up
To what she wanted; I held down a branch
And gathered her some blossoms; since their hour
Was come, and bees had wounded them, and flies
Of harder wing were working their way thro'
And scattering them in fragments under-foot.
So crisp were some, they rattled unevolved,
Others, ere broken off, fell into shells,
Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like snow,
And like snow not seen thro', by eye or sun:
Yet every one her gown received from me

Was fairer than the first. I thought not so,
But so she praised them to reward my care.
I said, 'You find the largest.'

'This indeed,'
Cried she, 'is large and sweet.' She held one forth,
Whether for me to look at or to take
She knew not, nor did I; but taking it
Would best have solved (and this she felt) her doubt,
I dared not touch it; for it seemed a part
Of her own self; fresh, full, the most mature
Of blossoms, yet a blossom; with a touch
To fall, and yet unfallen. She drew back
The boon she tendered, and then, finding not
The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,
Dropt it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles filled the benches, and the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge; with one for
whom he sighed:

And truly 't was a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went
with their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one
another,

Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous
smother;

The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through
the air;

Said Francis then, 'Faith, gentlemen, we're better here
than there.'

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous lively
dame

With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always
seemed the same;

She thought, the Count my lover is brave as brave can be;
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine.

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked at
him and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild:
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained the
place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's
face.
'By God!' said Francis, 'rightly done!' and he rose from
where he sat;
'No love,' quoth he, 'but vanity, sets love a task like that.'

THE LOVER OF MUSIC TO HIS PIANO FORTE.

Oh friend, whom glad or grave we seek,
Heaven-holding shrine!
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
And peace is mine.
No fairy casket, full of bliss,
Out-values thee;
Love only, wakened with a kiss,
More sweet may be.

To thee, when our full hearts o'er-flow
In grief or joys,
Unspeakable emotions owe
A fitting voice:
Mirth flies to thee, and Love's unrest,
And Memory dear,
And Sorrow, with his tightened breast,
Comes for a tear.

Oh, since few joys of human mould
Thus wait us still,
Thrice blessed be thine, thou gentle fold
Of peace at will.

No change, no sullenness, no cheat,
In thee we find ;
Thy saddest voice is ever sweet, —
Thine answer, kind.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold : —
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' — The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, 'I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men.'
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

THE FISH, THE MAN, AND THE SPIRIT.

To FISH.

You strange, astonished-looking, angle-faced,
Dreary-mouthed, gaping wretches of the sea,
Gulping salt-water everlastingly,
Cold-blooded, though with red your blood be graced,

And mute, though dwellers in the roaring waste ;
 And you, all shapes beside, that fishy be, —
 Some round, some flat, some long, all devilry,
 Legless, unloving, infamously chaste : —
 O scaly, slippery, wet, swift, staring wights,
 What is 't ye do ? what life lead ? eh, dull goggles ?
 How do ye vary your vile days and nights ?
 How pass your Sundays ? Are ye still but joggles
 In ceaseless wash ? Still nought but gapes, and bites,
 And drinks, and stares, diversified with boggles ?

A FISH answers.

Amazing monster ! that, for aught I know,
 With the first sight of thee didst make our race
 For ever stare ! O flat and shocking face,
 Grimly divided from the breast below !
 Thou that on dry land horribly dost go
 With a split body and most ridiculous pace,
 Prong after prong, disgracer of all grace,
 Long-useless-finned, haired, upright, unwet, slow !

O breather of unbreathable, sword-sharp air,
 How canst exist ? How bear thyself, thou dry
 And dreary sloth ! What particle canst share
 Of the only blessed life, the watery ?
 I sometimes see of ye an actual *pair*
 Go by ! linked fin by fin ! most odiously.

*The FISH turns into a MAN, and then into a SPIRIT, and
 again speaks.*

Indulge thy smiling scorn, if smiling still,
 O man ! and loathe, but with a sort of love :
 For difference must its use by difference prove,
 And, in sweet clang, the spheres with music fill.

One of the spirits am I, that at his will
Live in whate'er has life — fish, eagle, dove —
No hate, no pride, beneath nought, nor above,
A visitor of the rounds of God's sweet skill.

Man's life is warm, glad, sad, 'twixt loves and graves,
Boundless in hope, honored with pangs austere,
Heaven-gazing; and his angel-wings he craves: —
The fish is swift, small-needing, vague yet clear,
A cold, sweet, silver life, wrapped in round waves,
Quickened with touches of transporting fear.

FROM 'SONGS AND CHORUS OF THE
FLOWERS.'¹⁵

ROSES.

WE are blushing Roses,
Bending with our fullness,
Midst our close-capped sister buds
Warming the green coolness.

Whatsoe'er of beauty
Yearns and yet reposes,
Blush, and bosom, and sweet breath,
Took a shape in roses.

Hold one of us lightly, —
See from what a slender
Stalk we bower in heavy blooms,
And roundness rich and tender.

Know you not our only
Rival flower — the human?
Loveliest weight on lightest foot,
Joy-abundant woman?

SWEET-BRIAR.

WILD-ROSE, Sweet-briar, Eglantine,
All these pretty names are mine,
And scent in every leaf is mine,
And a leaf for all is mine,
And the scent — Oh, that 's divine !
Happy-sweet and pungent-fine,
Pure as dew, and picked as wine.

As the rose in gardens dressed
Is the lady self-possessed,
I 'm the lass in simple vest,
The country lass whose blood 's the best.
Were the beams that thread the briar
In the morn with golden fire
Scented too, they 'd smell like me,
All Elysian pungency.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June, —
Sole voice that 's heard amidst the lazy noon
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass ;

And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass !

O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,

Both have your sunshine ; both, though small, are strong
 At your clear hearts ; and both seem given to earth
 To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song, —
 In doors and out, summer and winter, mirth.

RONDEAU.

JENNY kissed me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in ;
 Time, you thief, who love to get
 Sweets into you list, put that in :
 Say I 'm weary, say I 'm sad,
 Say that health and wealth have missed me,
 Say I 'm growing old, but add,
 Jenny kissed me !

FROM 'THE STORY OF RIMINI.'¹⁶

GIOVANNI MALATESTA, LORD OF RIMINI.

FROM CANTO III.

GREAT was the likeness that the brothers bore ;
 The lie spoke truth in that, and lied the more.
 Not that the face on which the lady stared
 Was hideous ; nay, 't was handsome ; yet it scared.
 The likeness was of race, the difference dire —
 The brows were shadowed with a stormy fire ;
 The handsome features had a wild excess,
 That discommended e'en the handsomeness ;
 And though a smile the lip now gentlier warmed,
 The whole big face o'erhung a trunk deformed, —
 Warped in the shoulder, broken at the hip,
 Though strong withal, nor spoilt for soldiership ;
 A heap of vigor planted on two stands
 Of shapeless bone, and hung with giant hands.

.

Not without virtues was the Prince. Who is?
But all were marred by moods and tyrannies.
Brave, decent, splendid, faithful to his word,
Late watching, busy with the first that stirred,
Yet rude, sarcastic, ever in the vein
To give the last thing he would suffer, — pain,
He made his rank serve meanly to his gall,
And thought his least good word a salve for all.
Virtues in him of no such marvellous weight
Claimed toward themselves the exercise of great.
He kept no reckoning with his sweets and sour ;
He 'd hold a sullen countenance for hours,
And then if pleased to cheer himself a space,
Look for th' immediate rapture in your face,
And wonder that a cloud could still be there,
How small soever, when his own was fair.
Yet such is conscience, so designed to keep
Stern central watch, though fancied fast asleep,
And so much knowledge of oneself there lies
Cored, after all, in our complacencies,
That no suspicion touched his temper more
Than that of wanting on the generous score :
He overwhelmed it with a weight of scorn,
Was proud at eve, inflexible at morn,
In short, ungenerous for a week to come,
And all to strike that desperate error dumb.
Taste had he, in a word, for high-tuned merit,
But not the patience or the genial spirit ;
And so he made, 'twixt daring and defect,
A sort of fierce demand on your respect, —
Which, if assisted by his high degree,
It gave him in some eyes a dignity,
And struck a meaner deference in the small,
Left him at last unloveable with all.

A GARDEN AND SUMMER-HOUSE.

FROM CANTO III.

A NOBLE range it was, of many a rood,
Walled and tree-girt, and ending in a wood.
A small sweet house o'erlooked it from a nest
Of pines : — all wood and garden was the rest,
Lawn, and green lane, and covert : — and it had
A winding stream about it, clear and glad,
With here and there a swan, the creature born
To be the only graceful shape of scorn.
The flower-beds all were liberal of delight :
Roses in heaps were there, both red and white,
Lilies angelical, and gorgeous glooms
Of wall-flowers, and blue hyacinths, and blooms
Hanging thick clusters from light boughs ; in short,
All the sweet cups to which the bees resort,
With plots of grass, and leafier walks between
Of red geraniums, and of jessamine,
And orange, whose warm leaves so finely suit,
And look as if they shade a golden fruit ;
And midst the flowers, turfed round beneath a shade
Of darksome pines, a babbling fountain played,
And 'twixt their shafts you saw the water bright,
Which through the tops glimmered with showering light.
So now you stood to think what odors best
Made the air happy in that lovely nest ;
And now you went beside the flowers, with eyes
Earnest as bees, restless as butterflies ;
And then turned off into a shadier walk
Close and continuous, fit for lover's talk ;
And then pursued the stream, and as you trod
Onward and onward o'er the velvet sod,
Felt on your face an air, watery and sweet,
And a new sense in your soft-lighting feet.

At last you entered shades indeed, the wood,
Broken with glens and pits, and glades far-viewed,
Through which the distant palace now and then
Looked lordly forth with many-windowed ken;
A land of trees, — which reaching round about
In shady blessing stretched their old arms out;
With spots of sunny openings, and with nooks
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks,
Where at her drink you startled the slim deer,
Retreating lightly with a lovely fear.
And all about, the birds kept leafy house,
And sung and darted in and out the boughs;
And all about, a lovely sky of blue
Clearly was felt, or down the leaves laughed through;
And here and there, in every part, were seats,
Some in the open walks, some in retreats, —
With bowering leaves o'erhead, to which the eye
Looked up half sweetly and half awfully, —
Places of nestling green, for poets made,
Where, when the sunshine struck a yellow shade,
The rugged trunks, to inward peeping sight,
Thronged in dark pillars up the gold green light.

But 'twixt the wood and flowery walks, half-way,
And formed of both, the loveliest portion lay, —
A spot, that struck you like enchanted ground : —
It was a shallow dell, set in a mound
Of sloping orchards, — fig, and almond trees,
Cherry and pine, with some few cypresses;
Down by whose roots, descending darkly still,
(You saw it not, but heard) there gushed a rill,
Whose low sweet talking seemed as if it said
Something eternal to that happy shade.
The ground within was lawn, with fruits and flowers
Heaped towards the centre, half of citron bowers;
And in the middle of those golden trees,

Half seen amidst the globy oranges,
Lurked a rare summer-house, a lovely sight, —
Small, marble, well-proportioned, creamy white,
Its top with vine-leaves sprinkled, — but no more, —
And a young bay-tree either side the door.
The door was to the wood, forward and square,
The rest was domed at top, and circular ;
And through the dome the only light came in,
Tinged as it entered by the vine-leaves thin.

It was a beauteous piece of ancient skill,
Spared from the rage of war, and perfect still ;
By some supposed the work of fairy hands, —
Famed for luxurious taste, and choice of lands,
Alcina or Morgana, — who from fights
And errant fame inveigled amorous knights,
And lived with them in a long round of blisses,
Feasts, concerts, baths, and bower-enshaded kisses.
But 't was a temple, as its sculpture told,
Built to the Nymphs that haunted there of old ;
For o'er the door was carved a sacrifice
By girls and shepherds brought, with reverend eyes,
Of sylvan drinks and foods, simple and sweet,
And goats with struggling horns and planted feet :
And round about, ran, on a line with this,
In like relief, a world of pagan bliss,
That shewed, in various scenes, the nymphs themselves ;
Some by the water-side, on bowery shelves
Leaning at will, — some in the stream at play, —
Some pelting the young Fauns with buds of May, —
Or half-asleep pretending not to see
The latter in the brakes come creepingly,
While from their careless urns, lying aside
In the long grass, the straggling waters glide.
Never, be sure, before or since was seen
A summer-house so fine in such a nest of green.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

FROM 'CORN-LAW RHYMES.' 17

SONG.

CHILD, is thy father dead?
Father is gone!
Why did they tax his bread?
God's will be done!
Mother has sold her bed;
Better to die than wed!
Where shall she lay her head?
Home we have none!

Father clammed thrice a week —
God's will be done!
Long for work did he seek,
Work he found none.
Tears on his hollow cheek
Told what no tongue could speak:
Why did his master break?
God's will be done!

Doctor said air was best —
Food we had none;
Father, with panting breast,
Groaned to be gone:
Now he is with the blest —
Mother says death is best!
We have no place of rest —
Yes, we have one!

BATTLE SONG.

DAY, like our souls, is fiercely dark ;
What then? 'T is day !
We sleep no more ; the cock crows — hark !
To arms ! away !
They come ! they come ! the knell is rung
Of us or them ;
Wide o'er their march the pomp is flung
Of gold and gem.
What collared hound of lawless sway,
To famine dear —
What pensioned slave of Attila,
Leads in the rear ?
Come they from Scythian wilds afar,
Our blood to spill ?
Wear they the livery of the Czar ?
They do his will.
Nor tasselled silk, nor epaulette,
Nor plume, nor torse —
No splendor gilds, all sternly met,
Our foot and horse.
But, dark and still, we inly glow,
Condensed in ire !
Strike, tawdry slaves, and ye shall know
Our gloom is fire.
In vain your pomp, ye evil powers,
Insults the land ;
Wrongs, vengeance, and *the cause* are ours,
And God's right hand !
Madmen ! they trample into snakes
The wormy clod !
Like fire, beneath their feet awakes
The sword of God !

Behind, before, above, below,
 They rouse the brave ;
 Where'er they go, they make a foe,
 Or find a grave.

THE PRESS.

GOD said — ' Let there be light ! '
 Grim darkness felt his might,
 And fled away ;
 Then startled seas and mountains cold
 Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
 And cried — ' 'T is day ! 't is day ! '
 ' Hail, holy light ! ' exclaimed
 The thund'rous cloud, that flamed
 O'er daisies white ;
 And, lo ! the rose, in crimson dressed,
 Leaned sweetly on the lily's breast ;
 And, blushing, murmured — ' Light ! '
 Then was the skylark born ;
 Then rose th' embattled corn ;
 Then floods of praise
 Flowed o'er the sunny hills of noon ;
 And then, in stillest night, the moon
 Poured forth her pensive lays.
 Lo, heaven's bright bow is glad !
 Lo, trees and flowers all clad
 In glory, bloom !
 And shall the mortal sons of God
 Be senseless as the trodden clod,
 And darker than the tomb ?
 No, by the mind of man !
 By the swart artizan !
 By God, our Sire !
 Our souls have holy light within,
 And every form of grief and sin

Shall see and feel its fire.
 By earth, and hell, and heav'n,
 The shroud of souls is riven !
 Mind, mind alone
 Is light, and hope, and life, and power !
 Earth's deepest night, from this blest hour,
 The night of minds is gone !
 'The Press !' all lands shall sing ;
 The Press, the Press we bring,
 All lands to bless :
 O pallid Want ! O Labor stark !
 Behold, we bring the second ark !
 The Press ! the Press ! the Press !

*WIN HILL, OR THE CURSE OF GOD.*¹⁸

NOR there are children of the young year seen ;
 But tawdry flowers flaunt where they grew, and tell
 How soon they died ! even as the base and mean
 Laugh o'er a good man's grave. But near the well
 That never fails, the golden pimpernel
 Enjoys the freshness of this Alpine clime ;
 And violets linger in each deep cool dell,
 As lowly virtues of the olden time
 Cling to their cottage-homes, and slowly yield to crime.

Last windflower ! knew'st thou April ? Infant June
 Sees thee, and reddens at thy modest smile ;
 And o'er thee still May's chaffinch sings his tune,
 Well-pleased thy musing idlesse to beguile,
 Where two streams meet beneath thy lonely isle ;
 And cottony bog-rush, and the antlered moss,
 And the brake's lady cluster round thee, while
 Their heads at thee the rising foxgloves toss,
 Where gnarled and lichened oaks the shadowed torrent cross.

So bad men frown ! but can their frowns compel
 The cowslip to remain beneath the sod ?
 Can they prevent the mosses of the dell
 From lifting up their tiny hands to God ?
 No ; to the soul these point its far abode,
 And humbly tell us what the angels are ;
 Immortal flowers ! as dewdrops on the sod
 Pure ; or the beams that hymn, from star to star,
 The King who paves with suns his wheelless, noiseless car.

.

King of the Peak ! Win-Hill ! thou, throned and crowned,
 That reign'st o'er many a stream and many a vale !
 Star-loved, and meteor-sought, and tempest-found !
 Proud centre of a mountain-circle, hail !
 The might of man may triumph or may fail ;
 But, Eldest Brother of the Air and Light,
 Firm shalt thou stand when demi-gods turn pale !
 For thou, ere Science dawned on Reason's night,
 Wast, and wilt be when Mind shall rule all other might.

To be a crowned and sceptred curse, that makes
 Immortals worms ! a wolf, that feeds on souls !
 One of the names which vengeance whips with snakes,
 Whose venom cannot die ! a king of ghouls,
 Whose drink is blood ! To be clear-eyed as owls,
 Still calling darkness light, and winter spring !
 To be a tiger-king, whose mercy growls !
 To be of meanest things the vilest thing !
 Throned asp o'er lesser asps ! What grub would be a king ?

But, crowned Win-Hill ! to be a king like thee !
 Older than death ! As God's thy calm behest !
 Only heaven-rivalled in thy royalty !
 Calling the feeble to thy sheltering breast,
 And shaking beauty from thy gorgeous vest,

And loved by every good and happy thing !
 With nought beneath thee that thou hast not blessed,
 And nought above thee but the Almighty's wing !
 O glorious god-like aim ! Who would not be a king ?

.

O thou whose whispering is the thunder ! Power
 Eternal, world-attended, yet alone !
 O give, at least, to labor's hopeless hour
 That peace, which Thou deny'st not to a stone !
 The famine-smitten millions cease to groan ;
 When wilt Thou hear their mute and long despair ?
 Lord help the poor ! for they are all thy own.
 Wilt Thou not help ? did I not hear Thee swear
 That Thou would'st tame the proud, and grant their victims'
 prayer ?

Methought I saw THEE in the dreams of sleep.
 This mountain, Father, groaned beneath thy heel !
 Thy other foot was placed on Kinder's steep ;
 Before thy face I saw the planets reel,
 While earth and skies shone bright as molten steel ;
 For under all the stars Thou took'st thy stand,
 And bad'st the ends of heaven behold and feel,
 That Thou to all thy worlds had'st stretched thine hand,
 And cursed for evermore the Legion-Fiend of Land !

'He is accursèd !' said the sons of light,
 As in their bowers of bliss they listened pale ;
 'He is accursèd !' said the comets, bright
 With joy ; and star to star a song of bale
 Sang, and sun told to sun the dismal tale,
 'He is accursèd ! till the light shall fade
 To horror in heaven's courts, and glory veil
 Her beams, before the face of Truth betrayed ;
 Because he cursed the land, which God a blessing made !'

'He is accursèd!' said the Prince of Hell;
 And — like a Phidian statue, mountain-vast —
 Stooping from rocks, black, yet unquenchable,
 The pale shade of his faded glory cast
 Over the blackness of black fire, aghast —
 Black-burning seas, that ever black will burn;
 'He is accursèd! and while hell shall last,
 Him and his prayer heaven's marble roof will spurn,
 Who cursed the blessèd sod, and bade earth's millions
 mourn!'

THE DYING BOY TO THE SLOE BLOSSOM.

BEFORE thy leaves thou com'st once more,
 White blossom of the sloe!
 Thy leaves will come as heretofore;
 But this poor heart, its troubles o'er,
 Will then lie low.

A month at least before thy time
 Thou com'st pale flower to me;
 For well thou know'st the frosty rime
 Will blast me ere my vernal prime,
 No more to be.

Why here in winter? No storm lowers
 O'er Nature's silent shroud!
 But blithe larks meet the sunny showers,
 High o'er the doomed untimely flowers
 In beauty bowed.

Sweet violets, in the budding grove,
 Peep where the glad waves run;
 The wren below, the thrush above,
 Of bright to-morrow's joy and love
 Sing to the sun.

And where the rose-leaf, ever bold,
Hears bees chant hymns to God,
The breeze-bowed palm, mossed o'er with gold,
Smiles on the well in summer cold,
And daisied sod.

But thou, pale blossom, thou art come,
And flowers in winter blow,
To tell me that the worm makes room
For me, her brother, in the tomb,
And thinks me slow.

For as the rainbow of the dawn
Foretells an eve of tears,
A sunbeam on the saddened lawn
I smile, and weep to be withdrawn
In early years.

Thy leaves will come ! but songful spring
Will see no leaf of mine ;
Her bells will ring, her bride's-maids sing,
When my young leaves are withering
Where no suns shine.

O might I breathe morn's dewy breath,
When June's sweet Sabbaths chime !
But, thine before my time, O death !
I go where no flower blossometh,
Before my time.

Even as the blushes of the morn
Vanish, and long ere noon
The dew-drop dieth on the thorn,
So fair I bloomed ; and was I born
To die as soon ?

To love my mother and to die —
 To perish in my bloom !
Is this my sad brief history ? —
A tear dropped from a mother's eye
 Into the tomb.

He lived and loved — will sorrow say —
 By early sorrow tried ;
He smiled, he sighed, he past away ;
His life was but an April day —
 He loved and died !

My mother smiles, then turns away,
 But turns away to weep :
They whisper round me — what they say
I need not hear, for in the clay
 I soon must sleep.

Oh, love is sorrow ! sad it is
 To be both tried and true ;
I ever trembled in my bliss ;
Now there are farewells in a kiss —
 They sigh adieu.

But woodbines flaunt when blue bells fade,
 Where Don reflects the skies ;
And many a youth in Shire-cliffs' shade
Will ramble where my boyhood played,
 Though William dies.

Then panting woods the breeze will feel,
 And bowers, as heretofore,
Beneath their load of roses reel ;
But I through woodbined lanes shall steal
 No more, no more.

Well, lay me by my brother's side,
Where late we stood and wept ;
For I was stricken when he died —
I felt the arrow as he sighed
His last and slept.

TO THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

THY fruit full-well the school-boy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake !
So, put thou forth thy small white rose ;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers ;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are !
How delicate thy gauzy frill !
How rich thy branchy stem !
How soft thy voice, when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them ;
While silent showers are falling slow
And, 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush !
The primrose to the grave is gone ;
The hawthorn flower is dead ;
The violet by the mossed grey stone
Hath laid her weary head ;
But thou, wild bramble ! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,

The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorned bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bid'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

FLOWERS FOR THE HEART.

FLOWERS! winter flowers! — the child is dead,
The mother cannot speak :
O softly couch his little head,
Or Mary's heart will break!
Amid those curls of flaxen hair
This pale pink ribbon twine,
And on the little bosom there
Place this wan lock of mine.
How like a form in cold white stone,
The confined infant lies!
Look, Mother, on thy little one!
And tears will fill thine eyes.
She cannot weep — more faint she grows,
More deadly pale and still :
Flowers! oh, a flower! a winter rose,
That tiny hand to fill.
Go, search the fields! the lichen wet
Bends o'er th' unfailing well;
Beneath the furrow lingers yet
The scarlet pimpernel.
Peeps not a snowdrop in the bower,
Where never froze the spring?
A daisy? Ah! bring childhood's flower!
The half-blown daisy bring!

Yes, lay the daisy's little head
Beside the little cheek;
O haste ! the last of five is dead !
The childless cannot speak !

PLAINT.

DARK, deep, and cold the current flows
Unto the sea where no wind blows,
Seeking the land which no one knows.

O'er its sad gloom still comes and goes
The mingled wail of friends and foes,
Borne to the land which no one knows.

Why shrieks for help yon wretch, who goes
With millions, from a world of woes,
Unto the land which no one knows ?

Though myriads go with him who goes,
Alone he goes where no wind blows,
Unto the land which no one knows.

For all must go where no wind blows,
And none can go for him who goes ;
None, none return whence no one knows.

Yet why should he who shrieking goes
With millions, from a world of woes,
Reunion seek with it or those ?

Alone with God, where no wind blows,
And Death, his shadow — doomed, he goes :
That God is there the shadow shows.

Oh, shoreless Deep, where no wind blows !
 And, thou, oh, Land which no one knows !
 That God is All, His shadow shows.

*A POET'S EPITAPH.*¹⁹

STOP, Mortal ! Here thy brother lies,
 The Poet of the Poor.
 His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
 The meadow, and the moor ;
 His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
 The tyrant, and the slave,
 The street, the factory, the jail,
 The palace — and the grave !
 The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
 He feared to scorn or hate ;
 And honored in a peasant's form
 The equal of the great.
 But if he loved the rich who make
 The poor man's little more,
 Ill could he praise the rich who take
 From plundered labor's store.
 A hand to do, a head to plan,
 A heart to feel and dare —
 Tell man's worse foes, here lies the man
 Who drew them as they are.

*BULLY IDLE'S PRAYER.*²⁰

LORD, send us weeks of Sundays,
 A saint's day every day,
 Shirts gratis, ditto breeches,
 No work, and double pay !
 Tell Short and Long they 're both short now ;
 To Slow and Fast one meed allow ;
 Let Louis Blanc take Ashley's cow,
 And Richmond give him hay !

FROM 'THE VILLAGE PATRIARCH.'²¹

THE CITY ARTIZAN.

FROM BOOK III.

HERE oft, with fading cheek and thoughtful brow,
Wanders the youth — town-bred, but desert-born,
Too early taught life's deepening woes to know,
He wakes in sorrow with the weeping morn,
And gives much labor for a little corn.
In smoke and dust, from hopeless day to day,
He sweats, to bloat the harpies of the soil,
Who jail no victim, while his pangs can pay.
Untaxing rent, and trebly taxing toil,
They make the labor of his hands their spoil,
And grind him fiercely ; but he still can get
A crust of *wheaten* bread, despite their frowns ;
They have not sent him like a pauper yet
For Workhouse wages, as they send their clowns ;
Such tactics do not answer yet in towns.
Nor have they gorged his soul. Thrall though he be,
Of brutes who bite him while he feeds them, still
He feels his intellectual dignity,
Works hard, reads usefully, with no mean skill
Writes, and can reason well of good and ill.
He hoards his weekly groat. His tear is shed
For sorrows which his hard-worn hand relieves.
Too poor, too proud, too just, too wise to wed,
(For slaves enough already toil for thieves,)
How gratefully his growing mind receives
The food which tyrants struggle to withhold !
Though hourly ills his every sense invade
Beneath the cloud that o'er his home is rolled,
He yet respects the power which man hath made,
Nor loathes the despot-humbling sons of trade.

But, when the silent Sabbath-day arrives,
He seeks the cottage, bordering on the moor,
Where his forefathers passed their lowly lives —
Where still his mother dwells, content though poor,
And ever glad to meet him at the door.
Oh, with what rapture he prepares to fly
From streets and courts, with crime and sorrow strewed,
And bids the mountain lift him to the sky !
How proud, to feel his heart not all subdued !
How happy to shake hands with Solitude !
Still, Nature, still he loves thy uplands brown —
That rock, that o'er his father's freehold towers !
And strangers, hurrying through the dingy town,
May know his workshop by its sweet wild flowers.
Cropped on the Sabbath from the hedge-side bowers,
The hawthorn blossom in his window droops ;
Far from the headlong stream and lucid air
The pallid alpine rose to meet him stoops,
As if to soothe a brother in despair,
Exiled from Nature and her pictures fair.
E'en winter sends a poesy to his jail,
Wreathed of the sunny celandine — the brief,
Courageous windflower, loveliest of the frail —
The hazel's crimson star — the woodbine's leaf —
The daisy with its half-closed eye of grief —
Prophets of fragrance, beauty, joy, and song !

FUTURITY.

FROM BOOK V.

O THOU, Futurity, our hope and dread,
Let me unveil thy features, fair or foul !
Thou, who shalt see the grave untenanted.
And commune with the re-embodied soul !

Tell me thy secrets, ere thy ages roll
Their deeds, that yet shall be on earth, in heaven
And in deep hell, where rabid hearts with pain
Must purge their plagues, and learn to be forgiven !
Show me the beauty that shall fear no stain,
And still, through age-long years, unchanged remain !
As one who dreads to raise the pallid sheet
Which shrouds the beautiful and tranquil face
That yet can smile, but never more shall meet,
With kisses warm, his ever-fond embrace ;
So, I draw nigh to thee, with timid pace,
And tremble, though I long to lift thy veil.

IMMORTALITY.

FROM BOOK VI.

LOVE of the celandine and primrose meek !
Star of the leafless hazel ! where art thou ?
Where is the windflower, with its modest cheek ?
Larch ! hast thou dashed from thy denuded brow
Blossoms, that stole their rose-hues from the glow
Of Even, blushing into dreams of love ?
Flowers of the wintry beam and faithless sky !
Gems of the withered bank and shadeless grove !
Ye are where he who mourns you soon must lie ;
Beneath the shroud ye slumber, tranquilly ;
But not for ever. Yet a sudden hour
Shall thaw the spotless mantle of your sleep,
And bid it, melted into thunder, pour
From mountain, waste, and fell, with foamy sweep,
Whelming the flooded plain in ruin deep.
Yes, little silent minstrels of the wild,
Your voiceless song shall touch the heart again !
And shall no morning dawn on Sorrow's child ?

Shall buried *mind* for ever mute remain
Beneath the sod, from which your beauteous strain
Shall yet arise in music, felt, not heard?
No! Faith, Hope, Love, Fear, Gladness, Frailty, all,
Forbid that man should perish. Like the bird
That soars and sings in Nature's festival,
Our souls shall rise — and fear no second fall —
Our adoration strike a lyre divine!

THE MARIGOLD.

FROM BOOK IX.

It is the flower which (pious rustics say)
The Virgin-mother on her bosom wore.
It hoards no dew-drop, like the cups of May,
But, rich as sunset, when the rain is o'er,
Spreads flamy petal from a burning core;
Which, if morn weep, their sorrowing beams upfold,
To wake and brighten, when bright noon is near.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A ROMANCE.

‘A jolly place,’ said he, ‘in times of old,
But something ails it now : the place is curst.’
‘Hart-Leap Well,’ by WORDSWORTH.

PART I.

SOME dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
Unnatural and full of contradictions ;
Yet others of our most romantic schemes
Are something more than fictions.

It might be only on enchanted ground ;
It might be merely by a thought’s expansion ;
But in the spirit, or the flesh, I found
An old deserted Mansion.

A residence for woman, child, and man,
A dwelling-place, — and yet no habitation ;
A House, — but under some prodigious ban
Of excommunication.

Unhinged the iron gates half open hung,
Jarred by the gusty gales of many winters,
That from its crumbled pedestal had flung
One marble globe in splinters.

No dog was at the threshold, great or small ;
No pigeon on the roof — no household creature —
No cat demurely dozing on the wall —
Not one domestic feature.

No human figure stirred, to go or come,
No face looked forth from shut or open casement ;
No chimney smoked — there was no sign of Home
From parapet to basement.

With shattered panes the grassy court was starred ;
The time-worn coping-stone had tumbled after ;
And through the ragged roof the sky shone, barred
With naked beam and rafter.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear ;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted !

The flower grew wild and rankly as the weed,
Roses with thistles struggled for espial,
And vagrant plants of parasitic breed
Had overgrown the Dial.

But gay or gloomy, steadfast or infirm,
No heart was there to heed the hour's duration ;
All times and tides were lost in one long term
Of stagnant desolation.

The wren had built within the Porch, she found
Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough ;
And on the lawn, — within its turfy mound, —
The rabbit made his burrow.

The rabbit wild and gray, that flitted through
The shrubby clumps, and frisked, and sat, and vanished,
But leisurely and bold, as if he knew
His enemy was banished.

The wary crow, — the pheasant from the woods, —
Lulled by the still and everlasting sameness,
Close to the Mansion, like domestic broods,
Fed with a ' shocking tameness.'

The coot was swimming in the reedy pond,
Beside the water-hen, so soon affrighted;
And in the weedy moat the heron, fond
Of solitude, alighted.

The moping heron, motionless and stiff,
That on a stone, as silently and stilly,
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if
To guard the water-lily.

No sound was heard, except, from far away,
The ringing of the Whitwall's shrilly laughter,
Or, now and then, the chatter of the jay,
That Echo murmured after.

But Echo never mocked the human tongue;
Some weighty crime, that Heaven could not pardon,
A secret curse on that old building hung,
And its deserted garden.

The beds were all untouched by hand or tool;
No footstep marked the damp and mossy gravel,
Each walk as green as is the mantled pool,
For want of human travel.

The vine unpruned, and the neglected peach,
Drooped from the wall with which they used to grapple;
And on the cankered tree, in easy reach,
Rotted the golden apple.

But awfully the truant shunned the ground,
The vagrant kept aloof, and daring Poacher;
In spite of gaps that through the fences round
Invited the encroacher.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted!

The pear and quince lay squandered on the grass ;
The mould was purple with unheeded showers
Of bloomy plums — a Wilderness it was
Of fruits, and weeds, and flowers !

The marigold amidst the nettles blew,
The gourd embraced the rose-bush in its ramble,
The thistle and the stock together grew,
The hollyhock and bramble.

The bear-bine with the lilac interlaced ;
The sturdy burdock choked its slender neighbor,
The spicy pink. All tokens were effaced
Of human care and labor.

The very yew Formality had trained
To such a rigid pyramidal stature,
For want of trimming had almost regained
The raggedness of nature.

The Fountain was a-dry — neglect and time
Had marred the work of artisan and mason,
And efts and croaking frogs, begot of slime,
Sprawled in the ruined basin.

The statue, fallen from its marble base,
Amidst the refuse leaves, and herbage rotten,
Lay like the Idol of some bygone race,
Its name and rites forgotten.

On every side the aspect was the same,
All ruined, desolate, forlorn and savage :
No hand or foot within the precinct came
To rectify or ravage.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear ;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted !

PART II.

O, VERY gloomy is the House of Woe,
Where tears are falling while the bell is knelling,
With all the dark solemnities which show
That Death is in the dwelling !

O very, very dreary is the room
Where Love, domestic Love, no longer nestles,
But smitten by the common stroke of doom,
The Corpse lies on the trestles !

But House of Woe, and hearse, and sable pall,
The narrow home of the departed mortal,
Ne'er looked so gloomy as that Ghostly Hall,
With its deserted portal !

The centipede along the threshold crept,
The cobweb hung across in mazy tangle,
And in its winding-sheet the maggot slept,
At every nook and angle.

The keyhole lodged the earwig and her brood,
The emmets of the steps had old possession,
And marched in search of their diurnal food
In undisturbed procession.

As undisturbed as the prehensile cell
Of moth or maggot, or the spider's tissue,
For never foot upon that threshold fell,
To enter or to issue.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted !

Howbeit, the door I pushed — or so I dreamed —
Which slowly, slowly gaped, — the hinges creaking
With such a rusty eloquence, it seemed
That Time himself was speaking.

But Time was dumb within that Mansion old,
Or left his tale to the heraldic banners
That hung from the corroded walls, and told
Of former men and manners.

Those tattered flags, that with the opened door,
Seemed the old wave of battle to remember,
While fallen fragments danced upon the floor
Like dead leaves in December.

The startled bats flew out — bird after bird —
The screech owl overhead began to flutter,
And seemed to mock the cry that she had heard
Some dying victim utter !

A shriek that echoed from the joisted roof,
And up the stair, and further still and further,
Till in some ringing chamber far aloof
It ceased its tale of murder !

Meanwhile the rusty armor rattled round,
The banner shuddered, and the ragged streamer ;
All things the horrid tenor of the sound
Acknowledged with a tremor.

The antlers, where the helmet hung and belt,
Stirred as the tempest stirs the forest branches,
Or as the stag had trembled when he felt
The bloodhound at his haunches.

The window jingled in its crumbled frame,
And through its many gaps of destitution
Dolorous moans and hollow sighings came,
Like those of dissolution.

The wood-louse dropped, and rolled into a ball,
Touched by some impulse occult or mechanic;
And nameless beetles ran along the wall
In universal panic.

The subtle spider, that from overhead
Hung like a spy on human guilt and error,
Suddenly turned, and up its slender thread
Ran with a nimble terror.

The very stains and fractures on the wall
Assuming features solemn and terrific,
Hinted some Tragedy of that old Hall,
Locked up in hieroglyphic.

Some tale that might, perchance, have solved the doubt,
Wherefore amongst those flags so dull and livid,
The banner of the BLOODY HAND shone out,
So ominously vivid.

Some key to that inscrutable appeal,
Which made the very frame of Nature quiver;
And every thrilling nerve and fibre feel
So ague-like a shiver.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted;
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted !

If but a rat had lingered in the house,
To lure the thought into a social channel !
But not a rat remained, or tiny mouse,
To squeak behind the panel.

Huge drops rolled down the walls, as if they wept;
And where the cricket used to chirp so shrilly,
The toad was squatting, and the lizard crept
On that damp hearth and chilly.

For years no cheerful blaze had sparkled there,
Or glanced on coat of buff or knightly metal;
The slug was crawling on the vacant chair, —
The snail upon the settle.

The floor was redolent of mould and must,
The fungus in the rotten seams had quickened;
While on the oaken table coats of dust
Perennially had thickened.

No mark of leathern jack or metal cann,
No cup — no horn — no hospitable token, —
All social ties between that board and man
Had long ago been broken.

There was so foul a rumor in the air,
The shadow of a Presence so atrocious;
No human creature could have feasted there,
Even the most ferocious.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted!

PART III.

'T is hard for human actions to account,
Whether from reason or from impulse only —
But some internal prompting bade me mount
The gloomy stairs and lonely.

Those gloomy stairs, so dark, and damp, and cold,
With odors as from bones and relics carnal,
Deprived of rite, and consecrated mould,
The chapel vault, or charnel.

Those dreary stairs, where with the sounding stress
Of ev'ry step so many echoes blended,
The mind, with dark misgivings, feared to guess
How many feet ascended.

The tempest with its spoils had drifted in,
Till each unwholesome stone was darkly spotted,
As thickly as the leopard's dappled skin,
With leaves that rankly rotted.

The air was thick — and in the upper gloom
The bat — or something in its shape — was winging ;
And on the wall, as chilly as a tomb,
The Death's-Head moth was clinging.

That mystic moth, which, with a sense profound
Of all unholy presence, augurs truly ;
And with a grim significance flits round
The taper burning blueely.

Such omens in the place there seemed to be,
At ev'ry crooked turn, or on the landing,
The straining eyeball was prepared to see
Some Apparition standing.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted !

Yet no portentous Shape the sight amazed ;
Each object plain, and tangible, and valid ;
But from their tarnished frames dark Figures gazed,
And Faces spectre-pallid.

Not merely with the mimic life that lies
Within the compass of Art's simulation ;
Their souls were looking thro' their painted eyes
With awful speculation.

On ev'ry lip a speechless horror dwelt ;
On ev'ry brow the burthen of affliction ;
The old Ancestral Spirits knew and felt
The House's malediction.

Such earnest woe their features overcast,
They might have stirred, or sighed, or wept, or spoken :
But, save the hollow moaning of the blast,
The stillness was unbroken.

No other sound or stir of life was there,
Except my steps in solitary chamber,
From flight to flight, from humid stair to stair,
From chamber into chamber.

Deserted rooms of luxury and state,
That old magnificence had richly furnished
With pictures, cabinets of ancient date,
And carvings gilt and burnished.

Rich hangings, storied by the needle's art,
With scripture history, or classic fable ;
But all had faded, save one ragged part,
Where Cain was slaying Abel.

The silent waste of mildew and the moth
Had marred the tissue, with a partial ravage ;
But undecaying frowned upon the cloth
Each feature stern and savage.

The sky was pale ; the cloud a thing of doubt ;
Some hues were fresh, and some decayed and duller :
But still the BLOODY HAND shone strangely out
With vehemence of color !

The BLOODY HAND that with a lurid stain
Shone on the dusty floor, a dismal token,
Projected from the casement's painted pane,
Where all beside was broken.

The BLOODY HAND significant of crime,
That glaring on the old heraldic banner,
Had kept its crimson unimpaired by time,
In such a wondrous manner !

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted !

The Death-Watch ticked behind the panelled oak,
Inexplicable tremors shook the arras,
And echoes strange and mystical awoke,
The fancy to embarrass.

Prophetic hints that filled the soul with dread,
But thro' one gloomy entrance pointing mostly,
The while some secret inspiration said,
That Chamber is the Ghostly !

Across the door no gossamer festoon
Swung pendulous — no web — no dusty fringes,
No silky chrysalis or white cocoon
About its nooks and hinges.

The spider shunned the interdicted room,
The moth, the beetle, and the fly were banished,
And where the sunbeam fell athwart the gloom
The very midge had vanished.

One lonely ray that glanced upon a Bed,
As if with awful aim direct and certain,
To show the BLOODY HAND in burning red
Embroidered on the curtain.

And yet no gory stain was on the quilt —
The pillow in its place had slowly rotted ;
The floor alone retained the trace of guilt,
Those boards obscurely spotted.

Obscurely spotted to the door, and thence
With mazy doubles to the grated casement —
O what a tale they told of fear intense,
Of horror and amazement !

What human creature in the dead of night
Had coursed like hunted hare that cruel distance ?
Had sought the door, the window, in his flight,
Striving for dear existence ?

What shrieking Spirit in that bloody room
Its mortal frame had violently quitted ? —
Across the sunbeam, with a sudden gloom,
A ghostly Shadow flitted.

Across the sunbeam, and along the wall,
But painted on the air so very dimly,
It hardly veiled the tapestry at all,
Or portrait frowning grimly.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted !

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'T WAS in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school :
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin ;

To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in :
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran —
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can ;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze ;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease :
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees !

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide :
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp ;
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp :
' O God ! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp ! '

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took, —
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook, —

And, lo ! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book !

‘ My gentle lad, what is ’t you read —
Romance or fairy fable ?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable ? ’
The young boy gave an upward glance, —
‘ It is “ The Death of Abel.” ’

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain, —
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again ;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain ;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves ;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves ;
Of horrid stabs in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves ;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod, —
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod ;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God !

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain, —
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain :
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain !

‘And well,’ quoth he, ‘I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme, —
Woe, woe, unutterable woe, —
Who spill life’s sacred stream !
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder, in a dream !

‘One that had never done me wrong —
A feeble man and old ;
I led him to a lonely field, —
The moon shone clear and cold :
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold !

‘Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife, —
And then the deed was done :
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone !

‘Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill ;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still :
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill !

‘And, lo ! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame ; —
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame :
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name !

‘O God ! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain !

But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain !
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain !

‘ My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice ;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil’s price :
A dozen times I groaned ; the dead
Had never groaned but twice !

‘ And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven’s topmost height,
I heard a voice — the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite : —
“ Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight ! ”

‘ I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream, —
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme : —
My gentle Boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream !

‘ Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool ;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

‘ O Heaven ! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim !
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in Evening Hymn :

Like a Devil of the Pit I seemed,
'Mid holy Cherubim !

'And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread ;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed ;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red !

'All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep ;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep :
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep !

'All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time ;
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime !

'One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave ;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave, —
Still urging me to go and see
The Dead Man in his grave !

'Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursèd pool
With a wild misgiving eye ;
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

‘ Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing ;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing :
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

‘ With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran ; —
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began :
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man !

‘ And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where ;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there :
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare !

‘ Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep :
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

‘ So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones !
Aye, though he ’s buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh, —
The world shall see his bones !

‘ O, God ! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake !

Again — again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

‘ And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul, —
It stands before me now ! ’
The fearful Boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the ‘ Song of the Shirt ! ’

‘ Work ! work ! work !
While the cock is crowing aloof !
And work — work — work,
Till the stars shine through the roof !

It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

'Work — work — work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work — work — work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

'O, Men, with Sisters dear!
O, Men, with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch — stitch — stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt!

'But why do I talk of Death?
That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own —
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
O, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

'Work — work — work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread — and rags,

That shattered roof — and this naked floor —
A table — a broken chair —
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there !

‘ Work — work — work !
From weary chime to chime,
Work — work — work —
As prisoners work for crime !
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

‘ Work — work — work,
In the dull December light,
And work — work — work,
When the weather is warm and bright —
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the Spring.

‘ Oh ! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal !

‘ Oh ! but for one short hour
A respite however brief !
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief !

A little weeping would cease my heart,
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread !'

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread —
 Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
 Would that its tone could reach the rich !
 She sang this ' Song of the Shirt !'

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

' Drown'd ! drown'd.' — HAMLET.

ONE more unfortunate,
 Weary of breath,
 Rashly importunate,
 Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care ;
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments
 Clinging like cerements ;
 Whilst the wave constantly
 Drips from her clothing ;
 Take her up instantly,
 Loving, not loathing. —

Touch her not scornfully ;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly ;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful :
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family —
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses ;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?
Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun !

Oh ! it was pitiful !
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed :
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence ;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver ;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river :

Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled —
Any where, any where
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran, —
Over the brink of it,
Picture it — think of it,

Dissolute man !
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, — kindly, —
Smooth, and compose them ;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurned by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest. —
Cross her hands humbly
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast.

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour !

THE DEATH-BED.

WE watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied —
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed — she had
Another morn than ours.

FROM 'THE PLEA OF THE MIDSUMMER
FAIRIES.' ²²

THE MEETING PLACE OF THE FAIRIES.

It was a shady and sequestered scene,
Like those famed gardens of Boccaccio,
Planted with his own laurels ever green,
And roses that for endless summer blow;
And there were fountain springs to overflow
Their marble basins, and cool green arcades
Of tall o'erarching sycamores, to throw

Athwart the dappled path their dancing shades, —
With timid conies cropping the green blades.

And there were crystal pools, peopled with fish,
Argent and gold; and some of Tyrian skin,
Some crimson-barred; — and ever at a wish
They rose obsequious till the wave grew thin
As glass upon their backs, and then dived in,
Quenching their ardent scales in watery gloom;
Whilst others with fresh hues rowed forth to win
My changeable regard, — for so we doom
Things born of thought to vanish or to bloom.

And there were many birds of many dyes,
From tree to tree still faring to and fro,
And stately peacocks with their splendid eyes,
And gorgeous pheasants with their golden glow,
Like Iris just bedabbled in her bow,
Besides some vocalists, without a name,
That oft on fairy errands come and go,
With accents magical; — and all were tame,
And pecked at my hand where'er I came.

And for my sylvan company, in lieu
Of Pampinea with her lively peers,
Sate Queen Titania with her pretty crew,
All in their liveries quaint, with elfin gears,
For she was gracious to my childish years,
And made me free of her enchanted round;
Wherefore this dreamy scene she still endears,
And plants her court upon a verdant mound,
Fenced with umbrageous woods and groves profound.

‘Ah, me,’ she cries, ‘was ever moonlight seen
So clear and tender for our midnight trips?
Go some one forth, and with a trump convene

My lieges all ! ' — Away the goblin skips
A pace or two apart, and deftly strips
The ruddy skin from a sweet rose's cheek,
Then blows the shuddering leaf between his lips,
Making it utter forth a shrill small shriek,
Like a frayed bird in the gray owlet's beak.

And lo ! upon my fixed delighted ken
Appeared the loyal Fays. — Some by degrees
Crept from the primrose buds that opened then,
And some from bell-shaped blossoms like the bees,
Some from the dewy meads, and rushy leas,
Flew up like chafers when the rustics pass ;
Some from the rivers, others from tall trees
Dropped, like shed blossoms, silent to the grass,
Spirits and elfins small, of every class.

Peri and Pixy, and quaint Puck the Antic,
Brought Robin Goodfellow, that merry swain ;
And stealthy Mab, queen of old realms romantic,
Came too, from distance, in her tiny wain,
Fresh dripping from a cloud — some bloomy rain,
Then circling the bright Moon, had washed her car,
And still bedewed it with a various stain :
Lastly came Ariel, shooting from a star,
Who bears all fairy embassies afar.

But Oberon, that night elsewhere exiled,
Was absent, whether some distempered spleen
Kept him and his fair mate unreconciled,
Or warfare with the Gnome (whose race had been
Sometimes obnoxious) kept him from his queen,
And made her now peruse the starry skies
Prophetical with such an absent mien ;
Howbeit, the tears stole often to her eyes,
And oft the Moon was incensed with her sighs.

THE SPEECH OF THE EVE-FAY TO FATHER TIME.

THEN next a fair Eve-Fay made meek address,
Saying, ' We be the handmaids of the Spring,
In sign whereof, May, the quaint broideress,
Hath wrought her samplers on our gauzy wing.
We tend upon buds' birth and blossoming,
And count the leafy tributes that they owe —
As, so much to the earth — so much to fling
In showers to the brook — so much to go
In whirlwinds to the clouds that made them grow.

' The pastoral cowslips are our little pets,
And daisy stars, whose firmament is green;
Pansies, and those veiled nuns, meek violets,
Sighing to that warm world from which they screen;
And golden daffodils, plucked for May's Queen;
And lonely harebells, quaking on the heath;
And Hyacinth, long since a fair youth seen,
Whose tuneful voice turned fragrance in his breath,
Kissed by sad Zephyr, guilty of his death.

' The widowed primrose weeping to the moon,
And saffron crocus in whose chalice bright
A cool libation hoarded for the noon
Is kept — and she that purifies the light,
The virgin lily, faithful to her white,
Whereon Eve wept in Eden for her shame;
And the most dainty rose, Aurora's spright,
Our every godchild, by whatever name —
Spare us our lives, for we did nurse the same ! '

FROM 'MISS KILMANSEGG AND HER
PRECIOUS LEG.' ²³

DOUBLE BLESSEDNESS.

FROM 'HER HONEYMOON.'

O, HAPPY, happy thrice happy state,
When such a bright Planet governs the fate
Of a pair of united lovers !
'T is theirs, in spite of the Serpent's hiss,
To enjoy the pure primeval kiss,
With as much of the old original bliss
As mortality ever recovers !

There 's strength in double joints, no doubt,
In Double X Ale, and Dublin Stout,
That the single sorts know nothing about —
And a fist is strongest when doubled —
And double aqua-fortis, of course,
And double soda-water, perforce,
Are the strongest that ever bubbled !

There 's double beauty whenever a Swan
Swims on a Lake, with her double thereon ;
And ask the gardener, Luke or John,
Of the beauty of double-blowing —
A double dahlia delights the eye ;
And it 's far the loveliest sight in the sky
When a double rainbow is glowing !

There 's warmth in a pair of double soles,
As well as a double allowance of coals —
In a coat that is double-breasted —
In double windows and double doors ;
And a double U wind is blest by scores
For its warmth to the tender-chested.

There's a twofold sweetness in double pipes;
 And a double barrel and double snipes
 Give the sportsman a duplicate pleasure:
 There's double safety in double locks;
 And double letters bring cash for the box;
 And all the world knows that double knocks
 Are gentility's double measure.

There's a double sweetness in double rhymes,
 And a double at Whist, and a double Times
 In profit are certainly double—
 By doubling, the Hare contrives to escape:
 And all seamen delight in a doubled Cape,
 And a double-reefed topsail in trouble.

There's a double chuck at a doublè chin,
 And of course there's a double pleasure therein,
 If the parties are brought to telling:
 And however our Dennisses take offence,
 A double meaning shows double sense;
 And if proverbs tell truth,
 A double tooth
 Is Wisdom's adopted dwelling.

But double wisdom, and pleasure, and sense,
 Beauty, respect, strength, comfort, and thence
 Through whatever the list discovers,
 They are all in the double blessedness summed,
 Of what was formerly double-drummed,
 The Marriage of two true Lovers!

'HER MORAL.'

GOLD! gold! gold! gold!
 Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
 Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled;
 Heavy to get, and light to hold;

Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,
 Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled :
 Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
 To the very verge of the churchyard mould ;
 Price of many a crime untold ;
 Gold ! gold ! gold ! gold !
 Good or bad a thousand-fold !

How widely its agencies vary —
 To save — to ruin — to curse — to bless —
 As even its minted coins express,
 Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,
 And now of a Bloody Mary.

*A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE
 YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS.*

THOU happy, happy elf !
 (But stop, — first let me kiss away that tear) —
 Thou tiny image of myself !
 (My love, he 's poking peas into his ear !)
 Thou merry, laughing sprite !
 With spirits feather-light,
 Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin —
 (Good heavens ! the child is swallowing a pin !)

Thou little tricky Puck !
 With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
 Light as the singing bird that wings the air —
 (The door ! the door ! he 'll tumble down the stair !)
 Thou darling of thy sire !
 (Why, Jane, he 'll set his pinafore a-fire !)
 Thou imp of mirth and joy !
 In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
 Thou idol of thy parents — (Drat the boy !
 There goes my ink !)

Thou cherub — but of earth ;
 Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,
 In harmless sport and mirth,
 (That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail !)
 Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
 From ev'ry blossom in the world that blows,
 Singing in Youth's Elysium ever sunny,
 (Another tumble ! — that 's his precious nose !)

Thy father's pride and hope !
 (He 'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)
 With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint —
 (Where *did* he learn that squint ?)
 Thou young domestic dove !
 (He 'll have that jug off, with another shove !)
 Dear nursling of the Hymeneal nest !
 (Are those torn clothes his best ?)
 Little epitome of man !
 (He 'll climb upon the table, that 's his plan !)
 Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life —
 (He 's got a knife !)

Thou enviable being !
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
 Play on, play on,
 My elfin John !
 Toss the light ball — bestride the stick —
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)
 With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
 With many a lamb-like frisk,
 (He 's got the scissors, snipping at your gown !)

Thou pretty opening rose !
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)
 Balmy and breathing music like the South,
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth !)

Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star —
 (I wish that window had an iron bar !)
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove, —
 (I 'll tell you what, my love,
 I cannot write, unless he's sent above !)

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

LET Taylor preach upon a morning breezy,
 How well to rise while nights and larks are flying —
 For my part getting up seems not so easy
 By half as *lying*.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,
 Soaring beyond the sight to find him out —
 Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?
 I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums,
 The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime —
 Only lie long enough, and bed becomes
 A bed of *time*.

To me Dan Phœbus and his car are nought,
 His steeds that paw impatiently about, —
 Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,
 The first turn-out!

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear
 Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl ;
 What then, — if I prefer my pillow-beer
 To early pearl ?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,
 And grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs
 Wherefore should master rise before the hens
 Have laid their eggs ?

Why from a comfortable pillow start
To see faint flushes in the east awaken?
A fig, say I, for any streaky part,
Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
'To meet the sun upon the upland lawn' —
Well — he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree,
And sweeps that earn betimes their bit and sup;
But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be
All up — all up!

So here I'll lie; my morning calls deferring,
Till something nearer to the stroke of noon; —
A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*,
Must be a spoon.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

DREAM-PEDLARY.

If there were dreams to sell,
 What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell;
 Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rung the bell,
 What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,
 With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
 Until I die.
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
 This would I buy.

But there were dreams to sell
 Ill didst thou buy;
Life is a dream, they tell,
 Waking, to die.
Dreaming a dream to prize,
Is wishing ghosts to rise;
And, if I had the spell
To call the buried well,
 Which one would I?

If there are ghosts to raise,
What shall I call,
Out of hell's murky haze,
Heaven's blue pall?
Raise my loved long-lost boy
To lead me to his joy. —
There are no ghosts to raise;
Out of death lead no ways;
Vain is the call.

Know'st thou not ghosts to sue?
No love thou hast.
Else lie, as I will do,
And breathe thy last.
So out of Life's fresh crown
Fall like a rose leaf down.
Thus are the ghosts to woo;
Thus are all dreams made true,
Ever to last !

LOVE'S LAST MESSAGES.

MERRY, merry little stream,
Tell me, hast thou seen my dear?
I left him with an azure dream,
Calmly sleeping on his bier —
But he has fled !

'I passed him in his church-yard bed —
A yew is sighing o'er his head,
And grass-roots mingle with his hair.'
What doth he there?
Oh cruel ! can he lie alone?
Or in the arms of one more dear?
Or hides he in that bower of stone,
To cause and kiss away my fear?

'He doth not speak, he doth not moan —
 Blind, motionless he lies alone;
 But, ere the grave snake fleshed his sting,
 This one warm tear he bade me bring
 And lay it at thy feet
 Among the daisies sweet.'

Moonlight whisperer, summer air,
 Songster of the groves above,
 Tell the maiden rose I wear,
 Whether thou hast seen my love.
 'This night in heaven I saw him lie,
 Discontented with his bliss;
 And on my lips he left this kiss,
 For thee to taste and then to die.'

SONG OF THE STYGIAN NAIADES.

PROSERPINE may pull her flowers,
 Wet with dew or wet with tears,
 Red with anger, pale with fears,
 Is it any fault of ours,
 If Pluto be an amorous king,
 And comes home nightly, laden,
 Underneath his broad bat-wing,
 With a gentle, mortal maiden?
 Is it so, Wind, is it so?
 All that you and I do know
 Is, that we saw fly and fix
 'Mongst the reeds and flowers of Styx,
 Yesterday,
 Where the Furies made their hay
 For a bed of tiger cubs,
 A great fly of Beelzebub's,
 The bee of hearts, which mortals name
 Cupid, Love, and Fie for shame.

Proserpine may weep in rage,
 But, ere I and you have done
 Kissing, bathing in the sun,
 What I have in yonder cage,
 Bird or serpent, wild or tame,
 She shall guess and ask in vain;
 But, if Pluto does 't again,
 It shall sing out loud his shame.
 What hast caught then? what hast caught?
 Nothing but a poet's thought,
 Which so light did fall and fix
 'Mongst the reeds and flowers of Styx,
 Yesterday,
 Where the Furies made their hay
 For a bed of tiger cubs,
 A great fly of Beelzebub's,
 The bee of hearts, which mortals name
 Cupid, Love, and Fie for shame.

PYGMALION.

.
 THERE was a grassy plain,
 A pasture of the deer, — Olympus' mountain
 Was the plain's night, the picture of its fountain:
 Unto which unfrequented dell and wood
 Unwittingly his solitary mood
 Oft drew him. — In the water lay
 A fragment of pale marble, which they say
 Slipped from some fissure in the agued moon,
 Which had caught earth-quake and a deadly swoon
 When the sun touched her with his hilly shade.
 Weeds grew upon it, and the streamlet made
 A wanton music with its ragged side,
 And birds had nests there. One still even-tide,

When they were perched and sleeping, passed this man,
Startling the air with thoughts which over-ran
The compass of his mind : writing the sand
Idly he paused, and laid unwitting hand
On the cold stone. How smooth the touch ! It felt
Less porous than a lip which kisses melt,
And diamond-hard. That night his workmen wrought
With iron under it, and it was brought,
This dripping quarry, while the sky was starry,
Home to the weary, yearning statuary.
He saw no sky that day, no dark that night,
For through the hours his lamp was full of light,
Shadowing the pavement with his busy right.
Day after day they saw not in the street
The wondrous artist : some immortal feat
Absorbed him ; and yet often in the noon,
When the town slept beneath the sweltering June,
— The rich within, the poor man on the stair, —
He stole unseen into the meadow's air,
And fed on sight of summer, till the life
Was too abundant in him ; and so, rife
With light creative, he went in alone,
And poured it warm upon the growing stone.
The magic chisel thrust, and gashed, and swept,
Flying and manifold ; no cloud e'er wept
So fast, so thick, so light upon the close
Of shapeless green it meant to make a rose : —
And as insensibly out of a stick,
Dead in the winter-time, the dew-drops quick,
And the thin sun-beams, and the airy shower
Raise and unwrap a many-leavèd flower,
And then a fruit : so from the barren stock
Of the deer-shading, formless valley-rock,
This close stone-bud, he, quiet as the air,
Had shaped a lady wonderfully fair,
— Dear to the eyes, a delicate delight, —

For all her marble symmetry was white
As brow and bosom should be, save some azure
Which waited for a loving lip's erasure,
Upon her shoulder, to be turned to blush.
And she was smooth and full, as if one gush
Of life had washed her, or as if a sleep
Lay on her eye-lid, easier to sweep
Than bee from daisy.

SONGS FROM 'DEATH'S JEST BOOK.' ²⁴*SONG FROM THE SHIP.*

ACT I. SC. I. .

To sea, to sea ! The calm is o'er ;
The wanton water leaps in sport,
And rattles down the pebbly shore ;
The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,
And unseen mermaids' pearly song
Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.
Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar :
To sea, to sea ! the calm is o'er.

To sea, to sea ! our wide-winged bark
Shall billowy cleave its sunny way,
And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
Break the caved Tritons' azure day,
Like mighty eagle soaring light
O'er antelopes on Alpine height.
The anchor heaves, the ship swings free,
The sails swell full. To sea, to sea !

DIRGE.

ACT II. SC. I.

IF thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
 Then sleep, dear, sleep;
And not a sorrow
 Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
 Lie still and deep,
 Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
 In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
 Then die, dear, die;
'T is deeper, sweeter,
 Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming
 With folded eye;
 And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
 In eastern sky.

ATHULF'S SONG.

ACT IV. SC. III.

A CYPRESS-BOUGH, and a rose-wreath sweet,
A wedding-robe and a winding-sheet,
 A bridal-bed and a bier.
Thine be the kisses, maid,
 And smiling love's alarms;
And thou, pale youth, be laid
 In the grave's cold arms.

Each in his own charms,
 Death and Hymen both are here ;
 So up with scythe and torch,
 And to the old church porch,
 While all the bells ring clear :
 And rosy, rosy the bed shall bloom,
 And earthy, earthy heap up the tomb.

Now tremble dimples on your cheek,
 Sweet be your lips to taste and speak,
 For he who kisses is near :
 By her the bridegod fair,
 In youthful power and force ;
 By him the grizard bare,
 Pale knight on a pale horse,
 To woo him to a corse.
 Death and Hymen both are here ;
 So up with scythe and torch,
 And to the old church porch,
 While all the bells ring clear :
 And rosy, rosy the bed shall bloom,
 And earthy, earthy heap up the tomb.

WOLFRAM'S SONG.

ACT V. SC. IV.

OLD Adam, the carrion crow,
 The old crow of Cairo ;
 He sat in the shower, and let it flow
 Under his tail and over his crest ;
 And through every feather
 Leaked the wet weather ;
 And the bough swung under his nest ;
 For his beak it was heavy with marrow.
 Is that the wind dying ? O no ;

It's only two devils, that blow
Through a murderer's bones, to and fro,
In the ghosts' moonshine.

Ho! Eve, my gray carrion wife,
When we have supped on kings' marrow,
Where shall we drink and make merry our life?
Our nest it is Queen Cleopatra's skull,
'T is cloven and cracked,
And battered and hacked,
But with tears of blue eyes it is full:
Let us drink then, my raven of Cairo.
Is that the wind dying? O no;
It's only two devils, that blow
Through a murderer's bones, to and fro,
In the ghosts' moonshine.

SONG FROM 'TORRISMOND.'²⁵

ACT I. SC. III.

How many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fall'n year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of Eternity: —
So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love again?
Tell me how many beads there are
In a silver chain
Of evening rain,
Unraveled from the tumbling main,
And threading the eye of a yellow star: —
So many times do I love again.

BLACKWOOD COTERIE,

AND EARLY SCOTTISH POETS.

BLACKWOOD COTERIE,

AND EARLY SCOTTISH POETS.

GEORGE CROLY.

FROM 'THE ANGEL OF THE WORLD.'²⁶

.

YET once upon that guarded mount, no foot
But of the moslem true might press a flower,
And of them none, but with some solemn suit
Beyond man's help, might venture near the bower ;
For, in its shade, in beauty and in power,
For judgment sat the Angel of the World :
Sent by the prophet, till the destined hour
That saw in dust Arabia's idols hurled,
Then to the skies again his wing should be unfurled.

.

The angel's flashing eyes were on the vault,
That now with lamps of diamond all was hung ;
His mighty wings like tissues heavenly-wrought,
Upon the bosom of the air were hung.
The solemn hymn's last harmonies were sung,
The sun was couching on the distant zone ;
' Farewell ' was breathing on the angel's tongue ; —
He glanced below. There stood a suppliant one !
The impatient angel sank, in wrath, upon his throne.

.

The form arose — the face was in a veil,
The voice was low, and often checked with sighs ;
The tale it uttered was a simple tale :
‘ A vow to close a dying parent’s eyes
Had brought its weary steps from Tripolis ;
The Arab in the Syrian mountain lay,
The caravan was made the robber’s prize,
The pilgrim’s little wealth was swept away,
Man’s help was vain.’ Here sank the voice in soft decay.

‘ And this is earth ! ’ the angel frowning said ;
And from the ground he took a matchless gem,
And flung it to the mourner, then outspread
His pinions, like the lightning’s rushing beam.
The pilgrim started at the diamond’s gleam,
Glanced up in pray’r, then, bending near the throne,
Shed the quick tears that from the bosom stream,
And tried to speak, but tears were there alone ;
The pitying angel said, ‘ Be happy and be gone.’

The weeper raised the veil ; a ruby lip
First dawned ; then glowed the young cheek’s deeper hue,
Yet delicate as roses when they dip
Their odorous blossoms in the morning dew.
Then beamed the eyes, twin stars of living blue ;
Half-shaded by the curls of glossy hair,
That turned to golden as the light wind threw
Their clusters in the western golden glare.
Yet was her blue eye dim, for tears were standing there.

He looked upon her, and her hurried gaze
Sought from his glance sweet refuge on the ground ;
But o’er her cheek of beauty rushed a blaze ;
And, as the soul had felt some sudden wound,
Her bosom heaved above its silken bound.
He looked again ; the cheek was deadly pale ;
The bosom sank with one long sigh profound ;

Yet still one lily hand upheld her veil,
And still one pressed her heart — that sigh told all its tale.

She stooped, and from the thicket plucked a flower,
And fondly kissed, and then with feeble hand
She laid it on the footstool of the bower;
Such was the ancient custom of the land.
Her sighs were richer than the rose they fanned;
The breezes swept it to the angel's feet;
Yet even that sweet slight boon, 't was Heaven's command,
He must not touch, from her though doubly sweet,
No earthly gift must stain that hallowed judgment-seat.

Still lay the flower upon the splendid spot,
The pilgrim turned away, as smote with shame;
Her eye a glance of self-upbraiding shot;
'T was in his soul, a shaft of living flame.
Then bowed the humbled one, and blest his name,
Crossed her white arms, and slowly bade farewell.
A sudden faintness o'er the angel came;
The voice rose sweet and solemn as a spell,
She bowed her face to earth, and o'er it dropped her veil.

.

Still knelt the pilgrim covered with her veil,
But all her beauty living on his eye;
Still hyacinth the clustering ringlets fell
Wreathing her forehead's polished ivory;
Her cheek unseen still wore the rose-bud's dye;
She sighed; he heard the sigh beside him swell,
He glanced around — no Spirit hovered nigh —
Touched the fall'n flower, and blushing, sighed 'farewell.'
What sound has stunned his ear? A sudden thunder-peal.

.

The angel's heart was smote — but that touched flower,
Now opening, breathed such fragrance subtly sweet,

He felt it strangely chain him to the bower.
 He dared not then that pilgrim's eye to meet,
 But gazed upon the small unsandalled feet
 Shining like silver on the floor of rose ;
 At length he raised his glance ; — the veil's light net
 Had floated backward from her pencilled brows,
 Her eye was fixed on Heaven, in sad, sublime repose.

.

The silent prayer was done ; and now she moved
 Faint to his footstool, and, upon her knee,
 Besought her lord, if in his heaven they loved,
 That, as she never more his face must see,
 She there might pledge her heart's fidelity.
 Then turned, and plucked a cluster from the vine,
 And o'er a chalice waved it, with a sigh,
 Then stooped the crystal cup before the shrine.
 In wrath the angel rose — the guilty draught was wine !

She stood ; she shrank ; she tottered. Down he sprang,
 Clasped with one hand her waist, with one upheld
 The vase — his ears with giddy murmurs rang ;
 His eye upon her dying cheek was spelled ;
 Up to the brim the draught of evil swelled
 Like liquid rose, its odor touched his brain ;
 He knew his ruin, but his soul was quelled ;
 He shuddered — gazed upon her cheek again,
 Pressed her pale lip, and to the last that cup did drain.

The enchantress smiled, as still in some sweet dream,
 Then wakened in a long, delicious sigh,
 And on the bending spirit fixed the beam
 Of her deep, dewy, melancholy eye.
 The undone angel gave no more reply
 Than hiding his pale forehead in the hair
 That floated on her neck of ivory,

And breathless pressing, with her ringlets fair,
From his bright eyes the tears of passion and despair.

The tempter spoke — ' Spirit thou mightst have stood,
But thou hast fallen a weak and willing slave.
Now were thy feeble heart our serpents' food,
Thy bed our burning ocean's sleepless wave,
But haughty Heaven controls the power it gave.
Yet art thou doomed to wander from thy sphere,
Till the last trumpet reaches to the grave ;
Till the sun rolls the grand concluding year ;
Till earth is Paradise : then shall thy crime be clear.'

The angel listened, risen upon one knee,
Resolved to hear the deadliest undismayed
His star-dropt plume hung round him droopingly,
His brow, like marble, on his hand was stayed,
Still through the auburn locks' o'erhanging shade
His face shone beautiful ; he heard his ban ;
Then came the words of mercy, sternly said ;
He plunged within his hand's his visage wan,
And the first wild, sweet tears from his heart-pulses ran.

The giant grasped him as he fell to earth,
And his black vanes upon the air were flung,
A tabernacle dark ; — and shouts of mirth
Mingled with shriekings through the tempest swung ;
His arm around the fainting angel clung.
Then on the clouds he darted with a groan ;
A moment o'er the mount of ruin hung,
Then burst through space, like the red comet's cone,
Leaving his track on heaven a burning, endless zone.

BARTHOLOMEW SIMMONS.

THE DISINTERMENT OF NAPOLEON.

LOST Lord of Song ! who grandly gave
Thy matchless timbrel for the spear —
And, by old Hellas' hallowed wave
Died at the feet of Freedom — hear !
Hear — from thy lone and lowly tomb,
Where 'mid thy own 'inviolate Isle,'
Beneath no minster's marble gloom,
No banner's golden smile,
Far from the swarming city's crowd,
Thy glory round thee for a shroud,
Thou sleep'st, — the pious rustic's tread
The only echo o'er thy bed ;
Save few and faint, when o'er the foam
The Pilgrims of thy genius come,
From distant earth with tears of praise,
The homage of their hearts to raise,
And curse the country's very name,
Unworthy of thy sacred dust,
That draws such lustre from thy fame
That heaps such outrage on thy bust !

Wake from the Dead — and lift thy brow
With the same scornful beauty now,
As when beneath thy shafts of pride
Envenomed CANT — thy Python — died !
Prophet no less than Bard, behold
Matured the eventful moment, told

In those divine predictive words,
Poured to thy lyre's transcendent chords :—
' If e'er his awful ashes can grow cold
But no, their embers soon shall burst their mould—
—— France shall feel the want,
Of this last consolation, though but scant.
Her honor, fame and faith demand his bones
To pile above a pyramid of Thrones !'
If, then, from thy neglected bier
One humblest follower thou canst hear,
O Mighty Master ! rise and flee,
 Swift as some meteor bold and bright,
One fragile cloud attending thee,
 Across the dusky tracts of night,
To where the sunset's latest radiance shone
O'er Afric's sea interminably lone.

Below that broad, unbroken sea
 Long since the sultry sun has dropped,
And now in dread solemnity
 — As though its course Creation stopped
One wondrous hour, to watch the birth
Of deeds portentous unto earth —
The moonless midnight far and wide
 Solidly black flings over all
That giant waste of waveless tide
 Her melancholy pall,
Whose folds in thickest gloom unfurled
 Each ray of heaven's high face debar,
Save, on the margin of the World
 Where leans yon solitary star,
Large, radiant, restless, tinting with far smile
The jagged cliffs of a gray barren Isle.

Hark ! o'er the waves distinctly swell
Twelve slow vibrations of a bell !

And out upon the silent ear
At once ring bold and sharply clear,
With shock more startling than if thunder
Had split the slumbering earth asunder,
The iron sounds of crow and bar ;
 Ye scarce may know from whence they come,
Whether from Island or from Star,
 Both lie so hushed and dumb !
On, swift and deep, those echoes sweep,
Shaking long-buried Kings from sleep —
Up, up ! ye sceptred jailers — ho !
 Your granite heaped HIS head in vain ;
The very grave gives back your foe,
 Dead Cæsar wakes again !

The Nations with a voice as dread
 As that which, once in Bethany,
Burst to the regions of the dead
 And set the Loved-one free,
Have cried ' COME FORTH ! ' and lo ! again,
To smite the hearts and eyes of men
With the old awe he once instilled
By many an unforgotten field,
Napoleon's look shall startle day —
 That look that, where its anger fell,
Scorched empires from the earth away
 As with the blasts of hell !
Up, from the dust ye sleepers, ho !
 By the blue Danube's stately wave —
From Berlin's towers — from Moscow's snow,
 And Windsor's gorgeous grave !

Come — summoned by the omnific power,
The spirit of this thrilling hour —
And, stooping from yon craggy height,
Girt by each perished satellite,

Each cunning tool of kingly terror
Who served your reigns of fraud and error,
Behold, where with relentless lock
Ye chained Prometheus to his rock,
And, when his tortured bosom ceased
Your vulture's savage beak to feast,
Where fathom-deep ye dug his cell,
And built and barred his coffin down
Half doubting if even death could quell
Such terrible renown ;

Now 'mid the torch's solemn glare,
And bended knee and muttered prayer,
Within that green sepulchral glen
Uncovered groups of warrior men
Breathless perform the high behest
Of winning back, in priceless trust,
For the regenerated West,
Your victim's mighty dust.
Hark ! how they burst your cramps and rings —
Ha, ha ! ye banded, baffled kings !
Stout men ! delve on with axe and bar,
Ye 're watched from yonder restless star :
Hew the tough masonry away —
Bid the tomb's ponderous portals fly !
And firm your sounding lever's sway,
And loud your clanking hammers ply ;

Nor falter though the work be slow,
Ye something gain in every blow,
While deep each heart in chorus sings,
Ha, ha ! ye banded, baffled kings !
Brave men ! delve in with axe and bar,
Ye 're watched from yonder glorious star.
'T is morn — the marble floor is cleft,
And slight and short the labor left.

'T is noon — they wind the windlass now
To heave the granite from his brow :
Back to each gazer's waiting heart
The life-blood leaps with anxious start —
Down Bertrand's cheek the tear-drop steals —
Low in the dust Las Cases kneels ;

(Oh ! tried and trusted — still, as long
As the true heart's fidelity
Shall form the theme of harp and song,
High Bards shall sing of ye !)
One moment, — and thy beams, O sun !
The bier of him shall look upon,
Who, save the Heaven-expelled alone
Dared envy thee thy blazing throne ;
Who haply oft, with gaze intent,
And sick from victory's vulgar war
Panted to sweep the firmament,
And dash thee from thy car,
And cursed the clay that still confined
His narrow conquests to mankind.

'T is done — his chiefs are lifting now
The shroud from that tremendous brow,
That with the lightning's rapid might
Illumed Marengo's awful night —
Flashed over Lodi's murderous bridge,
Swept Prussia from red Jena's ridge,
And broke once more the Austrian sword
By Wagram's memorable ford.
And may Man's puny race that shook
Before the terrors of that look,
Approach unshrinking now, and see
How far corruption's mastery
Has tamed the tyrant tamer ! Raise
That silken cloud, what meets the gaze ?

The scanty dust or whitening bones,
Or fleshless jaws' horrific mirth,
Of him whose threshold rose on thrones,
A mockery now to earth?
No — even as though his haughty clay
Scoffed at the contact of decay,
And from his mind's immortal flame
Itself immortalized became,
Tranquilly there Napoleon lies revealed
Like a king sleeping on his own proud shield,
Harnessed for conflict, and that eagle-star
Whose fire-eyed Legion foremost waked the war,
Still on his bosom, tarnished too and dim,
As if hot battle's cloud had lately circled him.

Fast fades the vision — from that glen
Wind slow those aching-hearted men,
While every mountain echo floats,
Filled with the bugle's regal notes —
And now the gun's redoubled roar

Fills the lone peak and mighty main,
Beneath his glorious Tricolor

Napoleon rests again !
And France's galley soon the sail
Shall spread triumphant to the gale ;
Till, lost upon the lingering eye,
It melts and mingles in the sky.
Let Paris, too, prepare a show,
And deck her streets in gaudy woe ;

And rear a more than kingly shrine,
Whose taper's blaze shall ne'er be dim,
And bid the sculptor's art divine

Be lavished there for HIM.
And let him take his rest serene,
(Even so he willed it) by the Seine ;

But ever to the poet's heart,
Or pilgrim musing o'er those pages
(Replete with marvels) that impart
His story unto Ages ;
The spacious azure of yon sea
Alone his minster floor shall be,
Coped by the stars — red evening's smile
His epitaph ; and thou, rude Isle,
Austerely-browed and thunder-rent
Napoleon's only monument !

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS HOOD.

TAKE back into thy bosom, earth,
This joyous, May-eyed morrow,
The gentlest child that ever mirth
Gave to be reared by sorrow !
'T is hard — while rays half green, half gold,
Through vernal bowers are burning,
And streams their diamond-mirrors hold
To summer's face returning —
To say we're thankful that his sleep
Shall never more be lighter,
In whose sweet-tongued companionship
Stream, bower, and beam grew brighter !

But all the more intensely true
His soul gave out each feature
Of elemental love — each hue
And grace of golden nature —
The deeper still beneath it all
Lurked the keen jags of anguish ;
The more the laurels clasped his brow
Their poison made it languish.
Seemed it that like the nightingale
Of his own mournful singing,

The tenderer would his song prevail
While most the thorn was stinging.

So never to the desert-worn
Did fount bring freshness deeper,
Than that his placid rest this morn
Has brought the shrouded sleeper.
That rest may lap his weary head
Where charnels choke the city,
Or where, 'mid woodlands, by his bed
The wren shall wake its ditty;
But near or far, while evening's star
Is dear to heart's regretting,
Around that spot admiring thought
Shall hover, unforgetting.

And if this sentient, seething world
Is, after all, ideal,
Or in the immaterial furled
Alone resides the real,
Freed one! there's a wail for thee this hour
Through thy loved elves' dominions;
Hushed is each tiny trumpet-flower,
And droopeth Ariel's pinions;
Even Puck, dejected, leaves his swing,
To plan, with fond endeavor,
What pretty buds and dewes shall keep
Thy pillow bright for ever.

And higher, if less happy, tribes —
The race of early childhood —
Shall miss thy whims of frolic wit,
That in the summer wild-wood,
Or by the Christmas hearth, were hailed,
And hoarded as a treasure
Of undecaying merriment
And ever-changing pleasure.

Things from thy lavish humor flung
Profuse as scents, are flying
This kindling morn, when blooms are born
As fast as blooms are dying.

Sublimer art owned thy control —
The minstrel's mightiest magic,
With sadness to subdue the soul,
Or thrill it with the tragic.
Now listening Aram's fearful dream,
We see beneath the willow
That dreadful thing, or watch him steal,
Guilt-lighted, to his pillow.
Now with thee roaming ancient groves,
We watch the woodman felling
The funeral elm, while through its boughs
The ghostly wind comes knelling.

Dear worshipper of Dian's face
In solitary places,
Shalt thou no more steal, as of yore,
To meet her white embraces?
Is there no purple in the rose
Henceforward to thy senses?
For thee have dawn and daylight's close
Lost their sweet influences?
No! — by the mental light untamed
Thou took'st to death's dark portal,
The joy of the wide universe
Is now to thee immortal!

How fierce contrasts the city's roar
With thy new-conquered quiet! —
This stunning hell of wheels that pour
With princes to their riot!
Loud clash the crowds — the busy clouds
With thunder-noise are shaken,

While pale, and mute, and cold, afar
Thou liest, men-forsaken.
Hot life reeks on, nor recks that one
— The playful, human-hearted —
Who lent its clay less earthiness,
Is just from earth departed.

JOHN STERLING.

LOUIS XV.

THE King with all the kingly train had left his Pompadour
behind,

And forth he rode in Senart's wood the royal beasts of
chase to find.

That day by chance the Monarch mused, and turning sud-
denly away,

He struck alone into a path that far from crowds and
courtiers lay.

He saw the pale green shadows play upon the brown un-
trodden earth ;

He saw the birds around him flit as if he were of peasant
birth ;

He saw the trees that know no king but him who bears a
woodland axe ;

He thought not, but he looked about like one who still in
thinking lacks.

Then close to him a footstep fell, and glad of human sound
was he,

For truth to say he found himself but melancholy companie ;
But that which he would ne'er have guessed, before him
now most plainly came ;

The man upon his weary back a coffin bore of rudest frame.

'Why, who art thou?' exclaimed the King, 'and what is
that I see thee bear?'

'I am a laborer in the wood, and 't is a coffin for Pierre.

Close by the royal hunting lodge you may have often seen
him toil ;

But he will never work again, and I for him must dig the
soil.'

The laborer ne'er had seen the King, and this he thought
was but a man,

Who made at first a moment's pause and then anew his
talk began :

'I think I do remember now, — he had a dark and glancing eye,

And I have seen his sturdy arm with wondrous strokes the
pickaxe ply.

'Pray tell me, friend, what accident can thus have killed
our good Pierre?'

'O ! nothing more than usual, sir, he died of living upon air.

'T was hunger killed the poor good man, who long on
empty hopes relied ;

He could not pay *Gabelle* and tax and feed his children, so
he died.'

The man stopped short, and then went on — 'It is, you
know, a common story,

Our children's food is eaten up by courtiers, mistresses,
and glory.'

The King looked hard upon the man, and afterwards the
coffin eyed,

Then spurred to ask of Pompadour, how came it that the
peasants died.

THE DREAMER ON THE CLIFF.

ONCE more, thou darkly rolling main,

I bid thy lonely strength adieu ;

And sorrowing leave thee once again,

Familiar long, yet ever new !

And while, thou changeless, boundless sea,

I quit thy solitary shore,

I sigh to turn away from thee,

And think I ne'er may greet thee more.

Thy many voices which are one,
The varying garbs that robe thy might ;
Thy dazzling hues at set of sun,
Thy deeper loveliness by night ;

The shades that flit with every breeze
Along thy hoar and aged brow, —
What has the universe like these ?
Or what so strong, so fair as thou ?

And when yon radiant friend of earth
Has bridged the waters with her rays,
Pure as those beams of heavenly birth,
That round a seraph's footsteps blaze,

While lightest clouds at times o'ercast
The splendor gushing from the spheres,
Like softening thoughts of sorrow past,
That fill the eyes of joy with tears, —

The soul, methinks, in hours like these,
Might pant to flee its earthly doom,
And freed from dust to mount the breeze,
An eagle soaring from the tomb.

Or mixed in stainless air to roam
Where'er thy billows know the wind, —
To make all climes my spirit's home,
And leave the woes of all behind.

Or wandering into worlds that beam
Like lamps of hope to human eyes,
Wake 'mid delights we now but dream,
And breathe the rapture of the skies.

But vain the thought ; my feet are bound
To this dim planet, — clay to clay, —
Condemned to tread one thorny round,
And chained with links that ne'er decay.

Yet while thy ceaseless current flows,
Thou mighty main, and shrinks again,
Methinks thy rolling floods disclose
A refuge safe, at least from men.

Within thy gently heaving breast,
That hides no passions dark and wild,
My weary soul might sink to rest,
As in its mother's arms a child,

Forget the world's eternal jars,
In murmurous caverns cool and dim,
And long, o'ertoiled with angry wars,
Hear but thy billows' distant hymn !

DÆDALUS.

WAIL for Dædalus, all that is fairest !
All that is tuneful in air or wave !
Shapes whose beauty is truest and rarest,
Haunt with your lamps and spells his grave !

Statues ! bend your heads in sorrow :
Ye that glance amid ruins old,
That know not a past nor expect a morrow,
On many a moonlight Grecian wold.

By sculptured cave and speaking river,
Thee, Dædalus ! oft the Nymphs recall ;
The leaves with a sound of winter quiver,
Murmur thy name, and withering fall.

Yet are thy visions in soul the grandest
Of all that crowd on the tear-dimmed eye,
Though, Dædalus ! thou no more commandest
New stars to that ever widening sky.

Ever thy phantoms arise before us,
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;
By bed and table they lord it o'er us,
With looks of beauty and words of good.

Calmly they show us mankind victorious
O'er all that is aimless, blind, and base;
Their presence has made our nature glorious,
Unveiling our night's illumined face.

Thy toil has won them a god-like quiet;
Thou hast wrought their path to a lovely sphere;
Their eyes to peace rebuke our riot
And shape us a home of refuge here.

For Dædalus breathed in them his spirit;
In them their sire his beauty sees:
We too, a younger brood, inherit
The gifts and blessings bestowed on these.

But ah! their wise and graceful seeming
Recalls the more that the Sage is gone:
Weeping we wake from deceitful dreaming
And find our voiceless chamber lone.

Dædalus! thou from the twilight fleest
Which thou with visions hast made so bright;
And when no more those shapes thou seest,
Wanting thine eye they lose their light.

Even in the noblest of Man's creations,
Those fresh worlds round this old of ours,
When the Seer is gone, the orphaned nations
See but the tombs of perished powers.

Wail for Dædalus, Earth and Ocean!
Stars and Sun! lament for him;
Ages! quake in strange commotion;
All ye realms of Life! be dim!

Wail for Dædalus ! awful Voices
From earth's deep centre mankind appal.
Seldom ye sound, and then Death rejoices :
For he knows that then the Mightiest fall.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

CASA WAPPY.

THE CHILD'S PET NAME, CHOSEN BY HIMSELF.

AND hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy, —
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy?
Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;
Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;
Tears of our anguish may not tell
When thou didst die;
Words may not paint our grief for thee;
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony;
Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight,
To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to our sight —
A type of heaven!
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine own self, than a part
Of mine, and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy!

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline —
 'T was cloudless joy ;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
 Beloved boy !
This moon beheld thee blithe and gay ;
That found thee prostrate in decay ;
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
 Casa Wappy !

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
 Earth's undefiled,
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
 Our dear, sweet child !
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree ;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
 Casa Wappy !

Do what I may, go where I will,
 Thou meet'st my sight ;
There dost thou glide before me still —
 A form of light !
I feel thy breath upon my cheek —
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak —
Till oh ! my heart is like to break,
 Casa Wappy !

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
 With glance of stealth ;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow
 In buoyant health ;
I see thine eyes' deep violet light —
Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright —
Thy clasping arms so round and white —
 Casa Wappy !

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat — thy bow —
Thy cloak and bonnet — club and ball;
But where art thou?
A corner holds thine empty chair;
Thy playthings, idly scattered there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

Even to the last, thy every word —
To glad — to grieve —
Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird
On Summer's eve;
In outward beauty undecayed,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And, like the rainbow, thou didst fade,
Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee, when blind, blank night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee, when morn's first light
Reddens the hills;
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All — to the wall-flower and wild-pea —
Are changed; we saw the world thro' thee,
Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
An inward birth;
We miss thy small step on the stair;
We miss thee at thine evening prayer;
All day we miss thee, — everywhere, —
Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
In life's spring-bloom,
Down to the appointed house below, —
The silent tomb.

But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo, and "the busy bee,"
Return, — but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

'T is so ; but can it be — while flowers
Revive again —
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain ?
O, can it be, that o'er the grave
The grass renewed should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save? —
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be ; for were it so
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery, thought were woe,
And truth a lie ;
Heaven were a coinage of the brain ;
Religion frenzy, virtue vain,
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child !
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above !
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy!

Yet 't is sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, fairest boy,
That heaven is God's and thou art there,
With him in joy ;
There past are death and all its woes ;
There beauty's stream forever flows ;
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy !

Farewell, then, — for a while, farewell, —
Pride of my heart !
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart.
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee ;
And dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I 'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy !

WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN.

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

COME hither, Evan Cameron,
Come, stand beside my knee —
I hear the river roaring down
Towards the wintry sea.
There 's shouting on the mountain-side,
There 's war within the blast —
Old faces look upon me,
Old forms go trooping past ;
I hear the pibroch wailing
Amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again
Upon the verge of night.

'T was I that led the Highland host
Through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down
To battle with Montrose.
I 've told thee how the Southrons fell
Beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan,
By Inverlochy's shore.
I 've told thee how we swept Dundee,
And tamed the Lindsays' pride ;
But never have I told thee yet
How the great Marquis died.

A traitor sold him to his foes ;
O deed of deathless shame !

I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
With one of Assynt's name —
Be it upon the mountain's side,
Or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone,
Or backed by armèd men —
Face him as thou wouldst face the man
Who wronged thy sire's renown;
Remember of what blood thou art,
And strike the caitiff down !

They brought him to the Watergate,
Hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there,
And not a fenceless man.
They set him high upon a cart —
The hangman rode below —
They drew his hands behind his back,
And bared his noble brow.
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,
They cheered the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout,
And bade him pass along.

It would have made a brave man's heart
Grow sad and sick that day,
To watch the keen, malignant eyes
Bent down on that array.
There stood the Whig west-country lords,
In balcony and bow;
There sat the gaunt and withered dames,
And their daughters all a-row.
And every open window
Was full as full might be
With black-robed Covenanting carles,
That goodly sport to see !

But when he came, though pale and wan,
 He looked so great and high,
 So noble was his manly front,
 So calm his steadfast eye ; —
 The rabble rout forbore to shout
 And each man held his breath,
 For well they knew the hero's soul
 Was face to face with death.
 And then a mournful shudder
 Through all the people crept,
 And some that came to scoff at him
 Now turned aside and wept.

But onwards — always onwards,
 In silence and in gloom,
 The dreary pageant labored,
 Till it reached the house of doom.
 Then first a woman's voice was heard
 In jeer and laughter loud,
 And an angry cry and a hiss arose
 From the heart of the tossing crowd :
 Then as the Græme looked upwards,
 He saw the ugly smile
 Of him who sold his king for gold —
 The master-fiend Argyle !

The Marquis gazed a moment,
 And nothing did he say,
 But the cheek of Argyle grew ghastly pale
 And he turned his eyes away.
 The painted harlot by his side,
 She shook through every limb,
 For a roar like thunder swept the street,
 And hands were clenched at him ;
 And a Saxon soldier cried aloud,
 ' Back, coward, from thy place !

For seven long years thou hast not dared
To look him in the face.'

Had I been there with sword in hand,
And fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets
Had pealed the slogan-cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse,
Nor might of mailed men —
Not all the rebels in the south
Had borne us backwards then!
Once more his foot on highland heath
Had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name,
Been laid around him there!

It might not be. They placed him next
Within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned
Amidst their nobles all.
But there was dust of vulgar feet
On that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place
Where good men sate before.
With savage glee came Warristoun,
To read the murderous doom;
And then uprose the great Montrose
In the middle of the room.

'Now, by my faith as belted knight,
And by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross
That waves above us there —
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath —
And oh, that such should be! —
By that dark stream of royal blood
That lies 'twixt you and me —

I have not sought in battle-field
A wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope on my dying day
To win the martyr's crown!

'There is a chamber far away
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my father's grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower —
Give every town a limb —
And God who made shall gather them;
I go from you to Him!'

The morning dawned full darkly,
The rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt
Lit up the gloomy town:
The thunder crashed across the heaven,
The fatal hour was come;
Yet aye broke in with muffled beat,
The 'larm of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below
And anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor
Came forth to see him die.

Ah, God! that ghastly gibbet!
How dismal 't is to see
The great tall spectral skeleton,
The ladder and the tree!
Hark! hark! it is the clash of arms —
The bells begin to toll —

‘He is coming! he is coming!
God’s mercy on his soul!’
One last long peal of thunder—
The clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down
Amidst the dazzling day.

‘He is coming! he is coming!’
Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison
To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die;
There was color in his visage
Though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
That great and goodly man!

He mounted up the scaffold,
And he turned him to the crowd;
But they dared not trust the people,
So he might not speak aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens,
And they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether
The eye of God shone through.
Yet a black and murky battlement
Lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within—
All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer.

He would not deign them word nor sign,
 But alone he bent the knee ;
 And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
 Beneath the gallows-tree.
 Then radiant and serene he rose,
 And cast his cloak away :
 For he had ta'en his latest look
 Of earth and sun and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him,
 Like a glory round the shriven,
 And he climbed the lofty ladder
 As it were the path to heaven.
 Then came a flash from out the cloud,
 And a stunning thunder-roll ;
 And no man dared to look aloft,
 For fear was on every soul.
 There was another heavy sound,
 A hush and then a groan ;
 And darkness swept across the sky —
 The work of death was done !

FROM 'BOTHWELL.' 27

PURITAN AUSTERITY.

FROM PART I.

GONE were the merry times of old —
 The masque, and mirth, and glee,
 And wearier was the palace then
 Than prison needs to be.
 Forbidden were the vesper bells, —
 They broke the sabbath calm !
 Hushed were the notes of minstrelsy —
 They chimed not with the psalm :

'T was sin to smile, 't was sin to laugh,
'T was sin to sport or play,
And heavier than a hermit's fast
Was each dull holiday.
Was but the sound of laughter heard,
Or tinkling of a lute,
Or, worse than all, in royal hall,
The tread of dancing foot —
Then to a drove of gaping clowns,
Would Knox with unction tell
The vengeance that in days of old
Had fallen on Jezebel !

THE ASSASSINATION OF RICCIO.

THE SAME.

THERE was that Riccio — sharp and sly,
No friend of mine, I swear,
For in that dark Italian eye
Was craft beyond my mastery,
And in his cold and subtle smile
I read the evidence of guile
Was deep implanted there.
He could not bend me to his will —
No fanatic was I,
Nor would I lend a helping hand
To rivet on my native land
The chains of Italy.
Right little cared I for the creeds
Of either Church, I trow ;
I recked not which should win or lose,
And more — I reck not now.
But lost on me was all his speech,
His policy was vain :

What was to me the Papal cause
 In France or yet in Spain?
 I never stood, as Atholl did,
 A soldier sworn of Rome,
 Nor asked for foreign surgery
 To staunch the wounds at home.
 Yet Riccio may have faithful been,
 And to his mistress true,
 For those who hated him the worst
 Were knaves and traitors too.
 I cannot tell — but this I know,
 That till my dying hour
 I never shall forget the shriek
 That rung from Mary's bower.

'Twas night — mirk night — the sleet beat on,
 The wind, as now, was rude,
 And I was lonely in my room
 In dreary Holyrood.
 I heard a cry, a tramp of men,
 A clash of steel below,
 And from my window, in the court
 I saw the torches glow.
 More common were such sounds to me
 Than hum of evening hymn;
 I caught my sword, and hurried out
 Along the passage dim.
 But O, the shriek that thrilled me then —
 The accents of despair,
 The man's imploring agony,
 The woman's frantic prayer!
 'O, for the love of God and Christ,
 Have mercy — mercy — I!
 O mistress — Queen, — protect me yet,
 I am not fit to die!'

‘ O God ! stand by me, Darnley — you —
My husband ! will you see
Black murder in my presence here !
O God ! he turns from me !
Back — villains, back ! you shall not strike,
Unless you slay me too.
O help ! help ! help ! they kill the Queen !
Help ! help ! O nobles — you —
O Ruthven — Douglas — as you trust
For mercy in your need,
For Christ’s dear sake, be satisfied —
Do not this monstrous deed !
I’ll yield ! O yes ! I’ll break with France,
Do anything you will,
But spare him — spare him — spare him, friends !
Why should you seek to kill ?
O God ! unloose me, Darnley ! shame !
Let go my arm, thou knave !
To me — to me — all Scottish hearts —
Help ! Murder ! Come and save ! ’

A door flew wide. I saw them there —
Ruthven in mail complete,
George Douglas, Ker of Fawdonside,
And Riccio at their feet.
With rapiers drawn and pistols bent,
They seized their wretched prey ;
They wrenched her garments from his grasp,
They stabbed him where he lay.
I saw George Douglas raise his arm,
I saw his dagger gleam ;
And then I heard the dying yell,
And Mary’s piteous scream.
I saw her writhe in Darnley’s arms
As in a serpent’s fold —

The coward ! he was pale as death,
But would not loose his hold !
And then the torches waved and shook,
And louder grew the din,
And up the stair, and through the door
The rest came trooping in.
What could I do ? No time was that
To listen or to wait ;
Thronged were the rooms with furious men,
And close beset the gate.
Morton and Lindsay kept the court,
With many a deadly foe ;
And swords are swift to do their work
When blood begins to flow.
Darkling I traced the passage back
As swiftly as I came,
For through the din that rose without
I heard them shout my name.
Enough ! — that night one victim died
Before Queen Mary's face,
And in my heart, I doomed that night
Another in his place.
Not that I cared for Riccio's life,
They might have worked their will ;
Though base it was in men so high
A helpless wretch to kill.
But I had seen my Queen profaned,
Outraged before my face,
By him, the dastard, heartless boy,
The land's and our disgrace.
'Twas he devised the felon plot —
'Twas he that planned the crime —
He led the murderers to her room —
And — God — at what a time !

THE MARRIAGE OF BOTHWELL AND MARY.

FROM PART V.

No draught from magic herb or flower
Is equal to the taste of power !
Right royally I took my stand,
With knights and squires on either hand,
And gave due audience to the ring
As though I had been born a king !
More wondrous yet — my altered tone
Seemed strange or malapert to none.
With deep respect and visage meek,
Each civic ruler heard me speak —
Was proud my mandate to fulfil,
And bowed obedience to my will.
But when I turned me to the Peers,
Something there was that waked my fears : —
 A guarded, cold, and formal air,
A staid retent of dignity,
A studied guise of courtesy,
 Which faithful friends do never wear.
The greatest nobles did not come
To bid their Sovereign welcome home,
Or ratify with cordial hand
The weighty promise of their band.
Why kept they from me at the time
 When most I lacked their aid !
Was I, whom they had urged to crime,
 Discarded and betrayed ?
Did they but league to tempt me on ?
 Were all their vows a lure ?
Even with my foot upon the throne,
 I stood as insecure

As the rash huntsman on the lake
 When winter slacks its spell;
 Who feels the ice beneath him quake,
 And treads the treacherous well.

Yet not by look, or word, or sign,
 Did I my fears betray;
 One sole desire and thought was mine,
 To haste the wedding-day.
 The law, though drowsy in its course,
 Gave me, at length, a full divorce:
 Nor did the Church refuse its aid,
 Though Craig a stern remonstrance made.
 He was a zealot like the rest,
 But far more honest than his kind,
 And would not yield without protest
 A service hateful to his mind.
 Warned by the past, I would not wait
 Till Mary breathed again:
 I did not ask for idle state,
 For gathering of the proud and great,
 Or pomp of nuptial train.
 I spoke the word — she made me Duke;
 I claimed her hand the self-same day:
 And though like aspen-leaf she shook,
 And wan and piteous was her look,
 She did not answer, Nay!

All was accomplished. By my side
 The Queen of Scotland knelt, a bride:
 In face of Holy Kirk, her hand
 Was linked with mine in marriage band;
 Her lips pronounced the solemn word;
 I rose, her husband and her lord
 And now, what lacked I more?
 Around me thronged the guests to pay

Their duty on the wedding-day :
Proud and elate, I smiled on all
As master in that royal hall.
Scarce had I spoke, when clashing fell
A weapon on the floor :
I trembled, for I knew it well —
The sword that Darnley wore.

THE PARTING OF BOTHWELL AND MARY.

FROM PART VI.

THE tear was in Queen Mary's eye,
As forth she held her hand.
'Then is the time of parting nigh !
For, Bothwell, my command
Is that you go and save a life
That else were lost in useless strife.
Farewell ! We may not meet again ;
But I have passed such years of pain —
So many partings have I known,
That this poor heart has callous grown.
Farewell ! If anything there be
That moves you when you think on me,
Believe that you are quite forgiven
By one who bids you pray to Heaven !
No soul alive so innocent
But needs must beg at Mercy's door —
Farewell !' She passed from out the tent.
O God — I never saw her more !

JOANNA BAILLIE.

SONG.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

Version taken from an old song of that name.

THE bride she is winsome and bonny,
Her hair it is snooded sae sleek,
And faithfu' and kind is her Johnny,
Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
New pearlins ¹ are cause of her sorrow,
New pearlins and plenishing too ;
The bride that has a' to borrow
Has e'en right mickle ado.
Woo'd and married and a' !
Woo'd and married and a' !
Is na' she very weel aff
To be woo'd and married at a' ?

Her mither then hastily spak,
' The lassie is glaikit ² wi' pride ;
In my pouch I had never a plack
On the day when I was a bride.
E'en tak to your wheel and be clever,
And draw out your thread in the sun ;
The gear that is gifted it never
Will last like the gear that is won.
Woo'd and married and a' !
Wi' havins and tocher ³ sae sma' !

¹ finery, lace.

² silly.

³ goods and dowry.

I think ye are very weel aff
To be woo'd and married at a'.'

'Toot, toot,' quo' her grey-headed faither,
'She's less o' a bride than a bairn,
She's ta'en like a cout⁴ frae the heather,
Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
As humour inconstantly leans,
The chiel maun be patient and steady
That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.
A kerchief sae douce and sae neat
O'er her locks that the wind used to blaw!
I'm baith like to laugh and to greet
When I think of her married at a'!'

Then out spak the wily bridegroom,
Weel waled were his wordies, I ween,
'I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,⁵
Wi' the blinks o' your bonny blue e'en.
I'm prouder o' thee by my side
Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few,
Than if Kate o' the Croft were my bride
Wi' purples and pearlins enow.
Dear and dearest of ony!
Ye're woo'd and buikit and a'!
And do ye think scorn o' your Johnny,
And grieve to be married at a'?''

She turned, and she blushed, and she smiled,
And she looked sae bashfully down;
The pride o' her heart was beguiled,
And she played wi' the sleeves o' her gown.
She twirled the tag o' her lace,
And she nipped her bodice sae blue,
Syne blinkit sae sweet in his face,
And aff like a maukin⁶ she flew.

⁴ colt.⁵ empty.⁶ hare.

Woo'd and married and a' !
Wi' Johnny to roose her and a' !
She thinks hersel very weel aff
To be woo'd and married at a' !

A SCOTCH SONG.

THE gowan glitters on the sward,
The lavrock 's in the sky,
And collie on my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing by.
Oh no ! sad and slow
And lengthened on the ground,
The shadow of our trysting bush,
It wears so slowly round !

My sheep-bell tinkles frae the west,
My lambs are bleating near,
But still the sound that I lo'e best,
Alack ! I canna' hear.
Oh no ! sad and slow,
The shadow lingers still,
And like a lonely ghaist I stand
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
The mill wi' clacking din,
And Lucky scolding frae her door,
To ca' the bairnies in.
Oh no ! sad and slow,
These are na' sounds for me,
The shadow of our trysting bush,
It creeps sae drearily.

I coft yestreen frae Chapman Tam,
A snood of bonny blue,
And promised when our trysting cam',
To lie it round her brow.

Oh no ! sad and slow,
The mark it winna' pass ;
The shadow of that weary thorn
Is tethered on the grass.

O now I see her on the way,
She 's past the witch's knowe,
She 's climbing up the Browny's brae,
My heart is in a lowe !

Oh no ! 't is no' so,
'T is glam'rie I have seen ;
The shadow of that hawthorn bush
Will move na' mair till e'en.

My book o' grace I 'll try to read,
Though conned wi' little skill,
When collie barks I'll raise my head,
And find her on the hill ;

Oh no ! sad and slow,
The time will ne'er be gane,
The shadow of the trysting bush
Is fixed like ony stane.

DAVID GRAY.

FROM 'THE LUGGIE,'²⁸*THE RIVER'S BANK.*

BENEATH an ash in beauty tender leaved,
And thro' whose boughs the glimmering sunshine flowed
In rare ethereal jasper, making cool
A chequered shadow in the dark-green grass,
I lay enchanted. At my head there bloomed
A hedge of sweet-briar, fragrant as the breath
Of maid belovèd when her cheek is laid
To yours in downy pressure, soft as sleep.
A bank of harebells, flowers unspeakable
For half-transparent azure, nodding, gleamed
As a faint zephyr, laden with perfume,
Kissed them to motion, gently, with no will.
Before me streams most dear unto my heart,
Sweet Luggie, sylvan Bothlin — fairer twain
Than ever sung themselves into the sea,
Lucid Ægean, gemmed with sacred isles —
Were rolled together in an emerald vale;
And into the severe bright noon, the smoke
In airy circles o'er the sycamores
Upcurled — a lonely little cloud of blue
Above the happy hamlet. Far away,
A gently-rising hill with umbrage clad,
Hazel and glossy birch and silver fir,
Met the keen sky. Oh, in that wood, I know,
The woodruff and the hyacinth are fair
In their own season; with the bilberry
Of dim and misty blue, to childhood dear.

THE SNOWSTORM.

A WINTER day! the feather-silent snow
Thickens the air with strange delight, and lays
A fairy carpet on the barren lea.
No sun, yet all around that inward light
Which is in purity, — a soft moonshine,
The silvery dimness of a happy dream.
How beautiful! afar on moorland ways,
Bosomed by mountains, darkened by huge glens,
(Where the lone altar raised by Druid hands
Stands like a mournful phantom), hidden clouds
Let fall soft beauty, till each green fir branch
Is plumed and tasselled, till each heather stalk
Is delicately fringed. The sycamores,
Thro' all their mystical entanglement
Of boughs, are draped with silver. All the green
Of sweet leaves playing with the subtle air
In dainty murmuring; the obstinate drone
Of limber bees that in the monkshood bells
House diligent; the imperishable glow
Of summer sunshine never more confessed
The harmony of nature, the divine
Diffusive spirit of the Beautiful.
Out in the snowy dimness, half revealed,
Like ghosts in glimpsing moonshine, wildly run
The children in bewildering delight.
There is a living glory in the air —
A glory in the hushed air, in the soul
A palpitating wonder hushed in awe.

MARCH.

SOON the frozen air receives the subtle thaw:
And suddenly a crawling mist, with rain
Impregnated, the damp day dims, and drizzling drops
Proclaim a change. At night across the heavens

Swift-journeying, and by a furious wind
Squadroned, the hurrying clouds range the roused sky,
Magnificently sombrous. The wan moon
Amazed, gleams often through a cloudy rack,
Then shuddering, hides. One earnest wakeful star
Of living sapphire drooping by her side,
A faithful spirit in her lone despair,
Outshines the cloudy tempest. Then the shower
Falls ceaseless, and night murmurs with the rain.
And in the sounding morning what a change !
The meadows shine new-washed ; while here and there
A dusky patch of snow in sheltered paths
Melts lonely. The awakened forest waves
With boughs unplumed. The white investiture
Of the fair earth hath vanished, and the hills
That in the evening sunset glowed with rose
And ineffectual baptism of gold,
Shine tawdry, crawled upon by the blind rain.
Now Luggie thunders down the ringing vale,
Tawnily brown, wide-leaving yellow sand
Upon the meadow. The South-West, aroused,
Blustering in moody kindness clears the sky
To its blue depths by a full-wingèd wind,
Blowing the diapason of red March.

NIGHT.

HOUR of calm

Suggestive thought, when, like a robe, the earth
Puts on a shadowy pensiveness, and stills
The music of her motions multiform.
Day lingered in the west ; and thro' a sky
Of thinly-waning orange, sullen clouds
Of amethyst, with flamy purple edged,
Moved evenly in sluggish pilotage.
The windless shades of quiet eventide
Slow gathered, and the sweet concordant tones

Of melody within the leafy brake
Died clearly, till the mavis piped alone;
Then softly from the jasper sky, a star
Drew radiant silver, brightening as the west
Darkened. But ere the semicircled moon
Shed her white light adown the lucent air,
The mavis ceased, and thro' the thin gloom brake
The Corncraik's curious cry, the sylvan voice
Of the shy bird that haunts the bladed corn;
And suddenly, yet silently, the blue
Deepened, until in numerous white stars
Thro' crystal smooth and yielding ether drooped,
Not coldly, but in passionate June glow.
The Corncraik now, 'mong tall green bladed corn,
Breasted her eggs with feathers dew-besprent,
And stayed her human cry. The silence left
A gap within the soul, a sudden grief,
An emptiness in the low sighing air.
Then swooning through full night, the summered earth
Bosomed her children into tender rest;
Now delicately chambered ladies breathe
Their souls asleep in white limbed luxury.
O virgins purest lipped! with snowy lids
Soft closed on living eyes! O unkissed cheeks,
Half-sunk in pillowy pressure, and round arms
In the sweet pettishness of silver dreams
Flung warm into the cold unheeding air!
Sleep! soft bedewer of infantine eyes,
Pouter of rosy little lips! plump hands
Are doubled into deeply dimpled fists,
And stretched in rosy languor, curls are laid
In fragrance on the rounded baby-face,
Kiss-worthy darling! Still of clear tongues
And silvery laughter! Now the musical noise
Of little feet is silent, and blue shoes
No more come pattering from the nursery door.

FROM 'IN THE SHADOWS.' 29

I.

IF it must be ; if it must be, O God !
 That I die young, and make no further moans ;
 That, underneath the unrespective sod,
 In unescutcheoned privacy, my bones
 Shall crumble soon, — then give me strength to bear
 The last convulsive throe of too sweet breath !
 I tremble from the edge of life, to dare
 The dark and fatal leap, having no faith,
 No glorious yearning for the Apocalypse ;
 But, like a child that in the night-time cries
 For light, I cry ; forgetting the eclipse
 Of knowledge and our human destinies.
 O peevish and uncertain soul ! obey
 The law of life in patience till the Day.

VIII.

FROM this entangling labyrinthine maze
 Of doctrine, creed, and theory ; from vague
 Vain speculations : the detested plague
 Of spiritual pride, and vile affrays
 Sectarian, good Lord, deliver me !
 Nature ! thy placid monitory glory
 Shines uninterrogated, while the story
 Goes round of this and that theology,
 This creed, and that, till patience close the list.
 Once more on Carroben's wind-shrilling height
 To sit in sovereign solitude, and quite
 Forget the hollow world — a pantheist
 Beyond Bonaventura ! This were cheer
 Passing the tedious tale of shallow pulpiteer.

XX.

DIE down, O dismal day ! and let me live.
And come, blue deeps ! magnificently strewn
With colored clouds — large, light, and fugitive —
By upper winds through pompous motions blown.
Now it is death in life — a vapor dense
Creeps round my window till I cannot see
The far snow-shining mountains, and the glens
Shagging the mountain-tops. O God ! make free
This barren, shackled earth, so deadly cold —
Breathe gently forth thy spring, till winter flies
In rude amazement, fearful and yet bold,
While she performs her custom'd charities.
I weigh the loaded hours till life is bare —
O God ! for one clear day, a snowdrop, and sweet air !

XXII.

O WINTER ! wilt thou never, never go ?
O summer ! but I weary for thy coming ;
Longing once more to hear the Luggie flow,
And frugal bees laboriously humming.
Now, the east wind diseases the infirm,
And I must crouch in corners from rough weather.
Sometimes a winter sunset is a charm —
When the fired clouds, compacted, blaze together,
And the large sun dips, red, behind the hills.
I, from my window, can behold this pleasure ;
And the eternal moon, what time she fills
Her orb with argent, treading a soft measure,
With queenly motions of a bridal mood,
Through the white spaces of infinitude.

THE
POETS OF YOUNG IRELAND.

THE
POETS OF YOUNG IRELAND.

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS.

THE WELCOME.

COME in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you 're looked for, or come without warning ;
Kisses and welcome you 'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I 'll adore you.
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, ' true lovers ! don't sever.'

I 'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them ;
Or, after you 've kissed them, they 'll lie on my bosom.
I 'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you ;
I 'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
Oh ! your step 's like the rain to the summer-vexed farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor ;
I 'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I 'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

We 'll look through the trees at the cliff, and the eyrie,
We 'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy,
We 'll look on the stars, and we 'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.

Oh ! she 'll whisper you, ' Love as unchangeably beaming,
And trust, when in secret most tunefully streaming,
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river.'

So come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning.
Kisses and welcome you 'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you !
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, ' true lovers, don't sever ! '

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

THE summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred
isles,
The summer's sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's
rough defiles, —
Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting
bird ;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard :
The hookers lie upon the beach ; the children cease their
play ;
The gossips leave the little inn ; the households kneel to
pray, —
And full of love and peace and rest, — its daily labor
o'er, —
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight
there ;
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth or sea or
air.

The massive capes and ruined towers seem conscious of
the calm ;

The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy
balm.

So still the night, these two long barks round Dunashad
that glide

Must trust their oars — methinks not few — against the
ebbing tide, —

O, some sweet mission of true love must urge them to the
shore, —

They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore !

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,
And these must be the lover's friends, with gently gliding
feet.

A stifled gasp ! a dreamy noise ! ' The roof is in a flame ! '
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid and
sire and dame,

And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabre's
fall,

And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson
shawl ;

The yell of ' Allah ! ' breaks above the prayer and shriek
and roar.

O blessèd God, the Algerine is lord of Baltimore !

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing
sword ;

Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son
was gored ;

Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grand-babes
clutching wild ;

Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled with the
child.

But see, yon pirate strangling lies, and crushed with
splashing heel,

While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his Syrian
 steel;
 Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield
 their store,
 There's *one* hearth well avengèd in the sack of Baltimore !

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds begin to
 sing;
 They see not now the milking-maids, deserted is the
 spring!
 Midsummer day, this gallant rides from distant Bandon's
 town,
 These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that skiff from
 Affadown.
 They only found the smoking walls with neighbors' blood
 besprent,
 And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly
 went,
 Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Clear, and saw, five
 leagues before,
 The pirate-galleys vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

O, some must tug the galley's oar, and some must tend
 the steed, —
 This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that a Bey's
 jerreed.
 O, some are for the arsenals by beauteous Dardanelles,
 And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.
 The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the
 Dey, —
 She's safe, — she's dead, — she stabbed him in the midst
 of his Serai;
 And when to die a death of fire that noble maid they bore,
 She only smiled, — O'Driscoll's child, — she thought of
 Baltimore.

'T is two long years since sunk the town beneath that
bloody band,
And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse
stand,
Where high upon a gallows-tree a yelling wretch is seen, —
'T is Hackett of Dungarvan, — he who steered the
Algerine!
He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing prayer,
For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred
there:
Some muttered of MacMorrogh, who had brought the
Norman o'er,
Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

ANNIE DEAR.

OUR mountain brooks were rushing,
Annie, dear,
The autumn eve was flushing,
Annie, dear;
But brighter was your blushing,
When first your murmurs hushing,
I told my love outgushing,
Annie, dear.

Ah! but our hopes were splendid,
Annie, dear,
How sadly they have ended,
Annie, dear!
The ring betwixt us broken,
When our vows of love were spoken,
Of your poor heart was a token,
Annie, dear.

The primrose flowers were shining,
Annie, dear,
When, on my breast reclining,
Annie, dear,
Began our *Mi-na-meala*;
And many a month did follow
Of joy — but life is hollow,
Annie, dear.

For once, when home returning,
Annie, dear,
I found our cottage burning,
Annie, dear;
Around it were the yeomen,
Of every ill an omen,
The country's bitter foemen,
Annie, dear.

But why arose a morrow,
Annie, dear,
Upon that night of sorrow,
Annie, dear?
Far better by thee lying,
Their bayonets defying,
Than live an exile sighing,
Annie, dear.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

THE IRISH WIFE.

I WOULD not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land ;
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand.
For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life —
An outlaw — so I 'm near her
To love till death my Irish wife.

Oh, what would be this home of mine, —
A ruined, hermit-haunted place,
But for the light that nightly shines,
Upon its walls from Kathleen's face ?
What comfort in a mine of gold,
What pleasure in a royal life,
If the heart within lay dead and cold, —
If I could not wed my Irish wife ?

I knew the law forbade the banns ;
I knew my King abhorred her race ;
Who never bent before their clans,
Must bow before their lady's grace.
Take all my forfeited domain,
I cannot wage with kinsmen strife, —
Take knightly gear and noble name,
And I will keep my Irish wife.

My Irish wife has clear blue eyes, —
My heaven by day, my stars by night, —
And twinlike truth and fondness lie
Within her swelling bosom white.
My Irish wife has golden hair —
Apollo's harp had once such strings —
Apollo's self might pause to hear
Her birdlike carol when she sings.

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land;
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand.
For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life, —
In death I would be near her,
And rise beside my Irish wife!

THE CELTIC CROSS.

THROUGH storm, and fire, and gloom, I see it stand,
Firm, broad, and tall, —
The Celtic Cross that marks our Fatherland,
Amid them all!
Druids, and Danes, and Saxons vainly rage
Around its base;
It standeth shock on shock, and age on age,
Star of our scattered race.

O, Holy Cross! dear symbol of the dread
Death of our Lord,
Around thee long have slept our Martyr-dead,
Sword over sword!
An hundred Bishops I myself can count
Among the slain;

Chiefs, Captains, rank and file, a shining mount
Of God's ripe grain.

The Recreant's hate, the Puritan's claymore,
Smote thee not down ;
On headland steep, on mountain summit hoar,
In mart and town ;
In Glendalough, in Ara, in Tyrone,
We find thee still,
Thy open arms still stretching to thine own,
O'er town and lough and hill.

And they would tear thee out of Irish soil,
The guilty fools !
How Time must mock their antiquated toil
And broken tools.
Cranmer and Cromwell from thy grasp retired,
Baffled and thrown ;
William and Anne to sap thy site conspired —
The rest is known !

Holy Saint Patrick, Father of our Faith,
Beloved of God !
Shield thy dear church from the impending scaith,
Or, if the rod
Must scourge it yet again, inspire and raise
To emprise high,
Men like the heroic race of other days,
Who joyed to die !

Fear ! Wherefore should the Celtic people fear
Their Church's fate ?
The day is not — the day was never near —
Could desolate
The Destined Island, all whose seedy clay
Is holy ground ;
Its cross shall stand till that predestined day,
When Erin's self is drowned !

THE DEATH OF O'CAROLAN.

THERE is an empty seat by many a Board,
A Guest is missed in hostelry and hall —
There is a Harp hung up in Alderford
That was in Ireland, sweetest harp of all.
The hand that made it speak, woe 's me, is cold,
The darkened eyeballs roll inspired no more ;
The lips — the potent lips — gape like a mould,
Where late the golden torrent floated o'er.

In vain the watchman looks from Mayo's towers
For him whose presence filled all hearts with mirth ;
In vain the gathered guests outsit the hours,
The honored chair is vacant by the hearth.
From Castle-Archdall, Moneyglass, and Trim,
The courteous messages go forth in vain,
Kind words no longer have a joy for him
Whose final lodge is in Death's dark demesne.

Kilronan Abbey is his Castle now,
And there till Doomsday peacefully he' ll stay ;
In vain they weave new garlands for his brow,
In vain they go to meet him by the way ;
In kindred company he does not tire,
The native dead and noble lie around,
His life-long song has ceased, his wood and wire
Rest, a sweet harp unstrung, in holy ground.

Last of our ancient Minstrels ! thou who lent
A buoyant motive to a foundering Race —
Whose saving song, into their being blent,
Sustained them by its passion and its grace.
God rest you ! May your judgment dues be light,
Dear Turlogh ! and the purgatorial days
Be few and short, till clothed in holy white,
Your soul may come before the Throne of rays.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

THE WARNING VOICE.

‘ Il me semble que nous sommes à la veille d’une grande bataille humaine. Les forces sont là ; mais je n’y vois pas de général.’

BALZAC : *Livre Mystique.*

YE Faithful ! — ye Noble !
A day is at hand
Of trial and trouble,
And woe in the land !
O’er a once greenest path,
Now blasted and sterile,
Its dusk shadows loom —
It cometh with Wrath,
With Conflict and Peril,
With Judgment and Doom !

False bands shall be broken,
Dead systems shall crumble,
And the Haughty shall hear
Truths yet never spoken,
Though smouldering like flame
Through many a lost year
In the hearts of the Humble ;
For, Hope will expire
As the Terror draws nigher,
And, with it, the Shame
Which so long overawed
Men’s minds by its might —
And the Powers abroad
Will be Panic and Blight,
And phrenetic Sorrow —
Black Pest all the night,
And Death on the morrow !

Now, therefore, ye True,
Gird your loins up anew !
By the good you have wrought !
By all you have thought,
And suffered, and done !
By your souls ! I implore you,
Be leal to your mission —
Remembering that *one*
Of the *two* paths before you
Slopes down to perdition !
To you have been given,
Not granaries and gold,
But the Love that lives long,
And waxes not cold ;
And the Zeal that hath striven
Against Error and Wrong,
And in fragments hath riven
The chains of the Strong !
Bide now, by your sternest
Conceptions of earnest
Endurance for others,
Your weaker-souled brothers !
Your true faith and worth
Will be History soon,
And their stature stand forth
In the unsparing Noon !

You have dreamed of an era
Of Knowledge and Truth,
And Peace — the *true* glory !
Was this a chimera ?
Not so ! — but the childhood and youth
Of our days will grow hoary
Before such a marvel shall burst on their sight !
On *you* its beams glow not —
For *you* its flowers blow not !

You cannot rejoice in its light,
But in darkness and suffering instead
You go down to the place of the Dead !

To *this* generation
The sore tribulation,
The stormy commotion,
And foam of the Popular Ocean,
 The struggle of class against class ;
The Dearth and the Sadness,
 The Sword and the War-vest ;
To the *next*, the Repose and the Gladness,
 ‘ The sea of clear glass,’
And the rich Golden Harvest !

Know, then, your true lot,
Ye Faithful, though Few !
 Understand your position,
 Remember your mission,
And vacillate not,
 Whatsoever ensue !
Alter not ! Falter not !
 Palter not now with your own living souls,
 When each moment that rolls
 May see Death lay his hand
On some new victim’s brow !
Oh ! let not your vow
 Have been written in sand !
 Leave cold calculations
Of Danger and Plague
 To the slaves and the traitors
Who cannot dissemble
 The dastard sensations
That now make them tremble
 With phantasies vague !
The men without ruth —

The hypocrite haters
Of Goodness and Truth,
Who at heart curse the race
Of the sun through the skies ;
And would look in God's face
With a lie in their eyes !
To the last do your duty,
Still mindful of this —
That Virtue is Beauty,
And Wisdom, and Bliss.

LOVE BALLAD.

LONELY from my home I come,
To cast myself upon your tomb,
And to weep.
Lonely from my lonesome home,
My lonesome house of grief and gloom,
While I keep
Vigil often all night long,
For your dear, dear sake,
Praying many a prayer so wrong
That my heart would break !

Gladly, O my blighted flower,
Sweet Apple of my bosom's Tree,
Would I now
Stretch me in your dark death-bower
Beside your corpse, and lovingly
Kiss your brow.
But we 'll meet ere many a day
Never more to part,
For ev'n now I feel the clay
Gathering round my heart.

In my soul doth darkness dwell,
And through its dreary winding caves
 Ever flows,
Ever flows with moaning swell,
 One ebbless flood of many Waves,
 Which are Woes,
Death, love, has me in his lures,
 But that grieves not me,
So my ghost may meet with yours
 On yon moon-loved lea.

When the neighbors near my cot
 Believe me sunk in slumber deep
 I arise —
For, oh ! 't is a weary lot
 This watching eye, and wooing sleep
 With hot eyes —
I arise, and seek your grave,
 And pour forth my tears ;
While the winds that nightly rave,
 Whistle in mine ears.

Often turns my memory back
 To that dear evening in the dell,
 When we twain,
Sheltered by the sloe-bush black,
 Sat, laughed, and talked, while thick sleet fell,
 And cold rain.
Thanks to God ! no guilty leaven
 Dashed our childish mirth.
You rejoice for this in Heaven,
 I not less on earth !

Love ! the priests feel wroth with me
 To find I shrine your image still
 In my breast.

Since you are gone eternally,
And your fair frame lies in the chill
Grave at rest ;

But true Love outlives the shroud,
Knows nor check nor change,
And beyond Time's world of Cloud
Still must reign and range.

Well may now your kindred mourn
The threats, the wiles, the cruel arts,
They long tried
On the child they left forlorn !
They broke the tenderest heart of hearts,
And she died.

Curse upon the love of show !
Curse on Pride and Greed !
They would wed you 'high' — and woe !
Here behold their meed !

LADY DUFFERIN.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I 'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride :
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high —
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The *place* is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again ;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You never more will speak.

'T is but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest —
For I 've laid you, darling ! down to sleep
With your baby on your breast.

I 'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But, oh ! they love the better still,
The few our Father sends !
And you were all *I* had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride:
There 's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Your's was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on *your* lip,
And the kind look on your brow —
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for *my* sake !
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore —
Oh ! I 'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more !

I 'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary — kind and true !
But I 'll not forget *you*, darling !
In the land I 'm goin' to ;
They say there 's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there —
But I 'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair !

And often in those grand old woods
I 'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies ;
And I 'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side :
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

THE PATRIOT'S BRIDE.

OH ! give me back that royal dream
 My fancy wrought,
When I have seen your sunny eyes
 Grow moist with thought ;
And fondly hoped, dear Love, your heart from mine
 Its spell had caught ;
And laid me down to dream that dream divine,
 But true, methought,
Of how *my* life's long task would be, to make *yours* blessed
 as it ought.

To learn to love sweet Nature more
 For your sweet sake,
To watch with you — dear friend, with you ! —
 Its wonders break ;
The sparkling Spring in that bright face to see
 Its mirror make —
On summer morns to hear the sweet birds sing
 By linn and lake ;
And know your voice, your magic voice, could still a
 grander music wake !

On some old shell-strewn rock to sit
 In Autumn eves,
Where gray Killiney cools the torrid air
 Hot autumn weaves ;
Or by that Holy Well in mountain lone,
 Where Faith believes

(Fain would I b'lieve) its secret, darling wish
True love achieves.

Yet, oh ! its Saint was not more pure than she to whom
my fond heart cleaves.

To see the dank mid-winter night

Pass like a noon,

Sultry with thought from minds that teemed,

And glowed like June:

Whereto would pass in sculpted and pictured train

Art's magic boon ;

And Music thrill with many a haughty strain,

And dear old tune,

Till hearts grew sad to hear the destined hour to part had
come so soon.

To wake the old weird world that sleeps

In Irish lore ;

The strains sweet foreign Spenser sung

By Mulla's shore ;

Dear Curran's airy thoughts, like purple birds

That shine and soar ;

Tone's fiery hopes, and all the deathless vows

That Grattan swore ;

The songs that once our own dear Davis sung — ah, me !
to sing no more.

To search with mother-love the gifts

Our land can boast —

Soft Erna's isles, Neagh's wooded slopes,

Clare's iron coast ;

Kildare, whose legends gray our bosoms stir

With fay and ghost ;

Gray Mourne, green Antrim, purple Glenmalur —

Lene's fairy host ;

With raids to many a foreign land to learn to love dear
Ireland most.

And all those proud old victor-fields
 We thrill to name ;
Whose mem'ries are the stars that light
 Long nights of shame ;
The Cairn, the Dun, the Rath, the Tower, the Keep,
 That still proclaim
In chronicles of clay and stone, how true, how deep
 Was Eiré's fame.
Oh ! we shall see them all, with her, that dear, dear friend
 we two have loved the same.

Yet ah ! how truer, tend'rer still
 Methought did seem
That scene of tranquil joy, that happy home,
 By Dodder's stream ;
The morning smile, that grew a fixèd star
 With love-lit beam,
The ringing laugh, locked hands, and all the far
 And shining stream
Of daily love, that made our daily life diviner than a
 dream.

For still to me, dear Friend, dear Love,
 Or both — dear Wife,
Your image comes with serious thoughts,
 But tender, rife ;
No idle plaything to caress or chide
 In sport or strife ;
But my best chosen friend, companion, guide,
 To walk through life,
Linked hand in hand, two equal, loving friends, true
 husband and true wife.

THE IRISH RAPPAREES.

A PEASANT BALLAD OF 1691.

RIGH Shamus he has gone to France and left his crown
behind —

Ill luck be theirs, both day and night, put runnin' in his
mind !

Lord Lucan followed after, with his Slashers brave and
true,

And now the doleful knell is raised — 'What will poor
Ireland do ?

What must poor Ireland do ?

Our luck,' they say, 'has gone to France — what can
poor Ireland do ?'

Oh, never fear for Ireland, for she has so'gers still,
For Rory's boys are in the wood, and Remy's on the hill,
And never had poor Ireland more loyal hearts than these —
May God be kind and good to them, the faithful Rapparees !
The fearless Rapparees !

The jewel were you, Rory, with your Irish Rapparees.

Oh, black's your heart, Clan Oliver, and coulder than the
clay !

Oh, high's your head, Clan Sassenach, since Sarsfield's
gone away !

It's little love you bear us, for sake of long ago,
But hould your hand, for Ireland still can strike a deadly
blow —

Can strike a mortal blow —

Ach ! dhar-a-Chreesth 't is she that still could strike the
deadly blow !

The Master's crown, the Master's seat, a surly bodagh
fills ;

The Master's son, an outlawed man, is riding on the hills.

But God be praised, that round him throng, as thick as
 summer bees,
 The swords that guarded Limerick wall — his loyal
 Rapparees !
 His lovin' Rapparees !
 Who dare say no to Rory Oge with all his Rapparees ?
 Black Billy Grimes of Latramore, he racked us long and
 sore —
 God rest the faithful hearts he broke ! we'll never see
 them more !
 But I'll go bail he'll break no more, while Turagh has
 gallows-trees.
 For why? — he met one lonesome night the fearless
 Rapparees !
 The angry Rapparees !
 They'll never sin no more, my boys, who cross the
 Rapparees !

SWEET SYBIL.

My Love is as fresh as the morning sky,
 My Love is as soft as the summer air,
 My Love is as true as the Saints on high,
 And never was saint so fair !
 Oh, glad is my heart when I name her name,
 For it sounds like a song to me —
 I'll love you, it sings, nor heed their blame,
 For you love me, *Astor Machree* !
 Sweet Sybil ! sweet Sybil ! my heart is wild
 With the fairy spell that her eyes have lit ;
 I sit in a dream where my Love has smiled —
 I kiss where her name is writ !
 Oh, darling, I fly like a dreamy boy ;
 The toil that is joy to the strong and true,
 The life that the brave for their land employ
 I squander in dreams of you.

The face of my Love has the changeful light
That gladdens the sparkling sky of spring ;
The voice of my Love is a strange delight,
As when birds in the May-time sing.
Oh, hope of my heart ! oh, light of my life !
Oh, come to me, darling, with peace and rest !
Oh, come like the Summer, my own sweet wife,
To your home in my longing breast !

Be blessed with the home sweet Sybil will sway
With the glance of her soft and queenly eyes ;
Oh ! happy the love young Sybil will pay
With the breath of her tender sighs.
That home is the hope of my waking dreams —
That love fills my eyes with pride —
There 's light in their glance, there 's joy in their
beams,
When I think of my own young bride.

LADY WILDE.

THE VOICE OF THE POOR.

Was sorrow ever like to our sorrow?

Oh! God above!

Will our night never change into a morrow

Of joy and love?

A deadly gloom is on us, waking, sleeping,

Like the darkness at noontide

That fell upon the pallid mother, weeping

By the Crucified.

Before us die our brothers of starvation;

Around are cries of famine and despair!

Where is hope for us, or comfort, or salvation —

Where — oh! where?

If the angels ever hearken, downward bending,

They are weeping, we are sure,

At the litanies of human groans ascending

From the crushed hearts of the poor.

When the human rests in love upon the human,

All grief is light;

But who bends one kind glance to illumine

Our life-long night?

The air around is ringing with their laughter —

God has only made the rich to smile;

But we — in our rags, and want, and woe — we follow after,

Weeping the while.

And the laughter seems but uttered to deride us,

When, oh! when

Will fall the frozen barriers that divide us

From other men?

Will ignorance for ever thus enslave us,
Will misery for ever lay us low?
All are eager with their insults; but to save us
None, none, we know.

We never knew a childhood's mirth and gladness,
Nor the proud heart of youth free and brave;
Oh, a deathlike dream of wretchedness and sadness
Is life's weary journey to the grave.
Day by day we lower sink and lower,
Till the godlike soul within
Falls crushed beneath the fearful demon power
Of poverty and sin.

So we toil on, on with fever burning
In heart and brain,
So we toil on, on through bitter scorning,
Want, woe, and pain.
We dare not raise our eyes to the blue Heaven
Or the toil must cease —
We dare not breathe the fresh air God has given
One hour in peace.

We must toil though the light of life is burning,
Oh, how dim!
We must toil on our sick-bed feebly turning
Our eyes to Him,
Who alone can hear the pale lip faintly saying,
With scarce-moved breath,
While the paler hands uplifted and the praying,
'Lord, grant us Death!'

MAN'S MISSION.

HUMAN lives are silent teaching —
Be they earnest, mild, and true —
Noble deeds are noblest preaching
From the consecrated few.

Poet-Priests their anthems singing,
Hero-swords on corselet ringing,
 When Truth's banner is unfurled ;
Youthful preachers, genius-gifted,
Pouring forth their souls uplifted,
 Till their preaching stirs the world.

Each must work as God has given
 Hero hand or poet soul —
Work is duty while we live in
 This weird world of sin and dole.
Gentle spirits, lowly kneeling,
Lift their white hands up appealing,
 To the Throne of Heaven's King —
Stronger natures, culminating,
In great actions incarnating
 What another can but sing.

Pure and meek-eyed as an angel,
 We must strive — must agonize ;
We must preach the saint's evangel
 Ere we claim the saintly prize —
Work for all — for work is holy —
We fulfil our mission solely
 When, like Heaven's arch above,
Blend our souls in one emblazon,
And the social diapason
 Sounds the perfect chord of love.

Life is combat, life is striving,
 Such our destiny below —
Like a scythèd chariot driving
 Through an onward pressing foe.
Deepest sorrow, scorn, and trial
Will but teach us self-denial ;

Like the Alchymists of old,
Pass the ore through cleansing fire
If our spirits would aspire
To be God's refinèd gold.

We are struggling in the morning
With the spirit of the night,
But we trample on its scorning —
Lo! the eastern sky is bright.
We must watch. The day is breaking;
Soon, like Memnon's statue waking
With the sunrise into sound,
We shall raise our voice to Heaven,
Chant a hymn for conquest given,
Seize the palm, nor heed the wound.

We must bend our thoughts to earnest,
Would we strike the Idols down;
With a purpose of the sternest
Take the Cross, and wait the Crown.
Sufferings human life can hallow,
Sufferings lead to God's Valhalla —
Meekly bear, but nobly try,
Like a man with soft tears flowing,
Like a God with conquest glowing,
So to love, and work, and die!

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

NOTE 1, PAGE 3. — *The Curse of Kehama* is in twenty-four books, each book containing on an average some two hundred lines. The poem receives its name from the curse of eternal and sleepless pain pronounced by Kehama, a powerful Rajah, upon Ladurlad, who, for the protection of his daughter Kailyal, had slain Arvalan the son of the Rajah. The main incidents of the poem are connected with the methods used by Kehama, who is aided by the powers of evil, to obtain possession of Kailyal, who, in the first instance, escaped his wrath by appealing to the goddess Marriately, and who is aided by the powers of good in her subsequent struggles with the Rajah. Kehama finally withdraws the curse from Ladurlad and endeavors to persuade Kailyal to become his bride. She refuses, and Kehama, in revenge, renews his former curse upon Ladurlad, and curses Kailyal with leprosy. A Glendoveer, or one of the most beautiful of the good spirits, who loves Kailyal and is loved by her in return, seeks Mount Calasay, on the top of which is the permanent residence of Seeva, in the hope of finding some relief for the persecuted maiden and her father. He is there told to seek Yamen, Lord of Hell and Judge of the Dead. With Kailyal and Ladurlad he performs the journey to Padalon or Hell, where he also finds Kehama. Yamen is called upon to decide between the two parties, and both Kehama and Kailyal are required by him to drink the Amreeta or Cup of Immortality. This cup brings eternal misery to Kehama and eternal happiness to Kailyal, at the same time that it releases forever both the maiden and her father from the power of the Rajah.

NOTE 2, PAGE II. — *Thalaba The Destroyer* consists of twelve books, and contains about five thousand lines. The poem receives its name from the prophecy that Thalaba, the son of Hodeirah, was destined to recover the sword of his dead father, and with it destroy the sorcerers who inhabited the 'Domdaniel Caverns,' 'a seminary of evil magicians

under the roots of the sea,' an allusion to which in the Arabian Nights suggested to Southey the story of Thalaba. The poem recounts the various encounters of Thalaba with these sorcerers, from which he ultimately comes out triumphant. In the selection, 'The Magic Thread,' on page 13, Thalaba has been entrapped into a cave where Maimuna, one of the sorcerers, is spinning a magic thread, and from the toils of which Maimuna herself, having become convinced that it is unwise to struggle against destiny, releases Thalaba after she has made him a captive.

NOTE 3, PAGE 16. — *Madoc in Wales* forms Part I. of *Madoc*, which was founded upon the supposed discovery and conquest of Mexico by a Welshman of that name. The book led to the publication in Philadelphia of a curious pamphlet wherein Southey was bitterly denounced as having 'meditated a most serious injury against the New World by attributing its discovery and colonization to a little vagabond of a Welsh Prince, . . . being a most insidious attempt against the honor of America and the reputation of Columbus.' Part I. consists of eighteen books, each book containing on an average about two hundred and fifty lines. Madoc is here represented as having returned to Wales, which he had left, after his brother David had slain Hoel, another brother, who had succeeded his father, Owen Gwyneth, as king of North Wales, in 1169; and as relating to his brother and friends in Wales his adventures in Mexico, and as seeking for new followers to return with him, for which purpose the Gorsedd or meeting of the Bards had been called.

NOTE 4, PAGE 22. — *Madoc in Aztlan* is Part II. of *Madoc*, and consists of twenty-seven books, and contains some five thousand lines. It relates the various adventures of Madoc after his return to Aztlan — Coatel, the betrothed of Lincoya, had been slain by the Aztecas for aiding Madoc to escape, after he had been betrayed into their hands, and it is the news of her death which her nurse brings to Lincoya.

NOTE 5, PAGE 25. — *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*, consists of twenty-five books, and contains some seven thousand lines. It relates the adventures of Roderick, the last king of the Wisi-Goths, after he had been defeated by the Moors, upon whom Count Julian had called to invade Spain in revenge for Roderick's wrong to his daughter. In *Adosinda*, page 25, Roderick is represented as returning in disguise to the battle-field of Auria, on which the Moors had been victorious. In *The Punishment of Witiza*, page 29, Siverian, Roderick's foster-father, relates to Roderick, who is still in disguise, the story of the punishment

by Roderick of Witiza, for blinding Theodofred, Roderick's father, and which had occurred before the action of the poem began.

NOTE 6, PAGE 34. — *Joan of Arc* consists of ten books, and contains some seven thousand lines. It deals with the history of Joan of Arc from the time of her first introduction to the French King to the time of his coronation at Rheims. Some nine hundred lines which originally constituted a large portion of the ninth book were omitted from future editions, and published separately under the title of *The Vision of the Maid of Orleans*.

NOTE 7, PAGE 48. — The text is that given in the third and final revision of *Laodamia* by Wordsworth.

NOTE 8, PAGE 58. — The full title is *The Prelude, or the growth of a Poet's Mind; an autobiographical poem*, and is an effort on the part of Wordsworth to trace the influence of the various circumstances and incidents of his life upon the development of his poetic taste, in the form of a series of reminiscences addressed to S. T. Coleridge. It was composed during the years 1799-1805, though not published until after Wordsworth's death, and intended by him to form the introduction to a three-part poem, to be called *The Recluse*, of which the second part, *The Excursion*, was alone completed and published. It consists of fourteen books, and contains in all about eight thousand lines.

NOTE 9, PAGE 63. — *The Excursion* consists of nine books and contains some nine thousand lines, and receives its name from the fact that it purports to be an account of the author's wanderings through the mountains. The poem is composed of a series of soliloquies, dialogues, and apostrophes on subjects of a religious, moral, and political nature, interspersed with poetic and graphic descriptions of natural scenery. The principal characters are the author, the wanderer (described in the selection by that name on page 63), a village pastor, and The Solitary, a Scottish peasant, educated for the ministry, who under the influence of grief for the sudden loss of his wife and children, turns skeptic, and who is represented in the poem as having returned home to lead the life of a hermit after spending several years abroad in restless wandering. The selections on page 71 and 73 are each spoken by The Solitary, in the course of a narrative of his past life, to the wanderer and the author.

NOTE 10, PAGE 77. — *Gebir* was suggested to Landor by a tale entitled, *The History of Charoba, Queen of Ancient Egypt, according to*

the Traditions of the Arabians, and contained in a volume of tales by Clara Reeve. The poem consists of seven books, and contains some eighteen hundred lines. Many of the passages were first written out in Latin, and Landor subsequently issued an edition of the poem with a Latin Translation. The following is a synopsis of the story as told in the poem. Gebir, from whose name Gibraltar is supposed to be derived, a prince of Spain, in fulfilment of a vow binding him to avenge hereditary wrongs, makes war against Charoba, a young queen of Egypt. Charoba, terrified by his approach, seeks counsel of her nurse, the sorceress Dalica, who resolves to destroy the invaders by magic arts. In a subsequent interview between Gebir and Charoba, their enmity is changed into mutual love, and Gebir seeks his brother Tamar, a shepherd prince in charge of the flocks of the invaders, who relates in turn the story of an encounter which he has recently had with a nymph and the love which the encounter had inspired. Gebir then resolves to rebuild a ruined city which had been destroyed by his ancestors, but, when nearly completed, the work is suddenly undone by magic. Gebir disguised as Tamar seeks an interview with the nymph, whom wrestling with, he throws, and learns from her what sacrificial rites are necessary on his part in order to counteract the influence of the magic art which had destroyed the city. In the course of the performance of the rites enjoined by the nymph, Gebir visits the under-world, where he meets the shades of his ancestors. The story of this descent having come to the ears of Charoba serves to intensify her love for Gebir, but she carefully conceals her changed feelings from Dalica. A marriage between Gebir and Charoba is then arranged, and a formal peace concluded between the opposing hosts. Dalica, misled by Charoba's silence, wrongly imagines that this proposed marriage is simply a clever ruse on the part of Charoba to aid her in the destruction of her former foe, and straightway consults her sister, the sorceress Myrthyr, as to the best means to destroy Gebir. Myrthyr then prepares a poisoned robe, which Dalica is to put on Gebir at the time of the marriage. The marriage of Tamar and the Nymph then takes place, and afterwards that of Gebir and Charoba, which is followed by the death of the former.

In the selections from *Gebir* and all of those from Landor the text of the edition of his works published in eight volumes, London, 1876, has been followed, except that on page 77, line one, the reading as given in *The Hellenics*, in which a portion of this selection was inserted by Landor, has been substituted for that of the poem itself, as making the selection more intelligible. In all cases the peculiar orthography of Landor had been adhered to, as given in the eight-volume edition of his works referred to above.

NOTE 11, PAGE 100. — *The Hellenics* are a group of poems on classical subjects, which owed their origin to the wish of Lady Blessington that Landor would translate into English his *Idyllica Heroica*, published in Latin in 1820. They first appeared in 1846, in the two-volume edition of Landor's prose and poetical works, prepared with the help of Mr. John Forster and Archdeacon Hare, and in the following year were published by themselves under the title of : *The Hellenics of Walter Savage Landor, enlarged and completed*, of which a new enlarged edition was issued in 1859.

NOTE 12, PAGE 109. — *Pericles and Aspasia* consists of a series of imaginary prose letters, through which are scattered a number of brief poems, and wherein Pericles, Aspasia, and Cleone are the principal correspondents. The selection *Corinna to Tanagra*, page 109, is contained in one of the letters from Aspasia to Cleone. Immediately preceding the poem are the following explanatory sentences : 'To compensate the disappointment you complained of, I will now transcribe for you an ode of Corinna to her native town, being quite sure it is not in your collection. Let me first inform you that the exterior of the best houses in Tanagra is painted with historical scenes, adventures of Gods, allegories, and other things ; and under the walls of the city flows the rivulet Thermodon. This it is requisite to tell you of so small and so distant a place.' The selection on page 111 occurs in a letter from Cleone to Aspasia, and consists of verses supposed to have been composed on the death of Artemidora, who was the betrothed of Elpenor, and who died shortly before the time appointed for her nuptials.

NOTE 13, PAGE 111. — The full title of the book is *The Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare, Euseby Treen, Joseph Carnaby, and Silas Gough, Clerk, before the Worshipful Sir Thomas Lucy, Knight, touching Deer-Stealing on the 19th Day of September, in the Year of Grace 1582, now first published from Original Papers.*

NOTE 14, PAGE 112. — Upon the authority of Mr. Colvin, who made the change from a copy of the poems of 1831 with manuscript corrections in Landor's handwriting, I have changed the title from Faesulan to Fiesolan, and also omitted what usually appeared as the forty-sixth line of the Idyl, —

For such appear their petals when detachd.

NOTE 15, PAGE 119. — A short poem wherein roses, lilies, violets, sweet-briar, and poppies are represented as the speakers.

NOTE 16, PAGE 121. — The full title is *The Story of Rimini; or Fruits of a Parent's Falsehood*. It consists of four cantos, and contains about twelve hundred lines in all. The story of the poem is as follows: Giovanni Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, having obtained from her father the promise of the hand of Francesca, daughter of the reigning Count of Ravenna, sends his brother Paulo, to become affianced to her by proxy. Francesca consents to become thus affianced upon the assurance of her father that the two brothers Paulo and Giovanni were so alike, that to see the one was to see the other. When it is too late she discovers her father's falsehood, and Giovanni, having discovered the love existing between Paulo and Francesca, slays them both.

NOTE 17, PAGE 126. — The *Corn-Law Rhymes* were intended to create sentiment for the repeal of the laws imposing a duty on the importation of grain. The *Song* on page 125 was written to be sung to the tune of Robin Adair; 'clammed' in the first line of the second verse, is a dialect expression for *hungry*. The *Press*, page 127, was originally written for the printers of Sheffield on the passing of the Reform Bill.

NOTE 18, PAGE 129. — Win Hill is the central mountain — not the highest — of the Peak of Derbyshire. To the last line of the last verse the author has the following note appended: 'It was a maxim of the Roman law, that whoever made his property a nuisance should cease to be a man of property; and this maxim was but a commentary on the unwritten law of God — unwritten, or with the pen of desolation written over the face of fallen empires. When the patricians of Rome destroyed the Licinian Law, and monopolized the soil, did not their heads then ever after fall like poppies?'

NOTE 19, PAGE 138. — In this, as in all the selections from Elliott, I have followed the text of the two-volume edition of his poems, edited by his son and published in 1876. In that edition the present poem is considerably changed from the way in which it originally appeared.

NOTE 20, PAGE 138. — To this epigram, Elliott appended the following note: 'Twenty-four years ago our Protectionists had notice given them by me, that they would have imitators; and they must not be allowed to forget, that out of their cornlaws sprung the Trades' Union, which is now (March, 1848) the French government.'

NOTE 21, PAGE 139. — *The Village Patriarch* consists of ten books, and contains some three thousand lines. The poem is a series of pictures

of English rural life and scenery, and the principal character is Enoch Wray, The Village Patriarch, a blind peasant reduced to straitened circumstances in his old age.

NOTE 22, PAGE 168. — *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies* contains one hundred and twenty-six stanzas, and represents the Fairies as beseeching Father Time not to destroy them. In the dedicatory letter to Charles Lamb, prefixed to the poem, Hood stated that it was his design 'to celebrate by an allegory that immortality which Shakspeare has conferred on the Fairy mythology by his *Midsummer Night's Dream*. But for him, those pretty children of our childhood would leave barely their names to our maturer years; they belong to the mites upon the plum, to the bloom of fancy, a thing generally too frail and beautiful to withstand the rude handling of Time. . . It would have been a pity for such a race to go extinct, even though they were but as the butterflies that hover about the leaves and blossoms of the visible world.'

NOTE 23, PAGE 172. — The full title is *Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg. A Golden Legend*. It is divided into eighteen brief parts separately titled, and contains some nineteen hundred lines.

NOTE 24, PAGE 183. — The full title is *Death's Jest Book; or the Fool's Tragedy*, and is a tragedy in five acts founded on the story of a Duke of Boleslaus in Münsterberg in Silesia, who was killed by his court-fool in 1377.

NOTE 25, PAGE 186. — *Torrismond* is an unfinished drama, one act alone being completed.

NOTE 26, PAGE 189. — *The Angel of the World*, founded upon one of the legends in the Koran, contains sixty-five stanzas, and relates how The Angel of the World was persuaded by the blandishments of a beautiful woman to drink of the forbidden wine, and under the combined influence of it and passion was tempted to pronounce the 'Words of Might' which place him until the end of the world in the power of Eblis, the most powerful of the fallen angels.

NOTE 27, PAGE 221. — *Bothwell* consists of six parts, and contains some four thousand lines. It is in the form of a monologue, wherein Bothwell, while confined in the fortress of Malmoe, is represented as reviewing the principal events in the life of Mary from the time of her

coronation in 1558 to that of his separation from her at Carberry in 1567. The expressed purpose of the author was partially apologetic for Bothwell.

NOTE 28, PAGE 233. *The Luggie* contains some eleven hundred lines, and receives its name from the Luggie, a small rivulet in the neighborhood of Glasgow, on the banks of which the author was born and lived, and to which the poem itself is nominally an apostrophe.

NOTE 29, PAGE 237. — The full title is *In the Shadows: a poem in sonnets*, and it contains thirty-two different sonnets, which are autobiographical in their nature and were written during Gray's closing days.

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PSEUDONYMS AND LITERARY SOBRIQUETS.

THE authority is, in most cases, *Initials and Pseudonyms* by William Cushing, B.A., 1885. The pseudonyms include such as were used by an author in his prose as well as his poetical works, but not the author's own initials where that has been used as a literary disguise in either instance.

ANE OF THAT ILK	WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AY- TOUN. <i>Our Zion</i> , 1840.
ARCHÆUS	JOHN STERLING. Pseudonym used in contributions to <i>Blackwood</i> .
BACKWOODSMAN	THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE. <i>The Crown and the Confederation</i> , 1840.
BARD OF RYDAL MOUNT, THE .	WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.
BION	ROBERT SOUTHEY. <i>Poems by Bion and Moschus</i> (i. e., ROBERT LOVELL), 1794.
BON GAULTIER	WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AY- TOUN. <i>Bon Gaultier's Book of Ballads</i> , written in conjunction with SIR THEODORE MARTIN, who is also included in the pseu- donym.
CELT, THE	THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS. Pseu- donym used in contributions to <i>The Nation</i> .
CORN LAW RHYMER	EBENEZER ELLIOTT.
CUMBERLAND POET, THE . . .	WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

- Δ DAVID MACBETH MOIR. *Biographical Memoirs of the late Mrs. Hemans*, 1836; also used as pseudonym in contributions to *Blackwood*.
- DELTA DAVID MACBETH MOIR. *Poems*, 1852.
- DUNSHUNNER, AUGUSTUS REGINALD, ESQ., OF ST. MIRRENS WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN. Pseudonym used in *Tales in Blackwood*.
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- GURNEY, WILL DAVID GRAY. Signature used in contributions to *Glasgow Citizen*.
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- PHILO-VERITAS THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE. Signature used in his communications to *The New York Times*, during his controversy in 1857 with Archbishop Hughes.
- SPERANZA LADY WILDE. Signature used in contributions to *The Nation*.
- TOWN CRITIC, JUNIOR, AND CENSOR GENERAL, MR. JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT. Signature used in *London Traveller and Globe*.

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